

## Tale of Two Prodigal Sons by Jack Miller ©2007

Am G  
The younger of the sons, he was leavin'  
Am G  
Told his wealthy dad "Give me all that's mine"  
Am G  
So he gathered all his riches and he journeyed  
F Am  
To a land to see what he would find  
F C  
To a land to see what he would find

In that land he wasted all his bounty  
Living only for the pleasures of each day  
With his money spent and now a pauper,  
sold his soul for some crumbs and a bed of hay  
sold his soul for some crumbs and a bed of hay

[chorus 1]  
Gadd8 F C  
And a cry went out for mercy  
G F C  
And the cry went out for love  
G F C  
And a wounded heart was emptied  
Am G C  
And the Father reaches out from above

He then rose, traveled back to his homeland  
Seeing Dad, repented, with a cry  
Father, I have sinned against you and heaven  
and am not worthy to be called your son  
and am not worthy to be called your son

His father called his servants and commanded  
Bring the finest robe, let the feast abound  
This, my son, was dead but now is living  
He was lost but now is found  
He was lost but now is found

[chorus 1]  
The other son, he would not greet him  
Complained to Dad "I've stayed and labored here"  
All these years, I've dared not to wander  
You owe me, Dad, this just isn't fair  
You owe me, Dad, this just isn't fair

My son, yield not to pride and anger  
All I have has always been yours  
Your brother once was dead but now is living  
He was lost but now is found  
He was lost but now is found

Some days, I am that wanton younger man  
Other times the frightful son, that's me  
Either way of myself, I am not worthy  
Save by the love that reaches down to me  
Save by the love that reaches down to me

[chorus 2]

And a cry goes out for mercy  
And a cry goes out for love  
And a wounded heart is emptied  
And the Father reaches out from above