

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
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 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