

# Prodigal

PEABOD

Two kinds of children, one Father  
Two kinds of drought, but one water  
Each mocking in our own way, scoffers  
Each chasing down a different offer  
Some of us write like we're the author  
Even though the jar is not the potter  
Some of us are wild and we wander  
Taking what we're given with to squander  
Everybody knows about the runner  
Running in the fast lane, tryna feed his hunger  
Gunning for his dad's pay, racking up the numbers  
Spending big til that day the money went under  
He wonders living in the slums where he slumbers  
Can the debt he collected be covered  
But there is grace even down in the gutter  
Thank God that he loves the younger brother

Home  
I felt so far from home  
I heard you call me home  
When I felt alone  
With all the debts I owed  
You ran to bring me home

Two kinds of man but one maker  
Two kinds of sin but one savior  
One son thinks that he can find favor  
By working harder than his younger neighbor  
But there can be an arrogance to labor  
When I start comparing thinking that I'm greater  
"Look I built a city, that makes me the the mayor"  
Forgotten what you give me, that you are my creator  
I have tried to build it, I have worked hard, I have willed it  
Filled it  
Every brick I add I think I've killed it  
But skills miss let myself down, feeling wilted  
Stilts get you high but the bar is higher still kid  
I am not good, I'm the other  
My storm came I tried to build a bunker  
But there is even grace for the thunder  
Thank God that he loves the older brother

Home  
I felt so far from home  
I heard you call me home  
When I felt alone  
With all the debts I owed  
You ran to bring me  
You ran to bring me  
Home  
I felt so far from home  
I heard you call me home  
When I felt alone  
With all the debts I owed  
You ran to bring me home

Thank God that he runs to us at the moment that we turn back towards him

Thank God that he builds me up even when I try to build before him  
Lord I am prone to wander  
But you lead me back to water  
Thank God that your love is stronger  
To you be all praise and honor  
Thank God that he runs to us at the moment that we turn back towards him  
Thank God that he builds me up even when I try to build before him  
Lord I am prone to wander  
But you lead me back to water  
Thank God that your love is stronger  
To you be all praise and honor

Home  
I felt so far from home  
I heard you call me home  
When I felt alone  
With all the debts I owed  
You ran to bring me  
You ran to bring me  
Home  
I felt so far from home  
I heard you call me home  
When I felt alone  
With all the debts I owed  
You ran to bring me home

We grow up (ooh)  
We fall down (home)  
It's wonderful (home)