

The Wreck Of The Old 97

Hank Snow

They give him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
Sayin', "Steve you're way behind time
This is not Thirty-Eight, but it's old Ninety-Seven
You must put her in Spencer on time"
Then he looked 'round and said to his black greasy fireman
"Just shovel in a little more coal
And when we cross that white oak mountain
You can watch old Ninety-Seven roll"
It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
In a line on a three mile grade
It was on that grade where he lost his air brakes
So you see what a jump he made
He was goin' down grade makin' ninety miles an hour
And his whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck, with his hand on the throttle
And scalded to death by the steam
Now, ladies, you must all take warning
From this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husband
He may leave you and never return

Songwriters

TOMMY COLLINS /Published by

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