

Hank Snow

"Crack In The Boxcar Door"

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A long black engine keeps a rolling along its wheels
goin' clickety-clack
She's carrying me to war that eastern seaboard
Louisiana I ain't comin' back

And I sit all alone in an empty box listen to the engine
roar

And I see the world that she oughta be seen
Through a crack in the boxcar door

[guitar]

A hobo's life is a lonely life and I'm restless son of a
gun

So I'll keep a riding these ribbons of steel and wait for
my setting sun

And I sit all alone...

[guitar]

The engineer is pulling her down and I reckon we ain't
going to stop

And I'll be a dodgin' the man with a stick I hear him a
walkin' on top

And I sit all alone...

[guitar]

Most folks think I'm a crazy man at all of hoboes like
me

But I let the bottle that holds all the world and I'll die
happy and free

And I reckon I'll die in an empty box listen to the engine
roar

I'll take the last long look at ther world that I love
Through a crack in this boxcar door

I'll take the last long look at ther world that I love
Through a crack in this boxcar door

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