

# Casey Jones Was His Name

Hank Snow

A long time ago  
In a town in Tennessee  
There lived a man  
And he was brave as he could be  
By the sweat of his brow  
He earned fortune and fame  
Casey Jones was his name

From Memphis, Tennessee  
On that Cannonball Express  
By the whining of the whistle  
You could tell him from the rest  
Past the old plantations  
With their cotton and cane  
Casey Jones was his name

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack  
Over the rails he'd go  
Clickety-clack, clickety-clack  
Bravin' rain and snow  
Ev'ryone knew three-eighty-two was his train  
Casey Jones was his name

Runnin' late through Sardis  
Past Winona on the fly  
Like lightnin' chasin' thunder  
through the stairways of the sky  
When we heard his engine moanin'  
And the story is claimed  
Casey Jones was his name

Then on that fatal night  
He made his final run  
Near Vaughan, Mississippi  
He knew his time had come  
Too late he saw ahead  
There's thatta old freight train  
Now the legend, Casey Jones was his name

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