

# The Promised Land

Chuck Berry

$\text{♩} = 166$   $B\flat$   $E\flat$

I left my home in Nor - folk, Vir - gin - ia, Cal - i - for - nia on my mind, - I

5  $F7$

strad - dled that grey - hound and rode - - him in - to Raleigh and on - - a - cross Car - o - line..

8  $B\flat$  **A2**

We stopped at Char - lotte, we by - - passed Rock Hill, we

11  $E\flat$   $F7$

nev - er was a min - ute late; - - - We was nine - ty miles out of At - lan -

14  $B\flat$

- ta by sun - down, rol - lin' out of Geor - gia state, - - - We

**A3** 17  $E\flat$

had mot - or - trou - ble that turned - - in - to a strug - gle, half - way ac - ross Ala - bam. - - - And that

21  $F7$   $B\flat$   $F7$

'Hound broke down and left us all - - stran - ded in Down - town Bir - ming - ham. - - -

25  $B\flat$   $F7$   $B\flat$   $F7$   $F^{\circ}$   $F7$   $B\flat$  Last time

$B\flat$

*Additional Verses:*

*2 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.*

*3 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.*