

Jeff Finlin, The Promise Land

Look at me and Ill be counting
All my chickens while I pound and kick and scratch
Staring on with great expectations
A privilege of where this boy was hatched
Cause heaven waits and quiets desperation
And its a wonder theres a smile upon my face
Cause all I ever look toward is a happier place
In this promised land

Look at me Im your patron saint
Hey watch all the wind roll off my back
The dirt dont stick when the engine clicks
And my dreams keep me from slipping through the cracks
Im a fool for love believing and the thunder
They crack my heels and visions of the dead
Yeah Im bound to wake up number one and broken but fed
In this promised land

So lets drink a toast to all them salty angels
Who walk on water and weather with belief
Lets drink us down another tall round
And stumble in their footsteps on the street
Cause heaven waits and quiets desperation
And the only way I can see my face
Is to hope like hell theres a happier place
Than this promised land