

## Delbert Mcclinton

### "Baggage Claim"

Visit "[Baggage Claim](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Got some money in my pocket, got my ticket in my  
hand  
Ain't got time to talk, ain't got time to explain  
Ain't gonna ride a Greyhound or a midnight train  
I'm goin' by jet propulsion to the promise land  
Gonna run down through the terminal, jump over the  
chain  
And make love to my baby in baggage claim

She called me up this mornin', said she needed to see  
me bad  
She was Jonesin' real hard for the love she knew I had  
Said she woke up sweatin'; from a dream she had last  
night  
Filled with sexual tension and no relief in sight  
She was breathin'; hard and heavin'; like a coal-burnin'  
train  
She said, "Come to me baby before I go insane"

When I get to LAX, I betcha I'm ten-feet tall  
Bullet proof and handsome, I'll be wall to wall  
Arms around my baby give her all the love I had  
We'll be steamin' up the windows in that yellow taxi cab  
I got one more thing to do before I let that hammer fall  
Hotel operator please hold all my calls

Visit [Delbert Mcclinton](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.