

Like The 309

Johnny Cash

It should be a while before I see Dr. Death
So it would sure be nice if I could get my breath
Well, I'm not the crying nor the whining kind
Till I hear the whistle of the 309
Of the 309, of the 309
Put me in my box on the 309 Take me to the depot, put me to bed
Blow an electric fan on my gnarly old head
Everybody take a look, see I'm doing fine
Then load my box on the 309
On the 309, on the 309
Put me in my box on the 309 Hey sweet baby, kiss me hard
Draw my bath water, sweep my yard
Give a drink of my wine to my Jersey cow
I wouldn't give a hootin' hell for my journey now
On the 309, on the 309 I hear the sound of a railroad train
The whistle blows and I'm gone again
It will take me higher than a Georgia pine
Stand back children, it's a 309
It's a 309, it's a 309
Put me in my box on the 309 A chicken in the pot and turkey in the corn
Ain't felt this good since jubilee morn
Talk about luck, well, I got mine
Has me comin' down like the 309 Write me a letter, sing me a song
Tell me all about it, what I did wrong
Meanwhile, I will be doing fine
Then load my box on the 309
On the 309, on the 309
Goin' to get out of here on the 309

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