

What Good

Third Day

Rich young man, you think you can
Make it through the world on the things
you've got
I'll tell you, I know it's true
You can't get to heaven on things you've
bought

They're going to leave you
They're going to fade away

What good is it a man
To gain the whole world
And forfeit his soul
What good is it a man
To gain the whole world
And forfeit his soul

Poor old soul, he got more
Than the kings of a thousand countries
What he owns ain't silver or gold
This boy is bound for glory

He's going to leave us
He going to fly away