

Prodigal Song

Laura Story

Henry loves the ballpark
But lately he ain't coming round
Things have been so different
Since his youngest boy left town

Fighting seem so harmless
Families sometimes disagree
It's hard to know the reason
Why he finally chose to leave
But he's gone away
And his father waits

And he is watching and he is hoping
Though his eyes are weary, his arms are still open
And his prayer, so softly spoken
Please come home

Now Henry sits and wonders
In that front porch rocking chair
Does his boy remember
All the love the family shared
And is he cold
Out there alone

And he is watching and he is hoping
Though his eyes are weary, his arms are still open
And his prayer, so softly spoken
Please come home

To your seat at the table
To your father who weeps
Every night in sleepless dreams
He longs to see
His face in younger skin
Running down the driveway again.