

# The Promised Land

The Osmonds

Riding down to Memphis on a cold and dusty train  
I got nothing in my pockets  
All I own is just my name  
Feeling kinda hungry  
And my clothes look awful bad  
But I gotta go see my baby  
And I'm gonna be mighty glad

To get back to the promised land  
Yeah, got to make it any way I can  
Just got to taste that milk and honey  
One more time

She's gonna take me by the hand  
Make me feel like a newborn man  
When I get back to my baby  
In the promised land

I thumbed a ride to Frisco  
Hopped a train to Santa Fe  
Cause every morning there's a memory  
Keeps me moving on my way

Now this special place I'm going  
Someone's waiting there for me  
And it's worth it all just knowing  
Just how good it's a gonna be

To get back to the promised land  
Yeah, got to make it any way I can  
Just got to taste that milk and honey  
One more time

She's gonna take me by the hand  
Make me feel like a newborn man  
When I get back to my baby  
In the promised land