

## Grateful Dead "Promised Land"

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I left my home in Norfolk Virginia  
California on my mind  
Straddled that Greyhound, it rode me past Raleigh  
And 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

Had motor trouble it turned into a struggle  
Half way 'cross Alabama  
The 'hound broke down left us all stranded  
In downtown Birmingham

Straight off bought me a through train ticket  
Right across Mississippi clean  
And I was on the midnight flyer out of Birmingham  
Smoking into New Orleans

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

Sure as she bore me, she 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  
When the pilot told us 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 on nine

Tell the folks back home this is the promised land  
callin'  
And the poor boy's on the line

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