

Hank Snow, The Streamlined Cannonball

A long steel rail and a short crosstie
I'm on my way back home
I'm on the train, the king of them all
The Streamlined Cannonball

(Chorus)

Oh, she drives along like a cannonball
Like a star on its heavenly flight
This lonesome sound of the whistle you love
As she travels thru the night

Her headlight gleams out into the night
Her firebox flash you see

The blinds I ride and the lights I love
Are home, sweet home, to me

(Repeat chorus)

I can see the smile of an engineer
Although he's old and gray
A contented heart he awaits back home
Of the Streamlined Cannonball

(Repeat chorus)