

On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

John Denver

Do you hear that whistle down the line, I figure that it's Engine #49,
She's the only one that'll sound that way on the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.
See the old smoke rising round the bend,
I reckon that she knows she's gonna meet a friend. Folks around these parts set the time of day
From on the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.
Here she comes, whoo oo oo oo, hey Jim, you better get the rig. Whoo oo oo oo, she's got a list of passengers
that's pretty big
And they'll all want a lift to Brown's Hotel,
'Cause lots of them been traveling for quite a spell
All the way from Philadelphia on the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe. All aboard, all aboard, oo oo oo.
Let her rip, let her rip, Mr. Engineer,
Gotta go, gotta go far away from here.
While the man at the fire shovels in the coals,
Stick your head out the cab and watch the drivers roll. See the towns and the roads go a whizzing by,
Fare thee well Laramie and Rocky Mountain High,
Yes sirree, here we are, going all the way, mustn't quit 'til we hit California. See the old smoke rising round the
bend,
I reckon that she knows she's gonna meet a friend.
Folks around these parts set the time of day
From on the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Songwriters

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