

# Prodigal

## Poor Man's Poison

Pick your battles wisely son  
He says, "You'll hold on to what you've found  
You don't want them slantin' your name  
When you finally face down  
On the muddy side of town"

So keep your eyes on the road ahead  
And do your best not to stray too far  
You see the end's gonna come now soon enough  
It don't matter who you are

So don't think no less of your humble possessions  
When you see all the money they owe  
'Cause all the gold they got ain't gonna change a thing  
And it ain't, it ain't gonna save their souls

'Cause where we've been, and where we're from  
And you could do the same, and go and get you some  
But when the lights go out, you're sittin' all alone  
With no money, no friends, and nowhere to begin  
Prodigal - it's your own damn fault

Passing out the blame  
Trying to keep yourself afloat these days  
Will everybody gather over here  
He's got a mouth full of poison  
And some time to waste

We seen you comin' down the road  
Crawlin' back home  
I guess everything's goin', everybody goes  
And now the only thing left is the way you left it  
You had a good run and now you're chasing regrets

He said, "Where we've been, and where we're from  
And you could do the same, and go and get you some  
But when the lights go out, you're sittin' all alone  
With no money, no friends, and nothin' left to show

Where we've been and where we're from  
And you could do the same, and go and get you some  
But when the lights go out, you're sittin' all alone  
With no money, no friends, and nowhere to begin  
Prodigal!