

# Chattanooga Choo-choo

**Cab Calloway**

Pardon me boy, is that the Chattanooga Choo Choo?  
Track twenty nine, boy you can gimme a shine  
I can afford to board a Chattanooga Choo Choo  
I've got my fare and just a trifle to spare

You leave the Pennsylvania station 'bout a quarter to four  
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore  
Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer  
Than to have your ham 'n' eggs in Carolina

When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar  
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far  
Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep it rollin'  
Woo, woo, Chattanooga, there you are

There's gonna be a certain party at the station  
Satin and lace, I used to call funny face  
She's gonna cry until I tell her that I'll never roam