

Hank Snow "Atlantic Coastal Line"

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Everybody calls me bo
I got no money but I hold my row
Some folks say I'm just a no good guy
But I can ride for miles in old boxcar
Smoke cigarette butts and used cigars
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line.

Hear that lonesome whistle whine
Smell that perfume of Georgia pines
See that big moon roll above
This hobo's life is a life I love
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, I had me a woman in Albany
But the rowdy way's made a wreck of me
And I had to get away before I lost my mind
But as long as this rattler takes me around
There ain't one woman gonna tie me down
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line.

Hear that lonesome whistle whine
Alabama and Caroline
Florida, Georgia, Tennessee,
A hobo's life is a life for me
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line.

--- Instrumental ---

I make my coffee in a can
But this bo ain't worried man
Morning sun greets me with the shine
I go south when the trade winds blow
And I go north where there ain't no snow
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line.

Hear that lonesome whistle whine
Smell that perfume of Georgia pines
See that big moon roll above

This hobo's life is a life I love
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line...

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