

City On the Hill

Casting Crowns

Did you hear of the city on the hill?
Said one old man to the other
It once shined bright and it would be shining still
But they all started turning on each other
You see, the poets thought the dancers were shallow
And the soldiers thought the poets were weak
And the elders saw the young ones as foolish
And the rich man never heard the poor man speak
And one by one, they ran away
With their made up minds, to leave it all behind
And the light began to fade, in the city on the hill
The city on the hill
Each one thought that they knew better
That they were different by design
Instead of standing strong together
They let their differences divide
And one by one, they ran away
With their made up minds, to leave it all behind
And the light began to fade, in the city on the hill
The city on the hill
And the world is searching still
But it was the rhythm of the dancers
That gave the poets life
It was the spirit of the poets
That gave the soldiers strength to fight
It was the fire of the young ones
It was the wisdom of the old
It was the story of the poor man
That needed to be told
It is the rhythm of the dancers
That gives the poets life
It is the spirit of the poets
That gives the soldiers strength to fight
It is the fire of the young ones
It is the wisdom of the old
It is the story of the poor man
That's needing to be told
One by one, we'll be running away
With our made up minds to leave it all behind
As the light begins to fade, in the city on the hill
One by one, we'll be running away
With our made up minds, to leave it all behind
As the light begins to fade, in the city on the hill
The city on the hill
Come home
And the Father's calling still
Come home
To the city on the hill

Come home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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