

RyanDan

"Bring Him Home"

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God on high, hear my prayer
In my need, you have always been there
He is young, he's afraid
Let him rest, Heaven blessed

Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home

He's like the son I might have known
If God had granted me a son
The summers die, one by one
How soon they fly on and on
And I am old and will be gone
Bring him peace, bring him joy
He is young, he is only a boy
You can take, you can give
Let him be, let him live
If I die, let me die
Let him live

Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home

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