

Loaf Meat

"THE PROMISED LAND"

Visit "[THE PROMISED LAND](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I left my home in Norfolk, Virginia, California on my
mind

I straddled that greyhound and rode him 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 bought me a through train ticket, ridin'
across Mississippi clean

And I was on the Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham,
smokin' into New Orleans

Somebody helped me get out of Louisiana, just to help
me get to Houston Town

There are people there who care a little 'bout me

And they won't let a poor boy down

Sure as you're born, they bought me a silk suit, they 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 flyin' over to
the Golden State

When the pilot told me in thirteen minutes

He would get us at the Terminal zone

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
41009

And tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land
callin'

And the poor boy's on the line

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
41009

And tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land
callin'

And the poor boy's on the line

And tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land
callin'

And their big boy's on the line

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