

## Judy Garland

# "On the Atchison, topeka and the Sant Fe"

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Do you hear that whistle down the line?  
I figure that it's engine number forty-nine,  
She's the only one that'll sound that way.  
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

See the ol' smoke risin' round the bend,  
I reckon that she knows she's gonna meet a friend,  
Folks around these parts get the time o' day  
From the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

Here she comes!  
Ooh, ooh, ooh,  
Hey, Jim! yuh better git the rig!  
Ooh, ooh, ooh,  
She's got a list o' passengers that's pretty big  
And they'll all want lifts to Brown's Hotel,  
'Cause lots o' them been travelin' for quite a spell,  
All the way to Cal-i-forn-i-ay  
On the Atchison, Topeka  
On the Atchison, Topeka  
on the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Ooh-ee!  
Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe,  
Atchison, Topeka.

Oh, the roads back east are mighty swell,  
The Chesapeake, Ohio and the ASL,  
But I make my run and I make my pay  
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Goin' back and forth along these aisles,  
My land, you must've walked about a million miles.  
It's a treat to be on your feet all day  
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Here we come!  
Raa-a-raa-a-raa-a-raa-raa-raa  
She's really rakin' down the line  
Looky, look, look, looky look, look, look  
Oh, boy, we're huffin' and a-puffin' on the forty-nine!

In this day and age girls don't leave home  
But if you get a hankerin', you wanna roam  
Our advice to you is run away  
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Hey, men, did you ever see such perty femininity  
arrivin' all at once in this here town?  
In this here town?  
Never saw the likes of this for miles around!

Round and round our heads are spinning,  
New adventures are beginning.  
What a length of calico,  
It's taffet-ee and calico to really put a cowboy on the  
kibosh  
Cowboy, kibosh  
It's enough to make a fella wanna wash...

Wash your face and hands, we hope you'll never be  
afraid of soap!  
Button shoes and powdered chalk and fancy smells  
and baby talk-  
It's awful what a gal will stoop to do!  
Even so, we aim to say we love to honor and oh-  
Baby, are there any more at home like you?

Hand me my hair combed and my slicker,  
Gonna get spruced up and I'll --- her.  
Put on the dog and I'll city-slick her,  
Mr. Harvey, Mr. Harvey,

Fred Harvey knows exactly how to pick 'em!

We come from Dubuque, I-O-Way,  
That's where the tall, tall, tall corn grows.  
We come from Louisiana,  
That's where the Mis-is-is-is-isippi flows.  
I was the Lilian Russell of Cherryville, Kansas,  
But they never gave me a chance.  
I finished high school in Providence, Rhode Island,  
And Providence, Rhode Island is where dance.

(Virginia O'Brien)  
Oh, I'm from Chillicothe-  
Ohio!  
My middle name's Hi-a-wath-ee -  
Ohio!  
I'm gonna git the gold in them thar hills,  
So I said good-bye-o, Ohio!

We were school marms from Grand Rapids, Mich.

But reading, writing, 'rithmetic were not our dish.

(Ruth Brady)

I was born in Paris,  
I was raised in Paris,  
Went to school in Paris, Where I met a boy  
I was married in Paris,  
Almost buried in Paris,  
But I finally left Paris-  
Paris, Illinois!

(Ray Bolger)

So this is the wild and woolly west!  
Give me my chaps and my checkered vest.  
Give me a girl and a holster for my hip!  
Bang, bang! Yip, yip!

What a lovely trip  
I'm feeling so fresh and alive  
And I'm so glad to arrive  
It's all so grand  
It's easy to see, you don't need a palace  
To feel like Alice in Wonderland

Back in Ohio, where I come from  
I've done a lot of dreamin' and I traveled some  
But I never thought, I'd see the day  
When I ever took a ride on the Santa Fe  
Wanna take a ride on the Santa Fe  
I would lean across my window sill  
And hear the whistle echoin' across the hills  
Then I'd watch the lights as they fade away  
On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe  
What a thrill  
What a great big wonderful thrill  
With the whistle singing westward ho!  
Right from the day I heard them start  
'Cross the Kansas plains through New Mexico  
I guess I've got a little gypsy in my heart  
When I'm old and gray and settled down  
If I ever get a chance to sneak away from town  
Then I'll spend my busman's holiday  
On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe  
All aboard!!  
All aboard!!  
I can't believe we're here at last  
Ohh Ohh  
I can't believe that anything would go so fast  
Then your pullin' throttle, whistle blows  
A-huffin' and a-puffin' and away we go  
All aboard for Californi-a

On the Atchison  
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