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 Ionesome 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