

Willie Nelson, Living In The Promiseland

<Give us your tired, your weak
And we will make them strong
Bring us your far off song
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 steels
The prayer of every one
To know how freedom feels
There is a winding road
Across shifting sand
And room for everyone
Living in the Promiseland

So they came with such a sad eye
Nameless woman, faceless child
Like a bad dream
Till there was no room at all
No place to place to run
And no place to fall

Give us your 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

Guitar solo

Living in the Promiseland
Our dreams are made of steels
The prayer of every man
Know how freedom feels
There is a winding road
Across the shifting sand
And room for everyone
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