

Doc Watson, Wabash Cannonball

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
The green old flowing mountains to the south down by the moor
She's mighty tall and handsome she's know quite well by all
Regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland o'er the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome hobo's call
As you travel across the country on the Wabash Cannonball

(break)

Oh the eastern states are dandy so the people always say
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way
To the hills of Minnesota where them rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

(break)

Here's to Daddy Claxton may his name forever stand
In the hills of Tennessee and in the courts throughout the land
When his earthly race are over and them curtains round him fall
Would we take him home to Dixy on the Wabash Cannonball

I went down from Birmingham one cold December day
When she pulled into that station you could hear them people say
There's a fellow from Tennessee, boys, he's long and he's tall
He came down from Alabamon the Wabash Cannonball

Oh listen to that jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland o'er hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome hobo's call
You're travelling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball