

Johnny Cash, Like The 309

(Johnny Cash)

It should be a while before I see Dr. Death
So it would sure be nice if I could get my breath
Well I'm not the crying nor the whining kind
'Till I hear the whistle of the 309

Of the 309, of the 309
Put me in my box on the 309

Take me to the depot, put me to bed
Blow an electric fan on my gnarly old head
Everybody take a look, see I'm doing fine
Then load my box on the 309

On the 309, on the 309
Put me in my box on the 309

Hey sweet baby, kiss me hard
Draw my bath water, sweep my yard
Give a drink of my wine to my Jersey cow
I wouldn't give a hootin' hell for my journey now

On the 309, on the 309

I hear the sound of a railroad train
The whistle blows and I'm gone again
It will take me higher than a Georgia pine
Stand back children, it's a 309

It's a 309, it's a 309
Put me in my box on the 309

A chicken in the pot and turkey in the corn
Ain't felt this good since jubilee morn
Talk about luck, well I got mine
As me comin' down like a 309

Write me a letter, sing me a song
Tell me all about it, what I did wrong
Meanwhile I will be doing fine
Then load my box on the 309

On the 309, on the 309
Goin' to get out of here on the 309