

The Land of Glory

Poco

I keep searchin' for the Land of Glory,
one eye open and the other eye closed
I wash my troubles in the River Jordan,
the river's deep and the water's cold

Lord my burdens are too much to carry
And there's never anywhere to rest
But I keep looking for that holy mountain
To lay my troubles and my sins confess

Help me make it, I've got to find it,

help me make it to the Land of Glory
Help me make it, I've got to find it,
help me make it to the Land of Glory

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