

Geoff Moore

"The Fortunate Ones"

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Geoff Moore/Dale Oliver
I Timothy 6:17-19

This was a land of glory, a land of the free
A land of unmatched liberty
We are a land obsessed with more than we need
And we label our excess as God's blessing

Our castles stand high on the hills
And we used our share and their shares to build
While the needy wait in the valleys below
Lost in the dark of the hills' shadow

Chorus
Oh, oh, fortunate ones

Out of our excess, so much could be done
Oh, oh, fortunate ones
From the Father to fathers, from the fathers to sons
Take it down and pass it on, oh, fortunate ones

And now these two roads I see
The road of my wants, the road of my needs
Lord, shake this dust of greed from my feet
Till I see Your face in the least of these

The time has come to make a stand
As we fall on our knees, Lord heal our land

Repeat Chorus

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