

Hank Williams

"THE OLD LOG TRAIN"

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Hank williams sr.

(d) if you will listen a (g) song I will (d) sing
About my daddy who ran a log (a) train
Way (d) down in the southland in (g) old ala- (d) bam
We lived in a place that they (a) call chatmantown.

And late in the evening when the sun was low
Way off in the distance you could hear the train blow
The boys would come runnin' and mamma would sing,
"get the supper on the table here comes the log train".

Every morning at the break of day
He'd grab his lunch bucket and be on his way
In winter or summer, sunshine or rain

Every mornin' he'd run that old log train.

A sweatin' and swearin' all day long
Shoutin' "git-up there oxen, keep movin' along,
Load Å®er up boys Å®cause it looks like rain,
I've got get rollin' this old log train.

This story happened a long time ago
The log train is silent, God called daddy to go
But when I get to heaven to always remain
I'll listen for the whistle of the old log train.

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