

Broken Promised Land

Warren Haynes

It's a state of affairs a wave of disbelief
Innocent people everywhere
Being pushed out into the street
With their guards up and their spirits down
Sea to shining sea, town to burning town
That's the way it is here in broken promised land

What's the difference between a halo and a crown
What's the difference between a jester and a clown
When you gotta choose one here
In broken promised land

Tjere'a a boy on the corner
Selling rock to get you high
He'd probably sell his soul
But nobody wants to buy
Souls don't bring much these days
Here in broken promised land

It's a fine line we pray we never have to cross
Into the other side into the land of the lost
There's a whole lotta people that got a little off track
Life was just an adventure now they can't find their way back

Can you tell me what is left to hold onto
If you take away my pride
Ain't no telling what I might do
If you lock me away while the guilty walk free
You might as well take my life
Make a real free man of me
'Cause this sure ain't freedom
Sure don't taste like freedom
Here in broken promised land