The Promised Land

James "J.T." Taylor

Left my home in Norfolk, Virginia
California on my mind
Straddled that Greyhound and rode it into Raleigh
And on across Caroline
We stopped in Charlotte but we bypassed Rockhill
We never was a minute late
We was ninety miles out of Atlanta by sundown
Rolling out of Georgia state
Had some motor trouble that turned into a struggle
Half way 'cross Alabam
That hound broke 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 Special Flyer out of Birmingham
Smoking into New Orleans
Someone's got to help me get out of Louisiana
Just to help me get to Houston town
There's an uncle there who cares a little about me
And he won't let the poor boy down
Sure as you're born, he bought me a silk suit
Put some luggage in my hand
And I woke up high over Albuquerque
On a jet to the Promised Land
Working on a T-Bone steak a la carte
Flying over to the Golden State
When the pilot told us that in thirteen minutes
He would have us at the terminal gate
Swing down chariot, come down easy
Taxi to the terminal dome
Cut your engines, 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 calling
And the poor boy is on the line
Long distance information

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