

# Wabash Cannonball

Hank Thompson

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore  
From the queen of the flowing mountains to the southbells by the shore  
She's mighty tall and handsome and known quite well by all  
She's a regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball  
Listen to the jingle to the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome hobo call  
You're travelin' through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball  
She came down from Birmingham one cold December day  
As she rolled into the station you could hear all the people say  
Now there's a gal from Tennessee she's long and she's tall  
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball  
Our eastern states are dandy so the people always say  
From New York to St Louis and Chicago by the way  
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball  
Here's to daddy Claxton may his name forever stand  
And long to be remembered round the ports of Alabam  
His earthly race is over and the curtains round him fall  
We'll carry him home to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball  
Listen to the jingle the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear that lonesome hobo call  
You're traveling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball