Atlantic Coastal Line

Charley Pride

Everybody calls me Bo
I got no money but I hold my row
Some folks say I'm just a no good kind
But I can ride for miles in old boxcar
Smoke cigarettes butts and used cigarsRidin' the Atlantic coastal line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine
Smell that tar from the Georgia pines
See that big moon roll
Above this hobo's life, is the life I loveRidin' the Atlantic coastal line
Ridin' the Atlantic coastal lineWell, I had me a woman in Albany
But her rowdy way's made a wreck of me
I had to get away before I lost my mind
As long as this rattler takes me around
There ain't one woman gonna tie me downRidin' the Atlantic coastal line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine
Alabama, Caroline Florida, Georgia, Tennessee
This hobo's life is the life for meRidin' the Atlantic coastal line
Ridin' the Atlantic coastal lineI make my coffee in a can
This hobo ain't a worried man
Morning sun greets me with a shine
I go south when the trade winds blow
And I go north where there ain't no snowRidin' the Atlantic coastal line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine
Smell that tar from the Georgia pines
See that great big moon
Above this hobo's life is the life I loveRidin' the Atlantic coastal line
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