

Nomad Planets

"Dirt Of The Land"

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I declare my life is good
Cross my fingers and knock on wood
I'm sitting right here with the ones I love
With a big blue sky as a blanket up above
To what do I owe my happiness?
I must confess it's anyone's guess
I gave up trying to understand
When I cut my hand on the dirt of the land

I got tired of ringing at the devil's bell
And dropping my hopes in the wishing well
I bought a one-way ticket and a business suit
I jumped out of a plane without a parachute
I landed in a field of goldenrod
I was standing in front of a firing squad
I gave up thinking I was in command
When I cut my hand on the dirt of the land

It's all right. It's okay. I wouldn't have it any other way.
It's all right. It's okay. I'm out of fashion in a passion
play.
It's all right. It's okay. I wouldn't have it any other way.
It's all right. It's okay. I just take it as it comes to me day
by day.

I declare my life is good
Cross my fingers and knock on wood
I'm sitting right here with the ones I love
While the man in the moon is winking up above
To what do I owe my happiness?
I must confess it's anyone's guess
I gave up trying to understand
When I cut my hand on the dirt of the land

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