Chet Atkins, Freight Train

Freight train, freight train, run so fast Freight train, freight train, run so fast Please, don't tell what train I'm on They won't know what route I'm going When I'm dead and in my grave No more good times here I crave Place the stones at my head and feet And tell them all I'm gone to sleep When I die, oh, bury me deep Down at the end of old Chestnut Street So I can hear old Number Nine As she comes rolling by When I die, oh bury me deep Down at the end of old Chestnut Street Place the stones at my head and feet And tell them all, I'm gone to sleep Freight train, freight train, run so fast Freight train, freight train, run so fast Please, don't tell what train I'm on They won't know what route I'm going