

## Bring Him Home

Kristin Chenoweth

God on high  
Hear my prayer  
In my need  
You have always been there

He is young  
He's afraid  
Let him rest  
Heaven blessed.  
Bring him home  
Bring him home  
Bring him home.

He's like the son I might have known  
If God had granted me a son.  
The summers die  
One by one  
How soon they fly  
On and on  
And I am old  
And will be gone.

Bring him peace  
Bring him joy  
He is young  
He is only a boy

You can take  
You can give  
Let him be  
Let him live  
If I die, let me die  
Let him live  
Bring him home  
Bring him home  
Bring him home.