

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