

John Denver, Freight Train Boogie / Choo Choo C

(Griffin/Horton, Darling, Gabler)

Casey Jones was a mighty man, now he's resting in the Promised Land.
The only thing he could understand was an eight-wheel driver under his command.
He made the freight train boogie all the time.
He made the freight train boogie as he rolled down the line.

Woo woo, wah wah, woo woo, wah wah. Woo woo, wah wah, woo woo, wah wah.
He made the freight train boogie as he rolled down the line.

I'm headed for the station with my pack on my back,
I'm tired of transportation in the back of a hack.
I just love the rhythm of the clickity-clack,
I hear the whistle blowing, see the smoke from the stack.
And pal around with democratic fellas named Mac,
Take me right back to the track, Jack.

Choo choo, choo choo ch'boogie, woo woo, woo woo ch'boogie.
Choo choo, choo choo ch'boogie, take me right back to the track, Jack.

You reach your destination and alas and alack,
You need some compensation to get back in the black.
You take a morning paper from the top of the stack
and read the situation from the front to the back.
The only job that's open needs a man with a knack,
take me right back to the track, Jack.

Choo choo, choo choo ch'boogie, woo woo, woo woo ch'boogie.
Choo choo, choo choo ch'boogie, take me right back to the track, Jack.

Choo choo, choo choo ch'boogie, woo woo, woo woo ch'boogie.
Choo choo, choo choo ch'boogie,
He made the freight train boogie as he rolled down the line.