

Supertones "Health & Wealth"

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Poor men bound in persecution,
God's their portion everyday.
But we don't know anybody
Who lives that way.
There the church grows stronger,
Under politics and chains and whips.
They can't explain how they
Slipped right through their grip.
In the politics of mao tse-tung.
I think they got it right,
So maybe we got it wrong.

Health and wealth, we help ourselves,
And let them play the hand
That they've been dealt.
Health and wealth, indulge ourselves,
A big fat belly underneath our belts.
Health and wealth, we help ourselves,
And let them play the hand
That they've been dealt.
We'll never understand
The christ they've felt,
If we keep on chasing
Health and wealth.

Here we sit so comfy, rich.
Use, me and you, the usa...
So far away from c-h-i-n-a.
We think they need freedom.
We're the ones in prison.
We don't have the time
To change the world.
It doesn't take long to figure out,
Where all our money goes.
We're the poorest billionaires
Jesus knows.

And we ask God to refine us,
And pray that we would be freed,
From all our comfortable gods,
Our straining and striving and
Chasing the wind.

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