

Cab Calloway, Chattanooga Choo-Choo

Pardon me, boy,
Is that the Chattanooga Choo-Choo?
Track twenty-nine,
Boy, you can give me a shine.

I can afford
To board a Chattanooga Choo-Choo;
I've got my fare
And just a trifle to spare.

You leave the Pennsylvania station 'bout a quarter to four;
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore;
Dinner in the diner; nothing could be finer,
Than to have your ham and eggs in Carolina!

When you hear the whistles blowing eight to the bar,
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far;
Shovel all the coal in; I gotta keep a-rollin',
Woo-woo, Chattanooga, there you are!

There's gonna be
A certain party at the station;
Satin and lace,
I used to call that chick "funny-face."

She's gonna cry
Until I tell her that I'll never roam;
So Chattanooga Choo-Choo,
Won't you, you choo-choo me home!
Chattanooga Choo-Choo!
Won't you choo-choo, choo-choo, choo-choo me home!