

# THE PRODIGAL

- VERSE 1**    You held out Your arms, I walked away  
                 Insolent, I spurned Your face  
                 Squandering the gifts You gave to me  
                 Holding close forbidden things  
                 Destitute, a rebel still, a fool in all my pride  
                 The world I once enjoyed is death to me  
                 No joy, no hope, no life
- VERSE 2**    Where now are the friends that I had bought  
                 Gone with every penny lost  
                 What hope could there be for such as I  
                 Sold out to a world of lies  
                 Oh, to see Your face again, it seems so distant now  
                 Could it be that You would take me back  
                 A servant in Your house
- VERSE 3**    You held out Your arms, I see them still  
                 You never left, You never will  
                 Running to embrace me, now I know  
                 Your cords of love will always hold  
                 Mercy's robe, a ring of grace  
                 Such favor undeserved  
                 You sing over me and celebrate  
                 The rebel now Your child