

The Land of the Free

Chris de Burgh

THE LAND OF THE FREE
If you go down to the water,
And look out to sea,
There will see a ship sailing,
Away on the breeze;
She is heading for America,
And that's where I'll be,
For the tide it is turning,
For this land and me. There's no end to the darkness,
A blight on the land,
We are drowning in hardship,
No place for a man;
With a dream that will take him,
To where the wind blows,
I can't pay the Middleman,
And so I must go.
With rain in my heart, sun on my back,
There's a new world that's waiting for me;
We've been praying for a miracle,
And that's what we'll see, when we're sailing to America,
The Land of the Free. There are many there before us,
Who with open arms, will give every hope,
To a man who works hard;
There'll be others who hate us and do as they please,
But anything is better than this place on its knees. With rain in my heart, sun on my back,
There's a new world that's waiting for me;
We've been praying for a miracle,
And that's what we'll see, when we're sailing to America,
The Land of the Free.
There'll be some that will greet us,
Like dust in the wind,
"Go back now to where you came from;"
And I'm told that they'll treat us like pigs in a pen.
So I know that I must be strong, I must be strong. With rain in my heart, sun on my back,
To the new world that's waiting for me;
We've been praying for a miracle,
And that's what we'll see, when we're sailing to America,
The Land of the Free. We'll be sailing to America,
The Land of the Free,
The Land of the Free.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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