**PRICE ON HEAVEN (Song for Bristol Bay) / Susan Shann / copyright 2016**

Along the shores of Bristol Bay

In the land of the midnight sun

An eagle soars, caribou graze

And the mighty salmon run

It’s a home, a church, a playground

Feeds body, mind and soul

Tell me, why would anyone risk it all

For the price of a pot of gold?

‘You can’t put a price on Heaven

You can’t steal from God’s own hand

And his masterpiece is written

In these waters and this land

Go on, talk about your profits

Go on try, but you’re gonna fail

You can’t put a price on Heaven

And Bristol Bay is not for sale

These are crazy times we live in

Where money and power reign

Where we sacrifice the real thing for material gain

‘Cause you can’t buy back a mountain

Or a forest or a stream...

No, you can’t take out the poison

From what was pure and running clean

You can’t put a price on Heaven

You can’t steal from God’s own hand

And his masterpiece is written

In these waters and this land

Go on, talk about your profits

Go on try, but you’re gonna fail

You can’t put a price on Heaven

And Bristol Bay is not for sale

Yeah, we all love our children, I know this much is true

But our dreams for their future come down to what we do

To the seventh generation is the promise we must make

To leave things better than we found them

To give more than we take

And not put a price on Heaven

Not steal from God’s own hand

‘Cause his Masterpiece is written

In these waters and this land

Not bow to greed or profit

If we do, then we’re gonna fail

You can’t put a price on Heaven

And Bristol Bay is not for sale

No, it’s not for sale