

Jim Ed Brown, Streamlined Cannonball

(It's the Streamlined Cannonball)

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

She moves along like a cannonball
Like a star in its heavenly flight
This lonesome sound from the whistle you love
As she travels through the night.

Her headlight gleams out in the night
Her firebox flash you see
The blinds I ride the lights that I love
It's home sweet home to me.

She moves along like a cannonball
Like a star in its heavenly flight
This lonesome sound from the whistle you love
As she travels through the night...