

## **Hanover Saints**

### **"Spirit Of The Land"**

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(Hans York / T. Armstrong)

Wake up, wake up  
Wake my girls every morning  
Stand em up, Stand em up  
Put their warm clothes on tight  
Feed em well, feed em well  
Hope the food keeps em healthy  
Send em off, send em off  
To get the news of the world

And I ought to know it  
Won't change for my girls  
But my daughters will grow in  
Another world

Yet we're not the only ones  
Suffered through cause  
To raise up their motives  
Above other laws  
But I hold through it all  
A belief in our land  
Hold on to the spirit of the damned

Lift it up, lift it up  
Lift the flag to it's station  
Separate, separate  
We are not of their kind  
Send em off, send em off  
Men and women to fight

The numbness we're facing  
Passes through crowds  
The patterns we're chasing  
Aren't allowed

Yet we're notâ€¦!

Dresden, Panama,  
London and Paris  
Hiroshima, Netherlands,

Cambodia, New York

And I ought to know it  
Won't change for my girls  
My daughters will grow in  
Another world

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