

I was having visions of sugar pastry
Cooked up in clarified butter
I tried to turn my visions into prayers
But I built my castle way high up in the air

Yeah, I came to the gates of the fabled pink city
Hungry and tired and cold
Swing low, sweet chariot
Chrome tailpipe shining bright as spun gold

My brothers picked me up out of the rushes
Handed me into the company of evil men
But I've inched my way down the eastern seaboard
I am coming to Atlanta again

Yeah, I came to the gates of the fabled pink city
Hungry and tired and mad as all hell
Swing low, sweet jewel-encrusted chariot
Make me young again, make me well

I am the killer dressed in pilgrim's clothing
I'm the hard-to-find stations on the AM band
I am the white sky high over Tripoli
I am the land mine hidden in the sand

Yeah, I came to the gates of the fabled pink city
Hungry and tired and alone
Swing low, sweet, sweet chariot
Coming forth to carry me home