

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
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And the poor boy is on the line
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