

Promised Land

Chuck Berry

I left my home in Norfolk Virginia
California on my mind
Straddled that greyhound, rode him past Raleigh
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 We had motor trouble it turned into a struggle
Half way 'cross Alabama
And that 'hound broke down and left us all stranded
In downtown Birmingham Straight off, I bought me a through train ticket
Ridin' 'cross Mississippi clean
And I was on that midnight flier out of Birmingham
Smoking into New Orleans Somebody help me get out of Louisiana
Just help me get to Houston Town
There's 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
Oh, when the pilot told me us in thirteen minutes
He was headin' at the terminal gate Swing low sweet 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
Tidewater four ten o nine
Tell the folks back home this is the promised land callin'
And the poor boy's on the line

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