

Wreck of the Old '97

Roy Acuff

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
Sayin', "Steve, you're way behind time
This is not 38 but it's old 97
You must put her into Spencer on time" He looked round and said to his black, greasy fireman
Shovel on a little more coal
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain
You can watch old 97 roll It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
With a line on a three mile grade
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes
And see what a jump we made He was goin' down the grade making ninety miles an hour
When his whistle began to a scream
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
And scalded to death by the steam So come all you ladies, you must take a warning
From this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband
He may leave you and never return

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