

Track 1: Adam Where Ya At

Album: From Broken To Bold

By: Dr Ralph and Lisa Roath (June 2025)

From the sermons: "Adam, Where Are You?" and "A Man's Role in the Church, Community, and Home" By: Dr. Ralph Roath

Inspired by: Genesis 3:9–12

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God is still asking the same question He did long ago....

Adam, where ya at

Today, He is sayin', where ya at

Adam, where ya at?

Ain't no time for sittin' back

You were made to stand, not hide

To lead your home, to walk in stride

The world don't need more passive men

It needs some bold ones now and then

So drop that blame, man, grab your hat

God's still askin'—Where ya at?

Well, Adam took a bite, then he took a hike

He was duckin' in the bushes, tryin' to dodge the mic

God called out, said, "Where ya at, son?"

But Adam just froze—like a deer with a gun

He said, "She made me do it!" (Nice try, bud)

Still got fig leaves stickin' in the mud

But you can't lead nothin' when you're hidin' in fear

So let me ask out loud and clear...

Adam, where ya at?

Ain't no time for sittin' back

You were made to stand, not hide

To lead your home, to walk in stride

The world don't need more passive men

It needs some bold ones now and then

So drop that blame, man, grab your hat

God's still askin'—Where ya at?

Now fast forward—church pews and town halls

Men checkin' out when duty calls

They're scrollin' more than they're leadin' prayer

Kids growin' up, but dad ain't there

Got jobs to do and lawns to mow

But the Bible's dusty, and the faith is low

And God's still askin' in the middle of the mess:

"Hey son—where's your righteousness?"

Adam, where ya at?

We need more lions, not house cats

This world is burnin', families cry

While you're hidin' out, lettin' time slip by

We don't need fans—we need some flame

Men with heart who won't shift blame

So stand up strong, swing that bat

Heaven's shoutin'—Where ya at?

You ain't the first man to run from grace

But you could be the first to turn and face

That second Adam, blood-washed King

Who rose from shame and crushed that sting

He don't need perfect—He needs bold

Men who won't trade truth for gold

So if you're breathin'—you ain't too late

God's still knockin' on that ol' front gate

You can't fix the world from a fig leaf, man

Don't let your kids grow up without a plan

You ain't too lost, and you ain't too late

God ain't askin' where you been—He's askin' where you stand

You can't lead your house if you always run

Can't fight for truth with your Bible undone

You can't win the fight if you don't show up

Can't change the world if you just give up

So let me ask... just one last time...

God's just waitin'—it's all by design

So where ya at, man? It's now your time.

No more hidin', no more fear

God's still callin'—*loud and clear*

Time to answer, time to rise

Where ya at?—no more disguise

No more hidin', no more fear

God's still callin'—*loud and clear*

Time to answer, time to rise

Where ya at?—no more disguise...

That's it, son...

Where ya at