

Wreck Of The Old '97

Hank Williams Iii

Well, they gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
Said, Steve you're way behind time
This is not Thirty-Eight; this is old Ninety-Seven,
So put her into Spencer on time

Then he turned and said to his black, greasy fireman
Shovel on a little more coal
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain,
Watch old Ninety-Seven roll

And then the telegram came from Washington station
And this is how it read:
Oh that brave engineer that ran old Ninety-Seven
Is lying in old Danville dead

'Cause he was going down the grade makin' ninety miles an hour
When the whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck, with his hand on the throttle,
Scalded to death by the steam

Now all you ladies you better take warnin'
From this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words to a true lovin' husband
He may leave you and never return

'Board 'board

Yodelay he, he, he, he, he, he

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