

# The Promised Land

Meat Loaf

I left my home in Norfolk Virginia  
California on my mind  
I straddled that Greyhound  
And rode into Raleigh  
And on across Caroline

I had motor trouble that turn into a struggle  
Halfway across Alabam'  
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  
Smoking into New Orleans

Somebody help me get out of Louisiana  
Just to help me get to Houston Town  
There are people there who care a little about me  
And they won't let a poor boy down

Sure as you're born brought me a silk suit  
And put luggage in my hand  
And I woke up high over Albuquerque  
On a jet to the Promised Land

Working on a T-bone steak a la carte  
Flying over to the golden state  
When the pilot told me in thirteen minutes  
He would set us at the terminal gate

Oo, 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 is 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 four ten o nine  
Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling  
And the poor boy is on the line

Tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land calling  
And the big boy is on the line