

# The Log Train

[Hank Williams](#)

If you will listen, a song I will sing  
About my daddy who drove a log train  
Way down in the southland, in old Alabama  
We lived in a place that they call Chapmantown  
And late in the evening, when the sun was low  
Way off in the distance you could hear the train blow  
The folks would come runnin', and Moma would say  
"Get the supper on the table, here comes the log train"  
Every mornin', at the break of day  
He'd grab his lunchbucket, and be on his way  
Winter or summer, sunshine or rain  
Every mornin', he'd run that ole log train  
A sweatin' an swearin' all day long  
Shoutin', "Get up there oxen, keep movin' along  
Load her up boys, 'cause it looks like rain  
I've gotta get rollin', this ole log train"  
This story happened, a long time ago  
The log train is silent, God called Dad to go  
But when I get to Heaven, ta always remain  
I'll listen to the whistle of the ole log train

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