

## Two Gallants "The Prodigal Son"

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Well, I've been a disclaimer for twenty-four years  
Poor mother drowned in a pillow of tears  
I'm well known in story, famous in song  
The black sheep, the blemish, the one who went wrong  
The black sheep, the blemish, the one who went wrong

My crime is discomfort, my mind I'll at ease  
They'll grow on my shoulder, my favorite disease  
My siblings, my rivals might tend to my wake  
Grieve me not brothers, I was mother's mistake  
Grieve me not brothers, I was mother's mistake

And all the grand expectations of an epic of wealth  
Leave me long to crawl back to the womb  
Well, I've tasted your grace, placed it back on the shelf  
Drag your pedigree wives to your tomb  
Drag your pedigree wives to your tomb

Well, I came from this city, a victim of peace  
But I've grown far too filthy to attend to the feast  
So I take to the hills to live savage and free  
I don't need nobody, nobody needs me  
I don't need nobody, nobody needs me

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