

Elvis Presley, The Promised Land

Aw Get It On!

I left my home in Norfolk Virginia
California on my mind
I straddled that Greyhound
And rode into Raleigh
And on across Caroline
We had motor trouble that turn into a struggle
Halfway across Alabam'
And that hound broke down and left us all stranded
In downtown Birmingham
Right away I brought me a through train ticket
Ridin' across Mississippi clean
And I was on that midnight flyer out of Birmingham
Smoking into New Orleans
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana
Just to 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
Sure as you're born brought me a silk suit
Put luggage in my hand
And I woke up high over Alberquerque
On a jet to the promised land
Working on a T-bone steak a la carte
Flying over to the golden state
Ah 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 calling
And the poor boy is on the line
Working on a T-bone steak a la carte
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