

## Prodigal son

In a place where outlaws are banned from the range  
On a day when mountains have fallen to foes  
In a land where boys are forbidden to grow  
And metal is the only master  
Where the highway ends and the desert breaks [1]  
And buildings are bent from great earthquakes  
And statesmen crawl on their bellies like snakes  
And feed off the public hunger  
In a land where sky-scrappers scratch the sky  
And delinquent daughters to their mothers still lie  
Papa stands on the corner he wants to beat the drum  
Welcome home my prodigal son

When rivers run raging through city streets  
And great eagles have fallen from their lofty peaks  
And policemen moonlight as sideshow freaks  
For the final crime is committed  
When Presidents ride in Ford Mustangs  
And the black man releases his Cadillac fangs  
And your cheque died in bed as the landlord bangs  
The young girl next door for the rent  
Where telegraph wires are attached to your mind  
Delinquent daughters to their mothers still lie  
Papa stands on the corner waitin' to beat the drum  
Welcome home my prodigal son

When the telephone rings and falls off the hook  
And your legs have been stolen by some defence department crook  
And you startin' to think about writing a book  
But now you won't pledge allegiance to anything  
And the maid comes in with coffee and cake  
In a low-cut dress she wore just for your sake  
You explain your not dead and she takes it as a compliment  
And sticks out her tongue and asks for requests  
In a land where skyscrapers scratch the sky  
And delinquent daughters to their mothers still lie  
Papa stands on the corner waitin' to beat the drum  
Welcome home my prodigal son

And the mercury men with hydraulic joints  
They bribe with a smile and hold you up in the alley at pinpoint  
And ask you to bend over that they may anoint  
You with the holy water of your profession  
When the line between love and hate gets so thin  
And your body takes over when your mind gives in  
And your lady lover demands that you pin her to the floor  
But its too late your reflexes are shot

And the man on the corner with the nervous twitch  
Whispers "Hey, how would you like to buy a nice bitch  
She's a .38, and I got her loaded in all six"  
He keeps talkin', and you just keep walkin'  
And you reach for the sky and get stuck on a steeple  
You reach out for love but you get lost in the people  
You run through the canyon, screaming like an eagle  
Then you fall face first in the mud  
In a land where skyscrapers scratch the sky  
And delinquent daughters have their own children who lie  
Papa stands on the corner, watchin' the parade, he wants to beat the drum  
Welcome home, welcome home my prodigal son  
Welcome home, my prodigal son