

The Style Council, Promised Land

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Brothers, sisters, one day we'll all be free
From fighting; violence; people crying in the street
When the angels from above
Fall down and spread their wings like doves
We'll walk hand in hand
Sisters, brothers, we'll make it to the Promised Land

You and I
We'll walk the land
And as one, and as one
We'll take our stand

When the angels from above
Fall down and spread their wings like doves
We'll walk hand in hand
Sisters, brothers, we'll make it to the Promised Land