

Dave Dudley

"Promised Land"

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

We stopped at Charlotte and bypassed Rock Hill,
We never was a minute late.
And we was ninety miles out of Atlanta by sundown,
Rollin' outa Georgia state.

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

So right away I bought me a through train ticket,
Right across Mississippi clean
And I was on that midnight flyer outa Birmingham
Smoking into New Orleans.

Somebody help me get out of Louisiana
Just help me get to Houston town.
Well there are 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;
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
He would set us at the terminal gate.

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

Los Angeles give me Norfolk Virginia,

Dial forty four ten O nine
And tell the folks back home this is the promised land
Callin'
And the poor boy's on the line.

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