

## Prodigal

Relient K

Sweet Jesus, I was coming to pray  
But all the hip kids sent You running away  
You got egg on your face  
But the faithful keep washing your feet

Wish it was simple but it's trouble to say  
Cause nobody believes that there's a debt to be paid  
For the things that come easy day after day  
Week after week

I am the champion of wine  
You're the bread on my tongue  
I am the last one in line  
The prodigal

I am the champion of wine  
You're the bread on my tongue  
I am the last one in line  
The prodigal son

Sweet Jesus, I was coming to pray  
But Lord, I've been so busy and you kept me away  
I got egg on my face  
So I hide away where no one can see

Wish it was simple but it's trouble to say  
Cause nobody believes that there's a debt to be paid  
For the things that come easy day after day  
Week after week

I am the champion of wine  
You're the bread on my tongue  
I am the last one in line  
The prodigal son

I am the champion of wine  
You're the bread on my tongue  
I am the last one in line  
The prodigal

Sweet Jesus, I was coming to pray  
But all the hip kids said you're running away  
You got egg on your face  
But the faithful keep washing your feet

Wish it was simple but it's trouble to say  
Cause nobody believes that there's a debt to be paid  
For the things that come easy day after day  
Week after week