# 900 Miles

## Cisco Houston

I am walkin' down this track
I've got tears in my eyes
I'm tryin' to read a letter from my home

An' if this train runs me right
I'll be home Saturday night
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home
Lord I hate to hear
That lonesome whistle blow

This train I ride on
Is a hundred coaches long
Well, you can hear her whistle blow
A million miles

An' if this train runs me right
I'll see my woman on saturday night
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home
Lord I hate to hear
That lonesome whistle blow

I will pawn you my wagon
And I will pawn you my team
I will pawn you my watch and my chain

An' if this train runs me right
I'll be home Saturday night
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home
Lord I hate to hear
That lonesome whistle blow
That long lonesome train whistlin' down
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