

Tim Kasher**"The Prodigal Husband"**

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No more painted eyes
You can't hide from me
I know you're still in pain
The night clubs won't take that away, they never did
So wash that mask off your face and tell me honestly
Have I damaged you so bad that I can never come
back?
Cause I'm here right now back in the house
On our old queen bed as you slip off your dress
It's all so familiar like kissing cousins
The stepped on wife, the prodigal husband
You stumbled home late to find me on your porch
Your red wine cheeks drained white like you'd seen a
ghost

The sun hung solemn at noon
As you storm through our bedroom
"It's not our bedroom you cried you gave that up
When you choose those other beds to lie in
And lie you did how'd you weasel you're way back in to
me
No you can't come back I hate myself when you're
around"

But I'm here right now back in the house
As your cuss me out in that yellow nightgown
I bought for you at that shop in St. Paul
You pulled me in the dressing to show it off
It must have been stuffed in the back of your drawer
So why'd you decide to wear that if I can't come back
La la la la
La la la
Can I come back?
Can I come back?

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