

Robert Plant, Takamba

Sing a song of freedom write it in the sky
Pocket full of secrets, a belly full of lies
Fiction to believe in, created then denied

Tricks and mirror
Slight of hand
Hoola hoola
Promised land

Rhyme and reason
Smoke and fire
Hoola hoola
Truth and lies

Hail the gift of memory in this fifty-second state
Who sold me down the river and shafts me while he waits
Outside the gates of Eden, star spangled and so late

Tricks and mirror
Slight of hand
Hoola hoola
Promised land

Rhyme and reason
Smoke and fire
Hoola hoola
Truth and lies