

Meat Loaf

"The Promised Land"

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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

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