

# Hank Snow, Pan American

I have heard your stories about your fast trains  
But now I'll tell you 'bout one all the southern folks have seen  
She's the beauty of the southland, listen to that whistle scream  
It's that Pan American on her way to New Orleans

(Chorus)

She leaves Cincinnati heading down that Dixie line  
When she passes the Nashville tower, you can hear that whistle whine  
Stick your head right out of the window and feel that southern breeze  
You're on that Pan American on her way to New Orleans

If you're ever in the southland, and want to see the scenes  
Just get yourself a ticket on that Pan American Queen  
There's Louisville, Nashville, Montgomery, the capital of Alabam'  
You right pass thru them all when you're New Orleans bound

(Repeat chorus)

You're on that Pan American on her way to New Orleans