

Our New Land

Deacon Blue

And so here comes the dream
I seem to have each night
We are racing up that hill
In case we lose the light
Even then, nothings certain
We think we cannot make it
Unill we're just about to break

Scrambling up towards the top
Climbing till we're just about to drop
Two hundred steps from here's the final spot
We'll see our new land

From here the land is still
There's nothing going on
Then twinkling out of darkness
All the lights come on
And even then, we'll never know
If they're there for celebration
Or just to show us the way home

Scrambling up towards the top
Climbing till we're just about to drop
Two hundred steps from here's the final spot
We'll see our new land
So many times I've doubted it
Prepared myself for disappointment
Wondering if it really still exists
Our new land

Oh yes all revolutions seem to be impossible
Until the moment just before it happens
It happens
It happens
It happens

Scrambling up towards the top
Climbing till we're just about to drop
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