

Little Brother

♩ = 108



1 Well, he went to my Dad-dy, he said, "Dad-dy, won't you give me what is
2 Well, a year went by, and lit-tle broth-er nev-er ev-er wrote us a



mine?
line. 'Cause I ain't gon-na stick a-round this
Some-bod-y saw him liv-ing in the



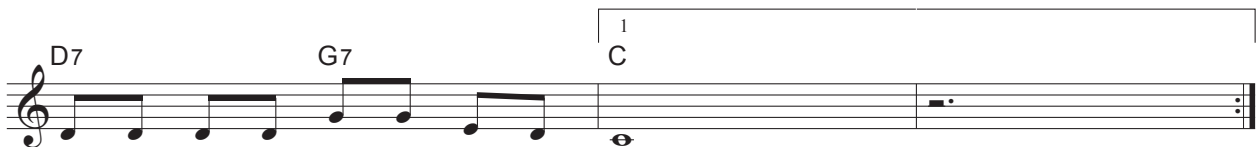
town no more and waste my time.
cit-y, he was liv-ing pret-ty fine.



Well, I guess I nev-er fig-ured that my Dad-dy'd let my lit-tle broth-er
And I guess I fig-ured that my lit-tle broth-er'd left this town for



go, but he gave him what was com-ing, and
good, and I went right on work-ing for my



then my broth-er up and hit the road.
Dad-dy like I knew that I

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Now, his elder son was in the field, and as he drew near the house, he heard music and dancing... Luke 15:25

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should. (not like my broth-er, my prod-i-gal broth-er.)

- 3 One evening I came in from plowing and my back was mighty sore.
 There was a party going on like I had never ever heard before.
 So I looked inside and then I saw my little brother sitting there—
 he was as dirty as a pig pen and you should have seen the length of his hair.
 (my brother, my dirty little brother)
- 4 So I went and found my Daddy, I said Daddy why you throwing such a bash
 for my little brother when he went and spent your hard-earned cash?
 While every day I plowed and I planted and I picked your crops for free,
 but Dad-dy, Daddy, Daddy, why'd you never throw a party for me?
 (but for my brother, my prodigal brother)
- 5 Well, he stepped outside and I could see the tears were running down his face.
 He said, "Son, you know that when I die, it's you who's gon-na get this place.
 Yeah, but I love your little brother too, even though he went and let us down.
 He was dead, but he's alive. He was lost, but now your little brother's found."
 (my brother, my little brother)

Talking: And then I got to thinking about it—about my little brother,
 and about my Daddy, and about God, too—
 I hadn't thought about him in a long time, I can tell you.

- 6 And maybe somehow God is sort of like the Daddy that I know—
 Some of us stick with him and some others of us pack our bags and go.
 And you know he never interferes if we think we've got to make it on our own,
 but his love is always waiting when we know it's time to come on home.
 (yeah, he's our Father, our Heavenly Father,
 so love your brother, your big or little brother,
 and your sister and your mother...)