

Hank Thompson, Wabash Cannonball

WABASH CANNONBALL
(A.P. Carter - William Kindt)
'46 Peer International

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
From the queen of the flowing mountains to the southbells by the shore
She's mighty tall and handsome and known quite well by all
She's a regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball
Listen to the jingle to the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome hoboos call
You're travelin' through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball
She came down from Birmingham one cold December day
As she rolled into the station you could hear all the people say
Now there's a gal from Tennessee she's long and she's tall
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball
Our eastern states are dandy so the people always say
From New York to St Louis and Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball
Here's to daddy Claxton may his name forever stand
And long to be remembered round the ports of Alabam
His earthly race is over and the curtains round him fall
We'll carry him home to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball
Listen to the jingle the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome hoboos call
You're traveling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball