

# Hank Williams, The Log Train

If you will listen  
A song I will sing  
About my daddy  
Who ran a log train

Way down in the southland  
In old Alabam'  
We lived in a place  
That they called Chapman Town

And late in the evening  
When the sun was low  
Way off in the distance  
You could hear the train blow

The folks would come runnin'  
and mama would sing  
Get the supper on the table  
Here comes the log train

Every morning  
At the break day  
He'd grab his lunch bucket  
And be on his way

Winter or summer  
Sunshine or rain  
Every morning he'd run  
That old log train

A sweatin' and swearin'  
All day long  
Shoutin' get up the oxens  
Keep movin' along

Load'er up boys  
'cause it looks like rain  
I've got to get rollin'  
This old log train

This story happened  
A long time ago  
The log train is silent  
God called dad to go

But when I get to heaven  
To always remain  
I'll listen for whistle  
On the old log train