RyanDan, Bring Him Home

God on high Hear my prayer 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 summers die one by one How soon they fly on and on And I am old and will be 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