

Freddy Weller

"Promised Land"

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(Chuck Berry)

I left my home in Norfolk, Virginia
California on my mind
I strattled that greyhound and rode him
Into Releigh and on across Caroline.

Stopped at Charlotte and we by passed Blackhill
We never was a minute late
We was ninety miles out of Atlanta by sundown
Rollin' out of Georgia state.

Had motor trouble that turned into a struggle
Halfway across Alabama
And that hound broke down
And left us all stranded in downtown Birmingham.

--- Instrumental ---

Right away I bought me a through train ticket
Ridin' across Mississippi clean
And I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham
Smokin' into New Orleans.

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

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

--- Instrumental ---

Workin' on a T-bone steak
I had a party flyin' over to the golden state
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
He would get us at the terminal gate.

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

Los Angeles give me Norfolk, Virginia
Tide Water four-ten-o-nine
Tell the folks back home this is the promised land
Callin' and the poor boy's on the line.

Tell the folks back home this is the promised land
Callin' and the poor boy's on the line...

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