

On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

Bing Crosby

Do you hear that whistle down the line?
I figure that it's engine number forty-nine
She's the only one that'll sound that way
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe See the old smoke risin' 'round the bend
I reckon that she knows she's gonna meet a friend
Folks around these parts get the time of day
From the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe Here she comes
Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo
Hey Jim, you better get out the rig
Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo
She's got a list of passengers that's pretty big And they'll all want lifts to Brown's Hotel
'Cause lots of them been travellin' for quite a spell
All the way from Philadelphia
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Doo, doo, daa, the good old A.T. and the Santa Fe

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