

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

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We're travelling through to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball
We're riding thru the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball

Lyrics submitted by Denzil Edworthy.

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