

# Wabash Cannonball

Doc Watson

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore  
From the green old flowing mountains to the south down along the shore  
She's mighty tall and handsome, she's known quite well by all  
The regular combination on that Wabash Cannonball Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland o'er the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call  
As you ramble across the country on that Wabash Cannonball Well, the eastern states are dandy, most people  
always say  
From New York to St. Louis and old Chicago by the way  
To the hills of Minnesota where them rippling waters fall  
No changes need be taken on that Wabash Cannonball Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland o'er the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call  
As you ramble across the country on that Wabash Cannonball Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever  
stand  
In the hills of Tennessee many places throughout the land  
When his earthly race are over and them curtains 'round him fall  
[Incomprehensible] him back to Dixie on that Wabash Cannonball We came down to Nashville on a warm  
November day  
As we rolled into that station I heard somebody say  
There's a boy from Carolina, they're wide and fat and tall  
They came down to pick us a few, they rode the Wabash Cannonball Listen to that jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland o'er hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call  
As you ramble across the country on that Wabash Cannonball

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