

THE PRODIGAL

♩ = 70
VERSE 1

^F You held out Your arms, ^C I walked away ^{Dm}

^{Bb} Insolent, ^F I spurned ^{2/4 C} Your ^{4/4 Dm} face

^F Squandering the gifts ^C You gave to me ^{Dm}

^{Bb} Holding close forbidden things ^F ^{2/4 C} ^{4/4 Dm}

^{Bb} Destitute, a rebel still, ^F a fool in all my ^C pride

^{Bb} The world I once enjoyed is death to me ^F ^C ^{Dm}

^{Bb} No joy, no hope, no ^C life ^{Dm}

VERSE 2

Where now are the friends that I had bought

Gone with every penny lost

What hope could there be for such as I

Sold out to a world of lies

Oh, to see Your face again, it seems so distant now

Could it be that You would take me back

A servant in Your house

VERSE 3

^{F/C} You held out Your arms, ^C I see them ^{Dm} still

^{Bb} You never left, ^{F/A} You never will ^{2/4 C} ^{4/4 Dm}

^F Running to embrace me, ^{C/E} now I know ^{Dm}

^{Bb} Your cords of love will always hold ^{F/A} ^{2/4 C} ^{4/4 Dm}

^{Bb} Mercy's robe, a ring of grace, ^F such favor ^C undeserved ^{Dm} ^{Gm7} ^F ^C

^F You sing over me and celebrate ^{C/E} ^{Dm} ^C ^{Bb} ^{F/A}

^{Bb} The rebel now Your ^C child ^{Dm} | ^{Bb} ^F | ^C