

## **Berry Chuck**

### **"Promised Land"**

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I left my home in Norfolk Virginia,  
California on my mind.  
Straddled that Greyhound, rode him past Raleigh,  
On across Caroline.

Stopped in Charlotte and bypassed Rock Hill,  
And we never was a minute late.  
We was ninety miles out of Atlanta by sundown,  
Rollin' 'cross the Georgia state.

We had motor trouble it turned into a struggle,  
Half way 'cross Alabam,  
And that 'hound broke down and left us all stranded  
In downtown Birmingham.

Straight off, I bought me a through train ticket,  
Ridin' cross Mississippi clean  
And I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham  
Smoking into New Orleans.

Somebody help me get out of Louisiana  
Just help me get to Houston town.  
Theres people there who care a little 'bout me  
And they won't let the poor boy down.

Sure as you're born, they bought me a silk suit,  
Put luggage in my hands,  
And I woke up high over Albuquerque  
On a jet to the promised land.

Workin' on a T-bone steak a la carte  
Flying over to the Golden State;  
The pilot told me in thirteen minutes  
We'd be headin' in the terminal gate.

Swing low sweet chariot, come down easy  
Taxi to the terminal zone;  
Cut your engines, cool your wings,  
And let me make it to the telephone.

Los Angeles give me Norfolk Virginia,

Tidewater four ten O nine  
Tell the folks back home this is the promised land  
callin'  
And the poor boy's on the line.

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