

Wabash Cannonball

Doc Watson

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
From the green old flowing mountains to the south down along the shore
She's mighty tall and handsome, she's known quite well by all
The regular combination on that Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland o'er the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call
As you ramble across the country on that Wabash Cannonball

Well, the eastern states are dandy, most people always say
From New York to St. Louis and old Chicago by the way
To the hills of Minnesota where them rippling waters fall
No changes need be taken on that Wabash Cannonball

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Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call
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Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
In the hills of Tennessee many places throughout the land
When his earthly race are over and them curtains 'round him fall
[Incomprehensible] him back to Dixie on that Wabash Cannonball

We came down to Nashville on a warm November day
As we rolled into that station I heard somebody say
There's a boy from Carolina, they're wide and fat and tall
They came down to pick us a few, they rode the Wabash Cannonball

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