

The Prodigal (I'll Be Waiting)

Amy Grant

I face the day again
Against the window pane.
I remain your closest friend,
And wish you back again.
You wonder how I feel;
You think you've pushed too far.
If only you could see this pen
Scribbling down my heart.

I'll be waiting.
I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
But I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run when I see you--
I'll meet you.

But still the days drag on.
Why did you decide to go?
Did you only need to see
What only time can show?

I'll be waiting.
I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
But I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run when I see you.

And even if
You never do return,
Still I will have learned
How to love you better.

I'll be waiting.
I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
But I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run to meet you.

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I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run to meet you.