

Geoff Moore And The Distance, Heart To God, H

In darkest England 1865,
a dismal slum of poverty.
A band of believers rescued from the night,
played songs of hope and offered light.

If a man is hungry,
give him food to eat.
If a stranger's thirsty,
give him drink.
If a woman's battered, if a child's abandoned,
bring them in,
give them what they need.

A heart to God and a hand to man,
here begins the healing of our land.
A heart to God and a hand to man,
I can still hear the Hallelujah band.
A heart to God and a hand to man.

Like an army marching as to war,
come to set the captives free.
The bread of life for the poorest of poor,
hear their cries, bringing relief.

If a man is hungry,
give him food to eat.
If a stranger's thirsty,
give him drink.
If a woman's battered, if a child's abandoned,
bring them in,
give them what they need.

A heart to God and a hand to man,
here begins the healing of our land.
A heart to God and a hand to man,
I can still hear the Hallelujah band.
A heart to God and a hand to man.

While women weep as they do now,
while children are hungry,
while hope can be found.
While one soul remains without light,
I will fight on, fight on,
I'll fight to the very end.

A heart to God and a hand to man,
here begins the healing of our land.
A heart to God and a hand to man,
I can still hear the Hallelujah band.
A heart to God and a hand to man.

Singing a heart to God and a hand to man,
here begins the healing of our land.
A heart to God and a hand to man,
I can still hear the Hallelujah band.

Singing a heart to God and a hand to man,
here begins the healing of our land.
A heart to God and a hand to man,
I can still hear the Salvation Army band.