

# The Promised Land

James Taylor

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 'cross 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