

# Middle Of The Road, On This Land

God bless the daffodils  
The green grass on the hills  
And the trees that grow all around

God bless all the sheep that graze before they sleep  
Upon the hilly ground  
Try not to make a sound  
Not a sound

On this land we defended with our lives  
You understand  
There could be much pleasure  
So stand once again to keep her divine  
On this land  
Someday we'll lay down to die  
You understand  
It would be a blessing (It would be a blessing)  
To know that you died  
Inside your proud home

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On this land . . . [continue to fade]