

James Taylor, The Promised Land

(Berry)

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 were ninety miles out of Atlanta by sundown rolling out of Georgia state.

Had some motor trouble that turned into a struggle half way across 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 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.