

# The Promised Land

## Meat Loaf

I left my home in Norfolk, Virginia  
California on my mind  
I straddled that Greyhound and rode it into Raleigh  
And on across Caroline  
I had motor trouble that turned into a struggle  
Halfway across Alabama  
And that Hound broke down and left me all stranded  
In downtown Birmingham  
Right away I brought me a through train ticket  
Ridin' across Mississippi clean  
And I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham  
Smokin' into New Orleans  
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana  
Just to help me get to Houston Town  
I have people there who care a little about me  
And I won't let a poor boy down  
Sure as you're born, they bought me a silk suit  
And put luggage in my hand  
And I woke up high over Albuquerque  
On a jet to the Promised Land  
Workin' on a T-bone steak  
I had a party flying over to the Golden State  
When the pilot told me in thirteen minutes  
He would set us at the terminal gate  
Swing low chariot, come down easy  
Taxi to the terminal zone  
Cut your engines and cool your wings  
And let me make it to the telephone  
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk, Virginia  
Tidewater four ten o nine  
And tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling  
And the poor boy is on the line  
You have to swing low chariot, come down easy  
Taxi to the Terminal zone  
They cut your engines and cool your wings  
And let me make it to the telephone  
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk, Virginia  
Tidewater four ten o nine  
And tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling

And the poor boy is on the line  
And tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling  
And the poor boy is on the line

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