

## Promised Land

Foghat

I left my home in Norfolk Virginia  
California on my mind  
I straddled that Greyhound, and rolled in into Raleigh  
And all across Carolina  
We had motor trouble it turned into a struggle  
Half way 'cross Alabam  
And that 'hound broke down and left us all stranded  
In downtown Birmingham

Right away, I bought me a through train ticket  
Ridin' 'cross Mississippi clean  
I was on that midnight flier out of Birmingham  
Smoking 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 'bout me  
And they won't let the poor boy down  
Sure as you're born, they bought me a silk suit  
Put luggage in my hands  
And I woke up high over Albuquerque  
On a jet to the promised land

Workin' on a T-bone steak à la carte  
Flying over to the Golden State  
When the pilot told us in thirteen 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 give me Norfolk Virginia  
Tidewater four ten o nine  
Tell the folks back home this is the promised land callin'  
And the poor boy's on the line

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