

The Promised Land

Chuck Berry

II-96

I <u>left</u> my home in Norfolk Virginia, California on my <u>mincl</u> .	D	G
I <u>straddled</u> that Greyhound, rode him into Raleigh, and on across <u>Caroline</u> .	A7	D
We stopped at Charlotte, bypassed Rock Hill, never was a minute <u>late</u> .		G
We was <u>ninety</u> miles out of Atlanta by sundown, rolling out of Georgia <u>state</u> .	A7	D
We had motor trouble that turned into a struggle, half way across <u>Alabam</u> .		G
That ' <u>Hound</u> broke down and left us all stranded in downtown <u>Birmingham</u> .	A7	D
Right away bought me a through train ticket, got across Mississippi <u>clean</u> .		G
I was <u>on</u> that midnight flyer out of Birmingham, smoking into New <u>Orleans</u> .	A7	D
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana, help me get to Houston <u>town</u> .		G
There are people there who care a little about me, and they won't let a poor boy down.	A7	D
Sure as you're born they bought me a silk suit, put luggage in my <u>hand</u> .		G
I <u>woke</u> up high over Albuquerque on a jet to the promised <u>land</u> .	A7	D
Working on a T-bone steak I had a party flying over to the golden <u>state</u> .		G
when the <u>pilot</u> told us that in thirteen minules, he would land us at the terminal <u>gate</u> .	A7	D
Swing low chariot, come down easy, taxi to the terminal <u>zone</u> ,		G
<u>cut</u> your engines and cool you wings, let me make it to the <u>telephone</u> .	A7	D
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk Virginia, tidewater four ten-oh- <u>nine</u> .		G
Tell the <u>folks</u> back home it's the promised land calling and the poor boy's on the <u>line</u> .	A7	D