Promised Land

W.a.s.p.

I left my home in Norfolk Virginia
California on my mind
Straddled that Greyhound
Rode him in the Raleigh
And on across CarolineWe had motor trouble it turned into a struggle
Half way across Alabam'
And that hound broke down and left us all stranded
In downtown BirminghamRight away I brought me a through train ticket
Ridin' cross Mississippi clean
I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham
Smokin' into New OrleansSomebody help me get out of Louisiana
Just help me get to Houston town
There are people there who care a little 'bout me
And they won't let the poor boy downSure as you're born they bought me a silk suit
Put a luggage in my hands
And I woke up high over Albuquerque
On a jet to the promised landWorkin' on a T-bone steak a la carte
Flyin' over to the Golden State
And the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
He would send us to the terminal gateAh 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 telephoneLos Angeles give me Norfolk Virginia
Tidewater four ten o nine
Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling
And the poor boy's on the lineWorkin' on a T-bone steak a la carte
Flyin' over to the Golden State
And the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
He would send us to the terminal gateSwing low chariot come down easy
Taxi to the terminal zone
Cut your engines and cool your wings
And let me make it to the telephoneLos Angeles give me Norfolk Virginia
Tidewater four ten o nine
Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling
And the poor boy's on the line

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/