

Hank Thompson

"Wreck Of The Old '97"

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WRECK OF THE OLD '97

Tradituiional

They give him his orders at Monroe, Virginia Sayin',
"Steve you're way behind time This is not Thirty-Eight,
but it's old Ninety-Seven You must put her in Spencer
on time" Then he looked 'round and said to his black
greasy fireman "Just shovel in a little more coal And
when we cross that white oak mountain You can watch
old Ninety-Seven roll" It's a mighty rough road from
Lynchburg to Danville In a line on a three mile grade It
was on that grade where he lost his airbrakes So you
see what a jump he made He was goin' down grade
makin' ninety miles an hour And his whistle broke into a
scream He was found in the wreck, with his hand on the
throttle And scalded to death by the steam Now,
ladies, you must all take warning From this time on and
learn Never speak harsh words to your true lovin'
husband He may leave you and never return

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