

Kevin Gordon**"Gloryland"**

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You might be a preacher
Broadcasting on a satellite
Miss Mamie's looking for an answer
Watches your program every night
Diamonds shine from your praying hands
She sends you all the money she has
Just to feel a little closer
A little closer to gloryland

You might be the president
Take a lot of power in your hands
Bend the laws to your advantage
Drive your armies to a foreign land
You say your cause is just
Lie only if you must
Just to keep them believing
They're on their way to gloryland

People keep believing, people keep deceiving
Am I my brother's keeper?
Am I my brother's keeper?

You might be a young man
Out of work in a war-torn town
Streets you walked as a smiling child
Are blown to rubble, death and infidels all around
You're drinking thirst, eating hunger
Praying to the east, and the mullah
Is the only one you can trust
Who gives himself in sacrifice
Passes the gate to paradise...
You walk into the market, cool wind across your face
Virgin visions in your head and a bomb strapped to
your waist
Because it's all waiting there, somewhere far from here
It's all waiting there, out there somewhere
In gloryland
Gloryland
Out there somewhere in gloryland

