

Hank Snow, The Golden Rocket

From old Montana down to Alabam'
I've been before and I'll travel again
You triflin' women can't keep a good man down
You dealt the cards but you missed a play
So hit the road and be on your way
Gonna board the Golden Rocket and leave this town

I was a good engine a runnin' on time
But baby I'm switchin' to another line
So honey never hang your signal out for me
I'm tired of runnin' on the same old track
Bought a one way ticket and I won't be back
This Golden Rocket's gonna roll my blues away

Break (guitar)

Hear that lonesome whistle blow
That's your cue and by now you know
That I got another true love waitin' in Tennessee
That midnight special is burnin' the rail
So woman don't try to follow my tail
This Golden Rocket's gonna roll my blues away

Hear her thunder run through the night
That Golden Rocket is doin' me right
And that sunny old southland sure is a part of me
Now from your call board erase my name
Your fire went out you done lost your flame
And this Golden Rocket is rollin' my blues away

Break (fiddle)

That old conductor he seemed to know
You done me wrong I was feelin' low
For he yelled aloud we're over that Dixon Line
The brakeman started singin' a song
Said you're worried now but it won't be long
This Golden Rocket is leavin' your blues behind

Break (guitar)

Then the porter yelled with his southern drawl
Let's rise and shine good mornin' y'all
And I sprang to my feet to greet the new born day
When I kissed my baby at the station door
The whistle blew like it never before
On the Golden Rocket that rolled my blues away