

Promised Land

Grateful Dead

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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