

# Land Of My Sojourn

Rich Mullins

And the coal trucks come a-runnin'  
With their bellies full of coal  
And their big wheels a-hummin'  
Down this road that lies open like the soul of a woman  
Who hid the spies who were lookin'  
For the land of the milk and the honey  
And this road she is a woman  
She was made from a rib  
Cut from the sides of these mountains  
Oh these great sleeping Adams  
Who are lonely even here in paradise  
Lonely for somebody to kiss them  
And I'll sing my song ~ and I'll sing my song  
In the land of my sojourn

And the lady in the harbor  
She still holds her torch out  
To those huddled masses who are  
Yearning for a freedom that still eludes them  
The immigrant's children see their brightest dreams shattered  
Here on the New Jersey shoreline in the  
Greed and the glitter of those high-tech casinos  
But some mendicants wander off into a cathedral  
And they stoop in the silence  
And there their prayers are still whispered  
And I'll sing their song, and I'll sing their song  
In the land of my sojourn

Nobody tells you when you get born here  
How much you'll come to love it  
And how you'll never belong here  
So I call you my country  
And I'll be lonely for my home  
And I wish that I could take you there with me

And down the brown brick spine of some dirty blind alley  
All those drain pipes are drippin' out the last Sons Of Thunder  
While off in the distance the smoke stacks  
Were belching back this city's best answer

And the countryside was pocked  
With all of those mail pouch posters  
Thrown up on the rotting sideboards of  
These rundown stables like the one that Christ was born in  
When the old world started dying  
And the new world started coming on  
And I'll sing His song, and I'll sing His song  
In the land of my sojourn

In the land of my sojourn  
And I will sing His song  
In the land of my sojourn"