

Geoff Moore & The Distance

"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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