

Band, The

"The Promised Land"

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I left my home in Norfolk Virginia
California on my mind
I boarded that Greyhound
Rode in into Raliegh on across Caroline
Stopped in Charlotte to by pass Rockhill
We never was a minute late
We were ninty miles out of Atlanta by sundown
Rollin' out of Georgia state
We had motor trouble that turned into a struggle
Halfway across Alabam
And that bow broke down
And left us stranded in downtown Birmingham
Right away I bought a through train ticket
Got across Mississippi clean
And I was on that Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham
Smokin' into New Orleans
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana
Help me get to Houston Town

There are people there who care a little 'bout me
And won't put the poor boy down
Georgia born, they bought me a silk suit
And put luggage in my hand
And woke up high over Albuquerque
On a jet to the promised land
Workin' on a T-bone ala cartee
Flyin' 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 door
Cut your engines and cool your wings
And let me make it to the telephone
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk Virginia
Tidewater four ten o nine
Tell all the folks back home
It's the promised land callin'
And the poor boy is on the line

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