

Porter Wagoner "Big River Train"

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In the land of the Ponderosa pine there runs a giant 8-
wheeler
Known as the Big River Train
Just before she disappears into the forest she passes
by a prison
Where many-a convicts has dreamed of riding her rails
to freedom
I'd like to tel you a story as it was told to me
It's called The Legend Of The Big River Train

Keep that 8-wheel drive a rollin' let her lonesome
whistle whine
For it tells the world a story as it whistles through the
pines
In the death car lies a convict with a number for his
name
And he's going home this morning on that old Big River
Train
Well they brought him to this prison twenty years ago
this date
Changed his name into a number then he became my
prison mate
Somehow I knew he wasn't guilty from the very day he
came
Yet they brought him to this prison on that old Big River
Train
We became the best of buddies side by side through
thick and thin
Then one night he told his story how he have framed by
evil men
Men who bought and bribed the jury seekin' only selfish
gain
Yes they sent an honest man to prison condemned him
to a life of shame
Many many times I've heard him tell me when he'd
hear that whistle blow
That same old train that brought me here pal is gonna
take me home I know
I'll ride it back to my home country and there I'll clear
my honest name
Well they shipped him back this morning on that old
Big River Train

But he's gone to meek his Maker in a land that's bright
and new
Gone to claim a peace of freedom that heaven knows
was overdue
Of a crime he wasn't guilty just a victim of a frame
Yes he came and now he's leavin' on that old Big River
Train
And he's going home this morning on that old Big River
Train

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