

Kinky Friedman, Wabash Cannonball

(alvin pleasant carter)

Oh, from the great atlantic ocean to the wide pacific shore,
From the green ol' glowing mountains to the hills of labrador
She's long and tall and handsome, she's known quite well by all,
She's the combination called the wabash cannonball.

She pulled in from birmingham one cold december day,
Pulled into the station, you could hear the people say,
there's a girl on there from tennessee, she's long and she's tall,
She come in from birmingham on the wabash cannonball.

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hoboos call
Riding through the jungles on the wabash cannonball.
Whew-ew!

Now eastern states are dandy, so the western people say,
From new york to chicago, st. louis by the way
And up in minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No chances can be taken on the wabash cannonball.

Here's to daddy claxton, may his name forever stand,
May it always be remembered throughout all the land
His earthly race is over and the curtains round him fall
But we'll carry him home to victory on the wabash cannonball.

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hoboos call
Riding through the jungles on the wabash cannonball.
Whew-ew!