

I want my share of the estate, I'm leaving home, expatriate
Father understand, just how I feel
I have to go, a life to gain
So I set off to a distant country, and I squandered all my wealth
I delighted myself in wild living and spent my every cent
The country broke into a famine
I was falling short in need
I couldn't live in this condition
I was feeling no more greed
And I was becoming more lonely
And all my life began to fade
This life just isn't what I dreamed
And I have put myself through shame
I've worked my fingers right to their bones
I'm feeling ill, I miss my home
Why did I leave? Why did I go?
Now I have nothing, I have no home
I brought myself to an understanding, what I was going to do
I'd head back to where I once called home
And asked if I could work for food
"Father I have sinned against you
And against our family's name
I'm not worthy to be your son no more
Won't you take me as your slave?"
"My son I'm so glad to see you"
As a tear ran down his face
"You were dead, but now you're alive
You will find home here at this place"