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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