

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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