

Bad Religion, Prodigal Son

Oh, can't you feel the nostalgia
I wonder about your Modernistocrat Horatio Alger
Clever never hesitating in the baiting
Ever waiting for the canticle of manacles abating
Did you ever forget
You had a regret?
And what you've only guessed at
Might still be waiting
When the prodigal son with a caroming shadow
Of hate comes to land at home
Well, he's a mourning star
With a champagne heart at his curtain call
And father never understood the way the work gets done
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son
When everybody above is ready to bout you
About controversial values
Don't you think you better readdress the level
Of the cowardice rising to drown you

Did you ever connect?
Or come to reject? Or even inspect
The dream that hounds you?
When the prodigal son with a caroming shadow
Of hate comes to land at home
Well, he's a mourning star
With a champagne heart at his curtain call
And father never understood the way the work gets done
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son
When you least expect it, he's going to run
Like the blood red path of the western sun, oh yeah
The prodigal son is waiting, waiting for his moment to come
Well, hell no, don't look at me
Can't you see? I ain't one, no prodigal son
It ain't me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son