

Hank Snow

"Streamlined Cannonball"

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A long steel rail and a short crosstie
I'm on my way back home
I'm on the train the king of them all
The Streamlined Cannonball.

For she glides along like a cannonball
Like a star on it's heavenly flight
This lonesome sound of the whistle you love
As she travels through the night.

Her headlight gleams out into the night
Her firebox flash you see
The blinds I ride and the lights I love
Are home, sweet home to me.

For she glides along like a cannonball
Like a star on it's heavenly flight
This lonesome sound of the whistle you love
As she travels through the night.

(The lonesome sound of the whistle you love
It's the Streamlined Cannonball.)

I can see the smile of an engineer
Although he's old and gray
A contented heart he awaits back home
Of the Streamlined Cannonball.

For she glides along like a cannonball
Like a star on it's heavenly flight
This lonesome sound of the whistle you love
As she travels through the night...

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