

# My Love of This Land

## 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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Published by  
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