

## Wabash Cannonball

Townes Van Zandt

Well, listen to the rumble, the rattle, and the roar  
She glides along the woodlands, down the hills and by the shore.  
Hear the mighty rush of engine, hear the lonesome hobo call  
Ride the rosin, break a bead on the Wabash Cannonball.

Well, she rode into Birmingham on a cold December day,  
All around the station, you could hear the people say.  
She's a girl from Tennessee. She's long. She's tall.  
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Well, the eastern states are dandy, so the people always say  
New York, by the harbor, to Chicago, by the way.  
Now to Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall,  
Ride the rosin, break a bead on the Wabash Cannonball.

Well, now she goes to Memphis, to New Mexico,  
Flies through East St. Louie lord.  
She never does it slow. Sails to Colorado,  
Letting out an awful squall  
You can tell her by her whistle, she's the Wabash Cannonball.

Well, here's to Denny Claxton, may his name forever stand  
Always be remembered in the courts of Alabam'.  
When his earthly reign is over and his curtain 'round him falls  
We'll carry him home in glory on the Wabash Cannonball.