

Wabash Cannonball  
Doc Watson Lyrics

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore  
The green old flowing mountains to the south down by the moor  
She's mighty tall and handsome she's known quite well by all  
Regular combination on the 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 travel across the country on the Wabash Cannonball

(break)

Oh the eastern states are dandy so the people always say  
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way  
To the hills of Minnesota where them rippling waters fall  
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

(break)

Here's to Daddy Claxton may his name forever stand  
In the hills of Tennessee and in the courts throughout the land  
When his earthly race is over and them curtains round him fall  
Would we take him home to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball

I went down from Birmingham one cold December day  
When she pulled into that station you could hear them people say  
There's a fellow from Tennessee, boys, he's long and he's tall  
He came down from Alabama on the Wabash Cannonball

Oh listen to that jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the woodland o'er hills and by the shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome hobo's call  
You're traveling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball