

Elvis Costello, Broken Promise Land

(Costello, Toussaint)

There's a place
Where words mean nothing or much less
Such a disgrace
We got to get out of this mess

Coming in under the cover of darkness
How high shall we build this wall?
I could've said more but it would've seemed heartless
How hard did I slam that door?

I swore I'd never walk away
Until I saw this day
It didn't turn out the way we planned
Now I'm living in
Broken Promise Land
Broken Promise Land

There's a town I know
Has a strange resemblance to Jericho
Even though
Seven horns are getting ready to blow

Coming in under the cover of darkness
How high shall we build this wall?
Could've said more but it would've seemed heartless
How tight shall we close that door?

They only claimed to be redeemed
They take that name and then blaspheme
It didn't turn out the way we planned
Now I'm living in
Broken Promise Land
Broken Promise Land

There's a place
Where infidels and showgirls meet
Such a disgrace
Wedding bells crumble in the street

Coming in under the cover of darkness
How high shall we build this wall?
I could've said more but it would've seemed heartless
How tight shall we shut that door?

In the name of the Father and the Son
In the name of gasoline and a gun
It didn't turn out the way we planned
Now I'm living in
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