

Connie Francis

"Wabash Cannonball"

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(A.P. Carter - William Kindt)

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
From the green New Hampshire mountains to the
southland's cajun lore
She's streamlined and she's welcome by the train and
one and all
She's a railroad institution called the Wabash
Cannonball.

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she rolls on down the mountains from the hills and
by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear those
lonesome whistle's call
Hear the mingle with the jungle on the Wabash
Cannonball.

She came down from Birmingham one cold December
day
As she rolled into the station you could hear the people
say
There's a girl from Tennessee she's long and she's tall
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash
Cannonball.

Eastern states are dandy so the western people say
From Pittsburg to St Louis and Cincinnati by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters
fall
The flatlands of New Jersey on the Wabash Cannonball.

We'll drink a toast to Casey Jones may his name forever
stand
He's built a reputation with the railroads of our land
His final run is over now all the curtains fall
We'll carry him back to Dixie on the Wabash
Cannonball.

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she rolls on down the mountains from the hills and

by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear those
lonesome whistle's call
Hear the mingle with the jungle on the Wabash
Cannonball...

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