

# Promised Land

The Style Council

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Brothers, sisters, one day we'll all be free  
From fighting; violence; people crying in the street  
When the angels from above  
Fall down and spread their wings like doves  
We'll walk hand in hand  
Sisters, brothers, we'll make it to the Promised Land

You and I  
We'll walk the land  
And as one, and as one  
We'll take our stand

When the angels from above  
Fall down and spread their wings like doves  
We'll walk hand in hand  
Sisters, brothers, we'll make it to the Promised Land