

# Townes Van Zandt, Wabash Cannonball

Out from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic shore  
She climbs flowery mountains, over hills and by the shore  
Although she's tall and handsome and she's known quite well by all  
She's a regular combination of the Wabash Cannonball  
Oh, the eastern states are dandy, so the western people say  
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way  
To the lakes of Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall  
No changes to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumor and the roar  
As she glides along the woodlands, over hills and by the shore  
She climbs the flowery mountains, hear the merrier hobo squall  
She glides along the woodlands, the Wabash Cannonball

Oh, here's old Daddy Cleton, let his name forever be  
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee  
For he is a good old rounder, till the curtain round him fall  
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannonball

I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue  
Across the eastern countries, on mail car number two  
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast, that's all  
But I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball

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She climbs the flowery mountains, hear the merrier hobo squall  
She glides along the woodlands, the Wabash Cannonball