

## Phanatik

### "Come Home"

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[Verse One]

A father sits on his porch reminiscing  
About a time when him and his son weren't so distant  
And how he misses him  
And how if he could just see him again he would run  
and hug him and kiss him  
Miles away a son is thinking the same thing  
Until his man hollers and interrupts his day dream  
Back to work, but his back it hurts  
He's been thinking lately about going back to church  
Cuz that would kind of remind him of his roots  
Of a time when he wasn't grinding shining others boots  
But that's the best he can do now  
He's too proud to stay at the group home  
Was on his own since he was juvenile  
So he sleeps on the streets, using concrete for sheets  
And he eats when he eats, and it's so cold  
He looks so old but he's young  
He hung in the bars all types of scars  
Life beat him down it was no holds barred  
It's been six years-twenty days  
Since he's been gone but how did he get here anyway?  
This wasn't how it was supposed to be  
Think back to the day before he chose to leave  
When he stepped to his dad and he asked for the cash  
That he would receive after his dad passed

So that's what he gave him  
The father was bothered by the request but after a  
while he caved in  
Said "all of the wealth that I've earned  
And saved up must pay for the lessons my son must  
learn  
And I pray that he learns when this is done  
This is my one wish for my youngest son"

[Chorus]

How long, how long will the prodigal roam  
How long, how long before he comes home  
How long, how long will he chase harm  
And keep running away from the father's arms

Young, come home  
Son, come home  
Run, come home  
Run, come home  
Daughter, come home  
You ought to, come home  
Run, come home  
Run, come home

[Verse Two]

The saga continues  
The father gave into the son the son left with his  
friends who  
Really had no cash of their own  
Just running the same track wanting too fast to be  
grown  
They figured with these figures in our pockets  
We can invest these digits and get even richer than  
your pop is  
Find ourselves a nice good hustle  
Buy some protection, find some hood muscle  
As soon as we get to another city  
We can put this money to work for ourselves and get  
busy  
Buying houses, fixing them up and flipping them  
I can just picture getting the dividends rolling in like  
Michelins  
From the time they arrived on the scene  
They thrived with his father's business sense in his  
genes  
Of the three he proved to be the smartest  
Buy targeted the hottest commodities on the market  
They went from knowing and going to the parties  
To being the ones with the dough throwing all the  
parties  
Made money money made money money money  
And wanted to date honeys so he paid money money  
He was killing it, stocking up his chips  
Til the economy switched, stock market flipped  
At first his properties flying, today nothing's popping  
Stocks dropping, nobodies buying  
He's over extended in his credit  
Selling his cars and cribs to try to pay his dept with  
He's left with nada  
Friends gone, females bon-voyaged and no one will  
bother  
Is this what chasing pleasure and wealth does  
Leaves you out freezing with no help and shelter?  
It's helter skelter in his dome  
He spends all his time wondering why he left home

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Does this sound familiar  
I'm sure it's similar the symbolism is bound to kill ya  
Who else do we know  
That would leave the safety of a loving Father  
wandering trying to go  
To a distant place, and dis His grace  
Just to waste His mercy making big mistakes  
Then when all is lost and the bridges are burned  
And they realize there's nowhere else that they can  
turn  
They turn to the steeple and return to the sheepfold  
Isn't that just like God's people?  
In every era of time  
God's people made the error of severing the ties  
With the Father and His love  
Aren't you glad He treats us like the father of the  
prodigal does  
When the son finally came to his senses  
He realized it was better inside his father fences  
Said I wonder if I would returned there  
Would I be able to last under the burn of His holy stare  
But wasn't aware that the same eyes that hate sin  
Had been watching the road and waitin to for him to  
return again

[Chorus]

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