

# Flatt And Scruggs, Wreck Of The Old 97

Well they gave him his orders at Monroe Virginia

Saying Steve you're way behind time

This is not 38 but it's old 97 you must put her into Spencer on time

Well he turned around and said to his fireman shovel in a little more coal

And when we cross this big White Mountain we'll watch old 97 roll

[ dobro ]

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville and a line on a three mile grade

It's on that grade that he lost his airbrakes you see what a jump he made

They were goin' down the grade makin' 90 miles an hour

When his whistle broke into a scream

He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle

A scalded to death by the steam

[ fiddle ]

Then the telegram come to Washington city and this is how it read

The brave engineer that run old 97 he's a laying in old Danville dead

Now all you ladies we take a warning from this time now and learn

Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband

who may leave you and never return