

## 2. 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«

*But 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*

Each one thought that they knew better  
But they were different by design  
Instead of standing strong together  
They let their differences divide - *Ref.*

*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 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 - *Ref.*

»Come home«  
And the Father's calling still  
»Come home«  
To the City on the Hill  
»Come home«



## 2. Mesto na gori

Casting Crowns

»Ali si slišal za mesto na gori?«  
je rekel en starec drugemu.  
»Nekoč je svetlo sijalo in bi sijalo še zmeraj,  
toda vsi so se začeli obračati drug proti drugemu.«

»Vidiš, pesniki so mislili, da so plesalci plitvi,  
in vojaki so bili pripričani, da so pesniki šibki,  
in stari so mlade dojemali kot nespametne  
in bogataš  
ni nikoli prisluhnil revežu.«

*A eden za drugim so pobegnili,  
odločeni,  
da pustijo vse za seboj.  
In luč je začela bledeti  
v Mestu na gori.*

Vsak je mislil, da ve bolje,  
a so bili ustvarjeni različni.  
Namesto da bi trdno stali skupaj,  
so pustili, da so ji razlike ločevale. - *Ref.*

*In svet še vedno išče ...*

A bil je ritem plesalcev,  
ki je pesnikom dajal življenje.  
Bil je duh pesnikov,  
ki je vojakom dajal moči za boj.  
Bil je ogenj mladih,  
bila je modrost starih,  
bila je zgodba reveža,  
ki bi morala biti povedana. - *Ref.*

»Pridite domov.«  
In Oče še vedno kliče:  
»Pridite domov.«  
V Mesto na gori.  
»Pridite domov.«