

Lonesome Whistle

The Martins

He was riding Number 9
Heading south from Caroline
He heard that long lonesome whistle blow
Got in trouble, had to roam
Left his gal and left his home
He heard that long lonesome whistle blow
Just a kid, acting smart
He went and broke his darling's heart
I guess he was too young to know
They took him off the Georgia Main
Locked him to a ball and chain
He heard that long lonesome whistle blow
All alone he bears the shame
He's a number, not a name
He heard that long lonesome whistle blow
All he does is sit and cry
When the evening train goes by
He heard that long lonesome whistle blow
He'll be locked there in this cell
'Til his body's just a shell
And his hair turns whiter than snow
He'll never see that gal he pines
He's in Georgia doing time
He heard that long lonesome whistle blow

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