

# Promised Land

Big Country

The happy time  
All our people are here  
All the gifts that they bring  
All the songs that we sing  
Hollow blessings will ring

The killing time  
All the bystanders hide  
Everything on the slide  
Mad and tired inside  
Still a laugh of false pride

Would it take that pretty smile away from your face  
Would it turn that pretty laughter into tears  
Is there still a need for sorrow in the promised land  
Will there always be tomorrow in the promised land  
Well there's just too many things I'm afraid to ask

Lying time  
No more thought for a vow  
One more break of a bough  
One more voice asking how  
Who is listening now

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Money time  
One more judge takes his price  
One more room filled with vice  
And sadistical vice  
One more child without voice

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