

Wabash Cannonball

traditional (Carter Family 1929 lyrics)

^G From the ^G Great ^G Atlantic ^C Ocean, to the wide Pacific shore
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
^G From the queen of flowing rivers, to the Southland's verdant door
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
^G She's tall dark and handsome and known quite well by all
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
She's the regular combination, the Wabash Cannonball.

^G Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumor and the roar
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
^G As she glides along the woodland, o'r hills and by the shore
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
^G She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the merry hobos squall
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
She glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball.

Out from the wide Pacific Ocean to the broad Atlantic shore
She climbs flowery mountain, o'r hills and by the shore
Although she's tall and handsome, and she's known quite well by all
She's a regular combination of the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No changes to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, here's to daddy Claxton, let his name forever be
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain 'round him fall
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue
Across the Eastern countries on Elkhorn Number Two
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast that's all
But I have found no equal on the Wabash Cannonball.