

Rolling Stones, The

"Prodigal Son"

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Well a poor boy took his father's bread and started
down the road
Started down the road
Took all he had and started down the road
Going out in this world, where God only knows
And that'll be the way to get along

Well poor boy spent all he had, famine come in the
land
Famine come in the land
Spent all he had and famine come in the land
Said, I believe I'll go and hire me to some man
And that'll be the way I'll get along

Well, man said, I'll give you a job for to feed my swine
For to feed my swine
I'll give you a job for to feed my swine
Boy stood there and hung his head and cried
'Cause that is no way to get along

Said, I believe I'll ride, believe I'll go back home
Believe I'll go back home
Believe I'll ride, believe I'll go back home
Or down the road as far as I can go
And that'll be the way to get along

Well, father said, See my son coming home to me
Coming home to me
Father ran and fell down on his knees
Said, Sing and praise, Lord have mercy on me
Mercy

Oh poor boy stood there, hung his head and cried
Hung his head and cried
Poor boy stood and hung his head and cried
Said, Father will you look on me as a child?
Yeah

Well father said, Eldest son, kill the fatted calf,
Call the family round
Kill that calf and call the family round

My son was lost but now he is found
'Cause that's the way for us to get along
Hey

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