

## Colorblind James Experience "Prodigal Son"

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Once I dwelled in the land of the living  
Now I wander trough the land of the dead  
The wind blows cold and the rain hits hard  
The storm clouds swirling up above my head

Once I was fairly sort of priced boys  
Shoes on my feet and a hat on my head  
Once I was rather fairly priced boys  
Now I'm so low, I'd be better of dead

Guilt is a thing that'll tear you up,??? boys???  
Tear you up and bring you down  
Guilt is a thing that'll tear you up??? boys???  
Leave you bleeding on the outskirts of town

Where do you go with all these troubles?  
Where do you turn with all this grief?  
What do you do when you fall so far, boy?  
You turn to the bottle for your relief

You might lose your friends; you might lose your family  
You might lose your job and your good health too  
You might even go through your family fortune  
If you've been blessed with a fortune to lose

It's never too late to turn back home, boy  
The war with the devil has already been won  
It's never too late to turn back home, boy  
Ain't you never heard of the prodigal son?

Last time

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