

# Wabash Cannonball

## Boxcar Willie

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore  
To the green of flowing mountains and the south belt by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome hobo squall  
We're riding thru to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball

Our eastern states are dandy so the people always say  
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way  
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Well we listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland by the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome hobo squall  
You're travelling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball  
(break)(fiddle)

We rolled into Birmingham one cold December day  
As she pulled into the station you could hear all the people say  
There's a gal out there from Texas, she's long and she's tall  
She's the combination of the Wabash Cannonball

Well we listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland by the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome hobo squall  
We're travelling through to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball  
(break)(mouth organ & guitar)

Here's to Daddy Claxton may his name forever stand  
And always be remembered throughout this great land  
His earthly race is over and we'll bear him to the pall.  
And we'll carry him up to heaven on the Wabash Cannonball

Well we listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland by the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome hobo squall  
We're travelling through to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball  
We're riding thru the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball

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Lyrics submitted by Denzil Edworthy.

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