

# Caedmons Call, Not The Land

So many miles behind  
Still I drive with the pedal down  
I was off the map hours back  
It's beneath the seat, I think  
It's with two pennies and a match  
And something else, I can't remember  
But in the time that it would take to fish it out  
I'll be another mile gone  
And I feel so wrong  
Trying to feel right  
In light of all the things I've passed  
You'd think that I'd have learned  
(Chorus)  
This is not the land was promised me  
Even as far as my eyes can see  
I'm so wound up, Lord, I can't even breathe  
And I don't want words, I just want some peace  
Some peace, some peace  
It seems I've misplaced my faith  
'Cause it's 11:12, and nothing's changed  
Well, nothing except the channel I'm afraid  
And the number there  
No, it's the same  
Oh, this must be the savior of the month  
And what I must have  
Where's the night gone?  
'Cause I'm so tired and out of shape  
You've gotta get me up  
But I can't get up today  
'Cause it's been so long  
Since I've felt right  
All the rote, rehearsal, proof  
You'd think that I'd have learned  
(repeat chorus)  
Break me, break me, break me  
This is not the land was promised me  
Gotta get out of bed, get something to read  
And I gotta feed my brother, not my eyes  
If not, then I'll be all I despise