

## **Stones Rolling**

### **"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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