

Geoff Moore "Winds Of Change"

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Geoff Moore/Dale Oliver
John 3:8/I Corinthians 3:11

Dust devils dancin' across the Alabama hillside
That storm was brewing out on the Dixie skyline
The sky grew black as coal in the middle of the day
My great-granddaddy watched as his house was blown
away

Chorus
Winds of change came calling
Hit them without warning
The foundation was all that remained
Everything else was carried away

I was in the Windy City, Good Friday 1982
We were sittin' pretty, cooking steaks on the barbecue

Two thousand miles of telephone wire brought word of
the tragedy
My daddy's heart lay silent now
He had been taken, taken from me
He was carried away

Chorus
Winds of change come calling
Hit us without warning
Let all we need be all that remains
Let everything else be...carried away

Winds of change come calling
Hit us without warning
Let our foundation be all that remains
Let everything else be carried, carried away

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