

Band "The Promised Land"

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G

I left my home in Norfolk Virginia

C

California on my mind

D

I boarded that Greyhound,

G

Rode in into Raliegh on across Caroline

G

Stopped in Charlotte to by pass Rockhill

C

We never was a minute late

D

We were ninty miles out of Atlanta by sundown

G

Rollin' out of Georgia state

G

We had motor trouble that turned into a struggle

C

Halfway across Alabam

D

And that bow broke down

G

And left us stranded in downtown Birmingham

G

Right away I bought a through train ticket

C

Got across Mississippi clean

D

And I was on that Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham

G

Smokin' into New Orleans

G

Somebody help me get out of Louisiana

C

Help me get to Houston Town

strum

1 & 2 & 3 & 4

V ^ V ^ ^ V

D
There are people there who care a little 'bout me
G
And won't put the poor boy down
G
Georgia born, they bought me a silk suit
C
And put luggage in my hand
D
And woke up high over Albuquerque
G
On a jet to the promised land
G
Workin' on a T-bone ala cartee
C
Flyin' over to the Golden State
D
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
G
He would set us at the terminal gate
G
Swing low chariot, come down easy
C
Taxi to the terminal door
D
Cut your engines and cool your wings
G
And let me make it to the telephone
G
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk Virginia
C
Tidewater four ten o nine
D
Tell all the folks back home

It's the promised land callin'
G
And the poor boy is on the line

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