

## Prodigal Son

Bad Religion

Oh can't you feel the nostalgia son I wonder about ya  
Modernistocrat Horatio Alger  
Clever never hesitating in the baiting ever waiting  
For the canticle of manacles abating  
Do you ever forget - you had a regret -  
and what you only guessed at  
Might still be waiting?

When the prodigal son with a caroming shadow of hate comes to l  
and at home  
Well he's a mourning star with  
a champagne heart at his curtain call  
And father never understood  
just how the work gets done  
Don't look at me, no I ain't one, no prodigal son  
Don't look at me, no I ain't one, no prodigal son

When everybody about -  
is read to bout you -  
about controversial values  
Don't you think you better  
readdress the level of the  
cowardice rising to drown you  
Did you ever connect -  
or come to reject -  
or even inspect  
That dream that hounds you

When the prodigal son with  
a caroming shadow of hate comes to land at home  
Well he's a mourning star with  
a champagne heart at his curtain call  
And father never understood  
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When you least expect it he's going to run  
Like the blood red path of the western sun oh yeah  
The prodigal son is waiting,  
waiting for his moment to come

Well hell no, don't look at me  
Can't you see, I ain't one, no prodigal son  
Don't look at me, no I ain't one, no prodigal son