

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 Raleigh 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