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Robert Plant "Freedom Fries"

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The Father, son and the Holy Ghost Took the last train to the coast They were moving fast, they were raising sand And they were running wild in the Promised Land

The father, Son and the three wise men Operating undercover out in Bethlehem Will they heal the sick? Can they raise the dead? Can they bring it on home like the good book said?

Billy Kid told the Prince of Thieves A little give and take to satisfy my needs Well you can give me lots but I'll take some more I got my eyes on your treasure 'neath the desert floor

Ooh yeah [Incomprehensible]

Freedom fries and burns and scars Liberator goes too far Freedom fries and screams and yells The Promised Land is promised hell, oh yeah, oh yeah

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