

## Pass It On

Lone Justice

Some men get up every morning  
And put on a pre-pressed suit  
And in some stately office  
Behind a desk they pay their dues

Some men make an honest buck  
Some hustle kids out on the street  
Some men only know the feel of earth  
That gives beneath their feet  
They only know the feel of earth  
That gives beneath their feet

Land to land, Father to son  
Soil or sand, pass it on  
Trust to trust, gold to dust  
Keep the faith till the battle's won  
Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on

Fortune blesses us with virtue  
But you must learn to use your will  
Or they'll snatch it out from under you  
The minute you stand still

Any fightin' fool can plant a seed  
And boast of what he knows  
But it was all I ever needed  
Just to prove that it would grow  
All I ever needed was  
To prove that seed would grow

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Gonna take more than a rule  
To make me leave my heritage  
Gonna take more than that  
To make me turn my back to it

As long as I'm alive  
I'll take the stand to pass it on  
As long as there's a man  
There'll be a son to pass it on

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