

My Love of This Land (Early Version)

Killing Joke

The sun is setting in on England's green and pleasant land
AT dusk I leave the town to tear the fences down
And I ignore the voice of education sighing and crying in my head
In the light of every dream, we're all coming home
Lazy days and summer haze, my love of this land
Memories of gentlemen and cricket fade away in the hot summer
But still they carry out traditions of the past without a meaning
In the light of every dream, we're all coming home
Lazy days and summer haze, my love of this land
New towns and concrete towerblocks, inhuman as they stand
And did those feel in ancient times, or was it just our imaginations?
In the light of every dream, we're all coming home
Lazy days and summer haze, my love of this land

Songwriters

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