

Living In the Promiseland

Willie Nelson

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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Across the shifting sand
And room for everyone
Living in the Promiseland

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