

# Elvis Presley, The Promised Land

Aw Get It On!

I left my home in Norfolk Virginia  
California on my mind  
I straddled that Greyhound  
And rode into Raleigh  
And on across Caroline  
We had motor trouble that turn into a struggle  
Halfway across Alabam'  
And that hound broke down and left us all stranded  
In downtown Birmingham  
Right away I brought me a through train ticket  
Ridin' across Mississippi clean  
And I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham  
Smoking into New Orleans  
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana  
Just to help me get to Houston Town  
There are people there who care a little about me  
And they won't let the poor boy down  
Sure as you're born brought me a silk suit  
Put luggage in my hand  
And I woke up high over Alberquerque  
On a jet to the promised land  
Working on a T-bone steak a la carte  
Flying over to the golden state  
Ah 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 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 calling  
And the poor boy is on the line  
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