

# Elvis Presley - Promised Land

Tom: **D**

Standard tuning.

Intro: **A** (**D** )  
Ah, get on it!

**A** **D**  
I left my home in Norfolk Virginia California on my mind.  
**E**

**A**  
I straddled that Greyhound, and rode into Raleigh and on  
across Caroline.

**A**  
**D**  
We had motor trouble that turned into a struggle, halfway  
across Alabam'.  
**E**

**A**  
Well that hound broke down and left us all stranded, in  
downtown Birmingham.

**A**  
**D**  
Right away I brought me a through train ticket, ridin' across  
Mississippi  
clean.  
**E**

**A**  
And I was on the midnight flyer out of Birmingham, smokin'  
into New Orleans.

**A**  
**D**  
Somebody helped me get out of Louisiana, just to help me get  
to Houston  
Town.  
**E**  
There are people there who care a little about me,  
and they won't let the poor boy down. Take it!

**A**  
**D**  
Sure as you're born they brought me a silk suit, put luggage  
in my hand.  
**E**

**A**  
And I woke up high over Albuquerque, on a jet to the promised

land.

**A**  
**D**  
Working on a T-bone steak I had a party, flyin' over to the  
golden state.

**E** **A**  
Ah when the pilot told us in thirteen minutes he would set us  
at the  
terminal gate.

**A** **D**  
Swing low chariot come down easy, taxi to the terminal zone.  
**E** **A**  
Cut your engines and cool your wings, and let me make it to  
the telephone.

**A** **D**  
Los Angeles give me Norfolk Virginia, tidewater four ten o  
nine.  
**E** **A**  
Tell the folks back home this is the promised land callin',  
and the poor boy's on the line.

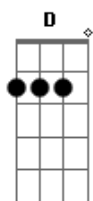
**A**  
**D**  
Working on a T-bone steak I had a party, flyin' over to the  
golden state.

**E** **A**  
Ah when the pilot told us in thirteen minutes he would set us  
at the  
terminal gate.

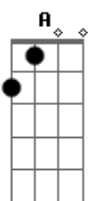
**A** **D**  
Swing low chariot come down easy, taxi to the terminal zone.  
**E** **A**  
Cut your engines and cool your wings, and let me make it to  
the telephone.

**A** **D**  
Los Angeles give me Norfolk Virginia, tidewater four ten o  
nine.  
**E** **A**  
Tell the folks back home this is the promised land callin',  
and the poor boy's on the line.

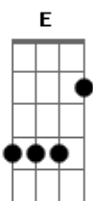
## Acordes



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com