

# 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

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Climbing till we're just about to drop  
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