The Promised Land

Trinity River Band

There ain't nothing special about the place where I was raised
Just a picture show, a Dairy Queen, and Friday football games
The river where we used to swim on carefree summer days
The water child that we all planned and on it wrote our names

I gave my heart to Jesus there when I was just thirteen
And I remember Mama cryin' as the choir began to sing
The congregation stood up and the preacher shook my hand
So many miles and years ago back in the promised land

And they're singin' "Rock of Ages" in that church where Mama goes
Standin' on the promises and prayin' for the lost sheep of the fold
How I got so far away I'll never understand
From those streets of gold that I call home back in the promised land

Fallen angels walk the streets beneath the neon lights
There ain't no milk and honey flowin' where I spend my nights
The light that used to shine on me is gone without a trace
There's only one thing keepin' me from fallin' out of grace

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Lyrics Submitted by Rich Pasco

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