

Marty Stuart

"Hey Porter"

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Written by John R. Cash

Hey Porter, hey Porter, would you tell me the time
How much longer will it be 'til we cross that Mason-
Dixon line
When we hit Dixie would you tell that engineer to ring
his bell
And ask everybody that ain't asleep to stand right up
and yell
Hey Porter, hey Porter, what time did you say
How much longer will it be 'til I can see the light of day
When we hit Dixie would you tell that engineer to slow it
down
Better still just stop the train 'cause I'd like to look
around

Hey Porter, hey Porter, it's gettin' light outside
This old train is puffin' smoke and I have to strain my
eyes
But ask that engineer if he would blow his whistle
please
I smell frost on cotton leaves and I feel that southern
breeze

Hey Porter, hey Porter, get my bags for me
I need nobody to tell me now that we're in Tennessee
Go tell that engineer to make that lonesome whistle
scream
We're gettin' close to home so take it easy on the
steam

Hey Porter, hey Porter, please open up the door
When they stop this train, I'm gonna get off first 'cause
I can't wait no more
Tell that engineer I said thanks a lot and I didn't mind
the fair
Gonna set my feet on southern soil and breathe that
southern air

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How much longer will it be 'til we cross that Mason-
Dixon line

When we hit Dixie would you tell that engineer to ring
his bell
Ask everybody that ain't asleep to stand right up and
yell

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