

# The Wreck of the Old 97

Hank Snow

They give 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 in Spencer on time" Then he looked around and  
Said to his black, greasy fireman  
"Just 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  
In a line on a three mile grade  
It was on that grade that he lost his airbrakes  
Oh, you see what a jump we made He was goin' down the grade  
Making 90 miles an hour  
When his whistle broke into a scream  
He was found in the wreck  
With his hand on the throttle  
And was scalded to death by the steam Now ladies, you must take a warning  
From this time on and learn  
Never speak harsh words  
To your true love or husband  
He may leave you and never return

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