

# Wabash Cannonball

Smokey River Boys

Listen to the jingle... the rumble and the roar...  
As she glides along the woodland... ore the hills and by the shore  
Hear the rush a'the mighty engine... hear the lonesome hobos call  
He's riding through the jungle on... the Wabash Cannonball

Now the western states are dandies... so the southern people say  
From Chicago and St. Louis and Peoria by the way...  
To the lakes of Minnesota... where the rippling waters flow...  
No chances to be taken on... the Wabash Cannon ball

She pulled in to the station... one cold December day...  
As she rolled up to the platform... you could hear all the people say  
Now there's a gal from Birmingham...  
She's long as she is tall...  
She came down from Georgia... on the Wabash Cannonball

Now here's to daddy Claxton... may his name forever stand...  
And always be remembered... in the courts of all the land  
His earthly race is over and as the curtain falls  
We'll carry him back to Dixie... on the Wabash Cannonball

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