

# Roy Acuff, Streamlined Cannonball

(He's the Streamlined Cannonball)

A long steel rail a short crosstie I'm on my way back home

I'm on the train the king of them all the Streamlined Cannonball

Oh she climbs along like a cannonball like a star on its heavenly flight

This lonesome sound of the whistle you love as she travels through the night

Her headlight gleams out into the night her firebox flash you see

The blinds I ride and the lights I love are home sweet home to me

Oh she climbs along...

(The lonesome sound of the whistle you love the Streamlined Cannonball)

I can see the smile of an engineer although he's old and gray

A contented heart he awaits back home of the Streamlined Cannonball

Oh she climbs along...