

Joe C

"Living In The Promiseland"

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Give us your tired and weak and we will make them
strong bring us your foreign songs and we will sing
along leave us your broken dreams we'll give them
time to mend there's still a lot of love living in the
promiseland

Living in the promiseland our dreams are made of
steel the prayer of every man is to know how freedom
feels there is a winding road across the shifting sand
and room for everyone living in the promiseland

So they came from a distant isle nameless woman,
faithless child like a bad dream until there was no
room at all no place to run, and no place to fall give us
our daily bread we have no shoes to wear no place to
call our home only this cross to bear we are the
multitudes lend us a helping hand is there no love
anymore living in the promiseland

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