

# Promised Land

## Elvis Presley

Aw, get on it I left my home in Norfolk, Virginia  
California on my mind  
I straddled that Greyhound and rode him into Raleigh  
And on across Caroline We had motor trouble that turned into a struggle  
Halfway across Alabam'  
Well, that 'hound broke down and left us all stranded  
In downtown Birmingham Right away I bought me a through train ticket  
Right across Mississippi clean  
I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham  
Smokin' into New Orleans  
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana  
Just 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 Take it Sure as you're born, they bought me a silk suit  
And put luggage in my hand  
And I woke up high over Albuquerque  
On a jet to the promised land Workin' on a T-bone steak a la carte  
Flying over to the Golden State  
When the pilot told us in 13 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, get me Norfolk, Virginia  
Tidewater 4-1009  
Tell the folks back home this is the promised land callin'  
And the poor boy is on the line Workin' on a T-bone steak a la carte  
Flying over to the Golden State  
When the pilot told us in 13 minutes  
He would set us at the terminal gate Swing low, chariot, come down easy  
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And the poor boy is on the line

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>