

Flatt And Scruggs, Atlantic Coastal Line

Now everybody calls me Bo I got no money but all my row
Some folks say I'm just a no good kind
I can ride for miles in an old boxcar smoke cigarettes butts and used cigars
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine spell that part from the Georgia pine
See that great big moon above hobo's life is a life I love
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
[ac.guitar]
Well I had me a woman in Albany but a rowdy way's made a wreck of me
I had to get away before I lost my mind
But as long as this rattler takes me around ain't one woman gonna tie me down
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine Alabam and Caroline
Florida Georgia and Tennessee hobo's life is a life for me
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Now make my coffee in a can this ol' boy ain't worried man
The morning sun greets me with a shine
I go south where the trade winds blows I go north where there ain't no snow
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome...
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line