

# 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...