

PRODIGAL SON

Boring nights follow mundane days
He can't believe that his life turned out this way
Cause he had plans and such big ideas
I swear you've never seen a future as bright as his

But he's still waiting for the pendulum to swing
Now he spends his time talking down everything
The bigger they are, the smaller by comparison he seems

Prodigal Son
You're not the only one
My prodigal son

Idle thoughts led to wasted dreams
The only life he gets now comes from the t.v. screen
A pathetic sight, this repeated scene
He just sits around and thinks about all the things that might have been

Recounting old glories with his friends
Who are polite enough to stay to the end
And as they're leaving, he tells himself, "I'm better than them."

Prodigal Son
You're not the only one
My Prodigal Son
You're not the only one

These are the days of whines and poses
These are the times to file your claim
And we're so tired of your excuses
Just get off your ass and get in the game

Enough with all this introspection
Where do think it'll get you to
Have you found yourself another new direction
Have you found yourself some kind of clue
About what you're going to do

Instrumental

Prodigal Son, what have you become
Have you finally realized you're not going to be their number one
Was it the pressure, all placed upon your head?
Are you so full of yourself that you don't need anyone else instead?

I'm sure you think you've got something to say
But now all these problems have you held in their sway
But I remember when nothing was ever going to stand in your way

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