

Middle Of The Road "On This Land"

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God bless the daffodils
The green grass on the hills
And the trees that grow all around

God bless all the sheep that graze before they sleep
Upon the hilly ground
Try not to make a sound, not a sound

On this land, we defended with our lives
You understand
There could be much pleasure
So stand once again to keep her divine
On this land

Someday, we'll lay down to die
You understand
It would be a blessing
(It would be a blessing)
To know that you died
Inside your proud home

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