

Seekers

"The Wreck Of The Old '97"

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They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Sayin' "Steve, you're way behind time;
It's 8:38, and it's the Old '97;
Gotta put her into Danville on time."
Chorus:
Well, it's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to
Danville,
On a line with a three-mile grade;
It was down that line where he lost his air-brakes;
You can see what a jump he made.
Steve Brady he said to his black, greasy fireman,
"Shovel on a little more coal;
I'm waitin' to pass them wide-open mountains;
Gonna see the Old '97 roll."
(Chorus)
He's comin' down that line makin' ninety miles an hour;
The whistle broke into a scream;
They found him in the wreck with his hand upon the
throttle;
He'd been scalded to death by steam.
(Chorus)
Well, come on now, all you ladies;
From this time on, now learn;
Don't you ever say harsh words to your true-lovin'
husband;
He'll leave you and never return.
(Chorus)
(Instrumental bridge)
Well, he's comin' down that line makin' ninety miles an
hour;
And the whistle broke into a scream;
They found him in the wreck with his hand upon the
throttle;
He'd been scalded to death by steam.
(Chorus thrice)

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