

Barry Manilow, Bring Him Home

God on high
Here my pray
In my need
You have always been there
He is young
He's afraid
Let him rest
Heaven blessed
Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home

He's like the son I might have known
If God had granted me a son
The summer's die one by one
How soon they fly on and on
Before I'm old before I'm gone
Bring him peace
Bring him joy

He is young
He is only a boy
You can take you can give
Let him be let him live
If I die, let me die
Let him live
Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home