

Hank Snow

"Golden Rocket"

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From ol' Montana down to Alabama
I've been before and I'll travel again
You triflin' women can't keep a good man down
You dealt the cards but you missed the play
So hit the road and be on your way
Gonna board the Golden Rocket and leave this town

I was a good engine a runnin' on time
But baby I'm switchin' to another line
So honey never hang your signal out for me
I'm tired of runnin' on the same ol' track
Bought a one way ticket and I won't be back
This Golden Rocket's gonna blow my blues away

Hear that lonesome whistle blow
Well, that's your cue and by now you know
That I got another true love waitin' in Tennessee
That midnight special is burnin' the rail
So woman don't try to follow my trail
This Golden Rocket's gonna roll my blues away

Hear her thunder on through the night
That Golden Rocket is doin' me right
And that sunny ol' southland sure is a part of me
Now from your call board erase my name
Your fire went out, you done lost your flames
And this Golden Rocket is rollin' my blues away

That old conductor he seemed to know
You done me wrong, I was feelin' low
For he yelled aloud, "We're over that Dixon Line"
The brakeman started singin' a song
Said, "You're worried now but it won't be long
This Golden Rocket is leavin' your blues behind"

Then the porter yelled with his southern drawl
"Let's rise and shine, good mornin' y'all"
And I sprang to my feet to greet the new born day
When I kissed my baby at the station door
That whistle blew like it never before
Of the Golden Rocket that rolled my blues away

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