

A Modern Day Prodigal Son

Brantley Gilbert

I set out one night in the fast lane bound for freedom
In a truck that daddy bought me
And money mom had saved for school I laid down all my books and picked up the drinking
Hell I let 'em down
When I gave up like a fool And one reckless night just lookin' for my whiskey
I found a bible mama gave me and read a while
I read a story 'bout a man who lived just like me
Then finally ate his pride and came runnin' home
And lord I'm a renegade, a Rambler
I've squandered all I've owned
A bonified runaway, I'm a gambler
Can't count the lies I've told
And I need redemption, how 'bout forgiveness
And I pray for open arms, cause I'm comin' home
'Cause I'm comin' home, but like a modern day prodigal son I had all of my things packed by
early mornin'
I left that bottle I'd lost right there on the bathroom floor
I stopped at a payphone and called back home to mama
Yeh she might not even talk after all I've done The phone rang twice before I got an answer
And mama nearly dropped the phone when she heard me say
I said mama it's your son and will y'all have me
She said son you know I've longed for this day
And lord I'm a renegade, a Rambler
I've squandered all I've owned
A bonified runaway, I'm a gambler
Can't count the lies I've told
And I need redemption, how 'bout forgiveness
And I pray for open arms, and be with me lord
'Cause I'm comin' home, but like a modern day prodigal son
Lord I'm a renegade, a Rambler
I've squandered all I've owned
A bonified runaway, I'm a gambler
Can't count the lies I've told
I need redemption, how 'bout forgiveness
And I pray for open arms, be with me lord.
cause I'm going home, but like a modern day prodigal son.
(Kickin' Kuntry On Spotify)

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