

PICTURE THIS

(ref. Luke 15:11) Joey Daddario, © 2008 songman.com

E **G#m** **A** **E**
The youngest son said, "Father give me my inheritance,
E **B** **A** **B** v
So I can live before you die," he said in his defense.
C#m **B** **A** **E**
Hurt, surprised, but faithful, dad divided his estate.
A **E** **B** **E**
Gave his son his half, and bid him well along his way.

CHORUS: **C#m** **B** **C#m**
Picture This, behind a window waiting,
C#m **B** **A** ^
With a wish, his youngest son comes home.
(B) **A** **E** **A**
Picture This, the family portrait fading.
(B) **A** **E** **A**
Taking with it, days yet to unfold.

E **G#m** **A** **E**
The son soon lost his values, all accountability,
E **B** **A** **B** v
Wasting all his money on wine, women, partying.
C#m **B** **A** **E**
On the morning after, the last drop of good wine fell.
A **E** **B** **E**
What a rude awakening, no friends, no food, no help.

CHORUS

BRIDGE: **C#m** **B** **A** **E** **A**
When the boy came to his senses, feeling shame he journeyed home.
C#m **B** **A** **B** **C#m, B, A**
While still way off in the distance, father ran to son, tears flowing.

E **G#m** **A** **E**
The youngest son said, "Father please forgive my foolery.
E **B** **A** **B** v
I'll work as your servant, for a son I'm not worthy."
C#m **B** **A** **E**
Then his father kissed him, and declared to all the town.
A **E** **B** **E** **C#m**
Let us celebrate, my son was lost and now is found. Picture This.