

Charley Pride "The Atlantic Coastal Line"

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Everybody calls me Bo I got no money but I hold my
row
Some folks say I'm just a no good kind
But I can ride for miles in old boxcar smoke cigarettes
butts and used cigars
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine smell that perfume
of Georgia pines
See that big moon roll above hobo's life is a life I love
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic
Coastal Line
Well I had me a woman in Albany but a rowdy way's
made a wreck of me
I had to get away before I lost my mind
But as long as this rattler takes me around there ain't
one woman gonna tie me down
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine Alabama and
Caroline
Florida Georgia Tennessee hobo's life is a life for me
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic
Coastal Line
I make my coffee in a can this hobo ain't worried man
Morning sun greets me with the shine
I go south when the trade winds blow and I go north
where there ain't no snow
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine smell that perfume
of Georgia pines
See that great big moon above this hobo's life is a life I
love
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic
Coastal Line
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic
Coastal Line

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