

Porter Wagoner, Big River Train

In the land of the Ponderosa pine there runs a giant 8-wheeler
Known as the Big River Train
Just before she disappears into the forset she passes by a prison
Where many-a convicts has dreamed of riding her rails to freedom
I'd like to tel you a story as it was told to me
It's called The Legend Of The Big River Train

Keep that 8-wheel drive a rollin' let her lonesome whistle whine
For it tells the world a story as it whistles through the pines
In the death car lies a convict with a number for his name
And he's going home this morning on that old Big River Train
Well they brought him to this prison twenty years ago this date
Changed his name into a number then he became my prison mate
Somehow I knew he wasn't guilty from the very day he came
Yet they brought him to this prison on that old Big River Train
We became the best of buddies side by side through thick and thin
Then one night he told his story how he have framed by evil men
Men who bought and bribed the jury seekin' only selfish gain
Yes they sent an honest man to prison condemned him to a life of shame
Many many times I've heard him tell me when he'd hear that whistle blow
That same old train that brought me here pal is gonna take me home I know
I'll ride it back to my home country and there I'll clear my honest name
Well they shipped him back this morning on that old Big River Train
But he's gone to meek his Maker in a land that's bright and new
Gone to claim a peace of freedom that heaven knows was overdue
Of a crime he wasn't guilty just a victim of a frame
Yes he came and now he's leavin' on that old Big River Train
And he's going home this morning on that old Big River Train