

Prodigal Daughter

Jonatha Brooke

I spent all the money, I spent all the money
Got nothing to show, got nothing to show for it
So tell me the story, tell me the story again
The one where I find my way home in the end
There's love and forgiveness, there's wine and there's water

I am the prodigal daughter

I am searching the heavens, I'm living in hell
I've squandered the blessing, I am the never do well
I walked on a wire, I tried every trick that I dared
Broke every promise to whoever cared
Burned all my bridges, like a lamb to the slaughter

I am the prodigal daughter

I have yet to see grace
Or true mercy face to face
Through a glass, not a trace
So I am out of the race

And I'll never go back, they'll not see my face again
I'm not like my brothers, and god knows I'm not like them
So you can tell me the story, it makes no difference to me
So the blind man can walk and the lame man can see
The party's still over, the wine's turned to water

I am the prodigal daughter