

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