

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

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