

**Jr. Robert Earl Keen****"The Coming Home Of The Son & Brother"**

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Time for the singer  
Time for the singer-boy to make his way back home.  
A prodigal, I've been distressed,  
This lonely child can't make it on his own.  
I've been traveling states away;  
I've been playing in a bluegrass band.  
Now it's the coming home  
Of the son and brother again.

Time has slipped away,  
I don't know if I can play another tune.  
They want me to build single-handed  
A road up to the moon.  
They only pay me nickles and dimes  
In a game that I can never win.  
So it's the coming home  
Of the son and brother again.

It's been a long, long time  
Since I've seen al of my family and friends.  
I want to hear them tell their stories  
Tell 'em all about the places I have been.  
So open all your doors up wide,  
Invite all the neighbors in  
For the coming home  
Of the son and brother again.

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For the coming home  
Of the son and brother again.

The coming home  
Of the son and brother again.  
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