

Seekers, The Wreck Of The Old '97

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Sayin' "Steve, you're way behind time;
It's 8:38, and it's the Old '97;
Gotta put her into Danville on time."

(Chorus)

Well, it's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to Danville,
On a line with a three-mile grade;
It was down that line where he lost his air-brakes;
You can see what a jump he made.

Steve Brady he said to his black, greasy fireman,
"Shovel on a little more coal;
I'm waitin' to pass them wide-open mountains;
Gonna see the Old '97 roll."

(Chorus)

He's comin' down that line makin' ninety miles an hour;
The whistle broke into a scream;
They found him in the wreck with his hand upon the throttle;
He'd been scalded to death by steam.

(Chorus)

Well, come on now, all you ladies;
From this time on, now learn;
Don't you ever say harsh words to your true-lovin' husband;
He'll leave you and never return.

(Chorus)

(Instrumental bridge)

Well, he's comin' down that line makin' ninety miles an hour;
And the whistle broke into a scream;
They found him in the wreck with his hand upon the throttle;
He'd been scalded to death by steam.

(Chorus thrice)