

Clarks, The "Promised Land"

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It's my decision, I'm gonna be the man
Smash the television and take a stand
And it's my opinion, you could use a hand
Smash the indecision and take my hand
On this caravan into the promised land

It's my communion, I'm down on my knees
You've got to pray for our union and believe in me...
I'm asking for your hand into the promised land

When he met her she was just 19, and everything was
right
On the way back home they stopped and kissed
On a cold November night
Five years on he bought a ring
Almost to the day
A year went by she gave it back
Nothing left to say

And it's my confusion, that's tearing me apart
And your disillusion burns inside my heart
I've been tried and convicted
You're sending me away
I'll have the last inscription
On judgement day...
One more lonely man in a foreign land

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