

# 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 Caroline We had motor trouble it turned into a struggle  
Half way across Alabam'  
And that hound broke down and left us all stranded  
In downtown Birmingham Right away I brought me a through train ticket  
Ridin' cross Mississippi clean  
I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham  
Smokin' into New Orleans Somebody 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 down Sure 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 land Workin' 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 gate Ah 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  
Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling  
And the poor boy's on the line Workin' 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 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  
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Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling  
And the poor boy's on the line

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