

# 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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