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