Wabash Cannonball-Hank Thompson
Author:W.M. Kindt

C
From the great Atlantic ocean
F
To the wide Pacific shore
G7
From the queen of the flowing mountains
C
To the south-bells by the shore

She's mighty tall and handsome
F
And known quite well by all
G7
She's a regular combination
C
On the Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle
F
To the rumble and the roar
G7
As she glides along the woodland
C
Through the hills and by the shore

Hear the mighty rush of the engine
F
Hear that lonesome hoboes call
G7
You're traveling through the jungle
C
On the Wabash Cannonball

She came down from Birmingham
F
One cold December day
G7
As she rolled into the station
C
You could hear all the people say

Now there's a gal from Tennessee
F
She's long and she's tall
G7
She came down from Birmingham
C
On the Wabash Cannonball

Our eastern states are dandy
F
So the people always say
G7
From New York to St Louis
C
And Chicago by the way

From the hills of Minnesota
F
Where the rippling waters fall
G7
No changes can be taken
C
On the Wabash Cannonball

Here's to daddy Claxton
F
May his name forever stand
G7
And long to be remembered
C
Round the ports of Alabam

His earthly race is over

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F
And the curtains round him fall
G7
We'll carry him home to Dixie
C
On the Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle
F
The rumble and the roar
G7
As she glides along the woodland
C
Through the hills and by the shore

Hear the mighty rush of the engine
F
Hear that lonesome hoboes call
G7
You're traveling through the jungle
C
On the Wabash Cannonball

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