

# Hank Snow, Atlantic Coastal Line

Everybody calls me bo I got no money but I hold my row  
Some folks say I'm just a no good guy  
But I can ride for miles in old boxcar smoke cigarettes butts and used cigars  
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line  
Hear that lonesome whistle whine smell that perfume of Georgia pines  
See that big moon roll above this hobo's life is a life I love  
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line  
[ piano ]  
Well I had me a woman in Albany but a rowdy way's made a wreck of me  
And I had to get away before I lost my mind  
But as long as this rattler takes me around there ain't one woman gonna tie me down  
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line  
Hear that lonesome whistle whine Alabama and Caroline  
Florida Georgia Tennessee a hobo's life is a life for me  
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line  
[ guitar ]  
I make my coffee in a can but this bo ain't worried man  
Morning sun greets me with the shine  
I go south when the trade winds blow and I go north where there ain't no snow  
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line  
Hear that lonesome whistle whine smell that perfume of Georgia pines  
See that big moon roll above this hobo's life is a life I love  
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line