

Hank Snow, Crack In The Boxcar Door

A long black engine keeps a rolling along its wheels goin' clickety-clack
She's carrying me to war that eastern seaboard Louisiana I ain't comin' back

And I sit all alone in an empty box listen to the engine roar
And I see the world that she oughta be seen
Through a crack in the boxcar door

[guitar]

A hobo's life is a lonely life and I'm restless son of a gun
So I'll keep a riding these ribbons of steel and wait for my setting sun
And I sit all alone...

[guitar]

The engineer is pulling her down and I reckon we ain't going to stop
And I'll be a dodgin' the man with a stick I hear him a walkin' on top
And I sit all alone...

[guitar]

Most folks think I'm a crazy man at all of hobo'es like me
But I let the bottle that holds all the world and I'll die happy and free

And I reckon I'll die in an empty box listen to the engine roar
I'll take the last long look at ther world that I love
Through a crack in this boxcar door
I'll take the last long look at ther world that I love
Through a crack in this boxcar door