

Land of the Free

Andrew Peterson

Little Elba how's the sun in South America
Does it shine upon the faces of the poor?
Do they see in it the brilliance of the place that's been prepared
And dwell upon the hope of what's in store
Or are they just like me do they only see
An opportunity to complain about the heat

And little Elba how's the rain in South America
Does it fall upon the roof tops of the sick
Do they thank the Lord for coming up with such a great idea
And dream about a place beyond all this
Or are they just like us do they gripe and fuss
About the rain and mud when they've had too much?

'Cause I'm just a little jealous
Of the nothing that you have
You're unfettered by the wealth of
Of a world that we pretend that's going to last

Well I'm weary of the spoils of my ambition
And I'm shackled by the comfort of my couch
Well I wish I had the courage to deny these of my self
And start to store my treasure in the clouds
Cause this is not my home
I do not belong where the antelope and the buffalo roam

And I'm just a little jealous
Of the nothing that you have
You're unfettered by the wealth of
Of a world that we pretend that's going to last

They say God's blessed us with plenty
I say you're blessed with poverty
Cause you never stop to wonder
Whether earth is just a little better than the land of the free

So I hope you're safe and dry in South America
'Cause I'm feeling pretty good in Tennessee
But may you never be so happy that you forget about your home
Your home in the land of the free