

## Promised Land 160bpm

#### Left my home in Norfolk, Virginia,

California on my mind.

Straddled that Greyhound, it rode me past Raleigh,

And on across Caroline.

Stopped in Charlotte and bypassed Rock Hill,

And we never was a minute late.

We was ninety miles out of Atlanta by sundown,

Rollin' 'cross the Georgia state.

Had motor trouble it turned into a struggle, half

way 'cross Alabam',

The 'hound broke down left us all stranded

in downtown Birmingham.

Straight off bought me a through train ticket,

right across Mississippi clean

And I was on the midnight flyer out of Birmingham,

smoking into New Orleans.

Somebody help me get out of Louisiana,

just help me get to Houston town.

There are people who care a little 'bout me

and they won't let the poor boy down.

Sure as she bore me, she 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 a la carte, flying

over to the Golden State

When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes we'd be

headin' in the terminal gate.

Swing low sweet chariot, come down easy,

taxi to the terminal zone

Cut your engines, cool your wings, and let me

make it to the telephone.

Los Angeles give me Norfolk Virginia,

Tidewater four ten oh nine

Tell the folks back home this is the promised land callin',

and the poor boy's on the line.

April 22, 2012



### **Promised Land**

### 160bpm

Tabbed by JDarks

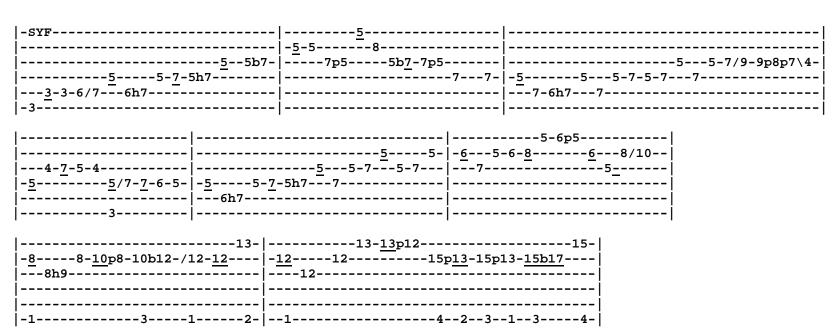
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Straddled that Greyhound, it rode me past Raleigh, and on across Caroline.	Solo
88   -line8-10-8   10	2. Straight off bought me a through train ticket, right across Mississippi clean And I was on the midnight flyer out of Birmingham, smoking into New Orleans. Somebody help me get out of Louisiana, just help me get to Houston town. There are people who care a little 'bout me and they won't let the poor boy down. Sure as she bore me, she bought me a silk suit, put luggage in my hands, And I woke up high over Albuquerque on a jet to the promised land.
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The 'hound broke down left us all stranded in downtown Birmingham.



3. Workin' on a T-bone steak a la carte, flying over to the Golden State When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes we'd be headin' in the terminal gate. Swing low sweet chariot, come down easy, taxi to the terminal zone Cut your engines, cool your wings, and let me make it to the telephone. Los Angeles give me Norfolk, Virginia, Tidewater four ten oh nine Tell the folks back home this is the promised land callin', and the poor boy's on the line.

#### Solo



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# Solo

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