

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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Would it turn that pretty laughter into tears
Is there still a need for sorrow in the promised land
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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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