

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]