

## Gerry Boulet

### "The Land Of The Chosen Few"

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My girlfriend's in Albania, my ex-wife's in Tasmania,  
And I'm in Transylvania with the vampires all around  
My brother's in Saskatchewan, my sister's in  
Afghanistan  
Still looking for the Promised Land, but the kingdom  
lies within.

My mother's still in vanity, I'm part of her insanity  
My father died some years ago but I still pray for his  
soul.  
Now everyone's a refugee on this planet Purgatory  
We only find reality in the land of the chosen few.

I still get lost in wild imagination  
I need to wake up to reality  
I've had enough of identification  
What can be done for a fool like me.

In the land  
In the land  
In the land of the chosen few

In the land  
In the land  
In the land of the chosen few

Love's gonna set me free.

I was dreaming of the Promised Land  
Where people understand  
Real love and harmony  
I knew that I had found my way (my way) yeah (my way)

We were singing songs of innocence  
And experience of love and harmony  
And I knew that love was here to stay (real love) yeah  
(real love)  
In the middle of a cool cool night  
I woke up and I saw the light.

In the land (in the land)

In the land (in the land)  
In the land of the chosen few (chosen few)

In the land (in the land)  
In the land (in the land)  
In the land of the chosen few

I still get lost in wild imagination  
I need to wake up to reality  
I've had enough of identification  
What can be done for a fool like me.

[Fade]  
In the land (in the land)  
In the land (in the land)  
In the land of the chosen few (chosen few)  
I still get lost in wild imagination  
I need to wake up to reality  
I've had enough of identification  
What can be done for a fool like me.

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