

Hank Thompson "Wabash Cannonball"

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WABASH CANNONBALL

(A.P. Carter - William Kindt)

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From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
From the queen of the flowing mountains to the
southbells by the shore
She's mighty tall and handsome and known quite well
by all
She's a regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball
Listen to the jingle to the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and
by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome
hoboes call
You're travelin' through the jungle on the Wabash
Cannonball
She came down from Birmingham one cold December
day
As she rolled into the station you could hear all the
people say
Now there's a gal from Tennessee she's long and she's
tall
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash
Cannonball
Our eastern states are dandy so the people always say

From New York to St Louis and Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters
fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball
Here's to daddy Claxton may his name forever stand
And long to be remembered round the ports of Alabam
His earthly race is over and the curtains round him fall
We'll carry him home to Dixie on the Wabash
Cannonball
Listen to the jingle the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and
by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome
hoboes call
You're traveling through the jungle on the Wabash

Cannonball

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