

# The Band, The Promised Land

G  
I left my home in Norfolk Virginia  
C  
California on my mind  
D  
I boarded that Greyhound,  
G  
Rode in into Raliegh on across Caroline  
G  
Stopped in Charlotte to by pass Rockhill  
C  
We never was a minute late  
D  
We were ninty miles out of Atlanta by sundown  
G  
Rollin' out of Georgia state  
G  
We had motor trouble that turned into a struggle  
C  
Halfway across Alabam  
D  
And that bow broke down  
G  
And left us stranded in downtown Birmingham  
G  
Right away I bought a through train ticket  
C  
Got across Mississippi clean  
D  
And I was on that Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham  
G  
Smokin' into New Orleans  
G  
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana  
C  
Help me get to Houston Town

strum

1 && 2 && 3 && 4  
V ^ V ^ ^ V

D  
There are people there who care a little 'bout me  
G  
And won't put the poor boy down  
G  
Georgia born, they bought me a silk suit  
C  
And put luggage in my hand  
D  
And woke up high over Albuquerque  
G  
On a jet to the promised land  
G  
Workin' on a T-bone ala cartee  
C  
Flyin' over to the Golden State  
D  
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes  
G  
He would set us at the terminal gate  
G  
Swing low chariot, come down easy

C  
Taxi to the terminal door  
D  
Cut your engines and cool your wings  
G  
And let me make it to the telephone  
G  
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk Virginia  
C  
Tidewater four ten o nine  
D  
Tell all the folks back home  
  
It's the promised land callin'  
G  
And the poor boy is on the line