

Baggage Claim

Delbert McClinton

Got some money in my pocket, got my ticket in my hand
Ain't got time to talk, ain't got time to explain
Ain't gonna ride a Greyhound or a midnight train
I'm goin' by jet propulsion to the promise land
Gonna run down through the terminal, jump over the chain
And make love to my baby in baggage claim

She called me up this mornin', said she needed to see me bad
She was Jonesin' real hard for the love she knew I had
Said she woke up sweatin'; from a dream she had last
night
Filled with sexual tension and no relief in sight
She was breathin'; hard and heavin'; like a coal-burnin'
train
She said, "Come to me baby before I go insane"

When I get to LAX, I betcha I'm ten-feet tall
Bullet proof and handsome, I'll be wall to wall
Arms around my baby give her all the love I had
We'll be steamin' up the windows in that yellow taxi cab
I got one more thing to do before I let that hammer fall
Hotel operator please hold all my calls