

Caramelos De Cianuro

"Gloryland"

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If you have friends in Gloryland,
Who left because of pain
Thank God up there, they'll die no more
They'll suffer not again.

Then weep not friends, I'm goin' home
Up there we'll die no more
No coffins will be made up there
No graves on that bright shore

The lame will walk in Gloryland
The blind up there will see
The deaf in Gloryland will hear
The dumb will talk to me

The doctor will not have to call
The undertaker, no
There'll be no pain up there to bear
Just walk the streets of gold

We'll need no sun in Gloryland
The moon and stars won't shine
For Christ Himself is light up there
He reigns of love divine

Then weep not friends, I'm goin' home
Up there we'll die no more
No coffins will be made up there
No graves on that bright shore

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