

Grant Amy "The Prodigal"

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"But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him." - Luke 15:20
Words & Music by Amy Grant, Gary Chapman, and Robbie Buchanan
I face the day again
Against the window pane.
I remain your closest friend,
And wish you back again.
You wonder how I feel;
You think you've pushed too far.
If only you could see this pen
Scribbling down my heart.
I'll be waiting.
I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
But I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run when I see you--
I'll meet you.
But still the days drag on.
Why did you decide to go?
Did you only need to see
What only time can show?
I'll be waiting.
I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
But I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run when I see you.
And even if
You never do return,
Still I will have learned
How to love you better.
I'll be waiting.
I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
But I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run to meet you.

I'll be waiting.
I may be young or old and gray,
Counting the days,
I'll be waiting,
And when I finally see you come,
I'll run to meet you.

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