

Prodigal

Relient K

Sweet Jesus, I was coming to pray
But all the hip kids sent You running away
You got egg on your face
But the faithful keep washing your feet

Wish it was simple but it's trouble to say
Cause nobody believes that there's a debt to be paid
For the things that come easy day after day
Week after week

I am the champion of wine
You're the bread on my tongue
I am the last one in line
The prodigal

I am the champion of wine
You're the bread on my tongue
I am the last one in line
The prodigal son

Sweet Jesus, I was coming to pray
But Lord, I've been so busy and you kept me away
I got egg on my face
So I hide away where no one can see

Wish it was simple but it's trouble to say
Cause nobody believes that there's a debt to be paid
For the things that come easy day after day
Week after week

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You're the bread on my tongue
I am the last one in line
The prodigal son

I am the champion of wine
You're the bread on my tongue
I am the last one in line
The prodigal

Sweet Jesus, I was coming to pray
But all the hip kids said you're running away
You got egg on your face
But the faithful keep washing your feet

Wish it was simple but it's trouble to say
Cause nobody believes that there's a debt to be paid
For the things that come easy day after day
Week after week