

Fortunate Son, Credence Clearwater Revival · 1969

[Verse 1]

Some folks are born made to wave the flag
Ooh, they're red, white and blue
And when the band plays "Hail to the Chief"
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord

[Chorus]

It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no senator's son, son
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate one, no

[Verse 2]

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves, no
But when the taxman come to the door
Lord, the house lookin' like a rummage sale, yeah

[Instrumental Break]

[Verse 3]

Yeah, some folks inherit star-spangled eyes
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord
And when you ask 'em, "How much should we give?"
Ooh, they only answer, "More, more, more, more"

[Chorus]

Image of God, We Are Messengers · 2020

[Verse 1]

I woke up with a broken heart in my chest
I couldn't sleep, couldn't get no rest
Weighed down by the heaviness of life
And I, try to shake it flipping through my phone
But all it does is make me feel more alone
How could anything that feels so wrong be right?

[Pre-Chorus]

Seven billion voices separate us-But only one can show us who we are

[Chorus]

We are made
Made in the image of
Made in the image of God
Beautiful shades of love
We are made
Made in the image of
Made in the image of God
That's where the light comes from, yeah

[Verse 2]

We all need the same medicine
We all need another second chance
There's no first in line at the foot of the Cross

[Pre-Chorus]

Father, forgive me
Show my concrete heart

[Bridge]

We fall apart
We all lose sight of Heaven
But still Your love is chasing us
And oh give me a heart
For every heart that's breaking
And give me eyes to see
We're so much more than flesh and blood