

Parable

Jesus told a story about a man who had two sons.
He loved both of them, of course, but then the younger one
Said to his father, "Dad, I can't wait for you to die!
Give me my inheritance, my piece of the pie!
Well, it prob'ly broke his heart, but the old man cut a check.
That son went on a road trip; figured, "What the heck?!"
Took all that money, wasted every bit
On sex and drugs and rock and roll -- all that he could get.

Everything was great until a famine hit the land.
He found himself in trouble with nothing in his hands.
Things got pretty desperate because there weren't that many jobs,
'Til he hired himself out feeding some old farmer's hogs.
He got so hungry he would have eaten the pigs' slop
But he came back to his senses, and his heart told him, "STOP!
Think about your father, how his servants all are fed.
You better get back home, boy, before you end up dead!
I'll go back to my father's house and confess that I have sinned,
And say I'll be his hired hand if he'll let me back in."

He went back to his homeland. When his father saw him there,
He ran right out to meet that punk and hugged him like a bear.
The boy said, "Father, I have sinned. Don't even call me 'son.'"
But his dad said, "Servants, bring a robe for him! Make it the best one!
And bring him rings and sandals, and kill the fatted calf!
We're going to have a party! It's time to feast and laugh,
For this son of mine was dead to me and now he's been restored!
He was lost but now is found! Let's give thanks to the Lord!

Now remember there's an older son out working in the yard.
He heard about the party, and it made his heart turn hard.
He asked a servant, "What's this noise?" He said, "Your brother's here!
Your father killed the fatted calf. It's the party of the year!"
The older son got angry. Man, I tell you, he was hot!
His dad came pleading "come and join us!" He said, "I will NOT!
Here all these years I've slaved for you and did what I was told.
Never even got to dine with friends on a young goat from your fold,
But when this son of yours comes back after wasting all your cash
On hookers, you kill the fatted calf and throw him a big bash!"

The father sighed and said, "My son, you're always here with me.
All I have is yours, my boy, now to eternity.
But now we have to celebrate! It's only right we do,
For this brother of yours was dead, but he's returned to me and you."