

# The Fortunate Ones

Geoff Moore

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