

Hanover Saints, The Promised Land

Look at the knuckleheads standin on the corner
Tonight there won be any drama
No fights, no threats, just havin fun
This time has finally come

The streets that are made of Gold
This is what I surrendered for
One heart, one mind,
It the promised land it the promised land

On the corner on the streets
It summer time can you feel the heat
Trouble arises outta boredom
And we wonder why this world is outta order