

Meat Loaf, The Promised Land

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
[Repeats 2x]

And tell the folks back home this is the Promised Land callin'
And their big boy's on the line