

Wabash Cannonball

^G From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide ^C Pacific shore
^D She climbs a flowery mountains o'er the hills and by the ^G shore
She's mighty tall and handsome, she's known quite well by all ^C
^D She's a regular combination, on the ^G Wabash Cannonball
^G Well she came down from Birmingham one cold December day ^C
^D As she pulled into the station you could hear all the people say ^G
Now there's a gal from Tennessee, she's long and she's tall ^C
^D She came down from Birmingham, on the ^G Wabash Cannonball

- Chorus -

^G Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar ^C
^D As she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the ^G shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call ^C
^D Traveling through the jungle on the ^G Wabash Cannonball
^G Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say ^C
^D From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way ^G
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall ^C
^D No chances to be taken on the ^G Wabash Cannonball

- Chorus -

^G I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue ^C
^D Across the Eastern counties on Elkhorn Number Two ^G
I have rode these highball trains from coast to coast that's all ^C
^D But I have found no equal to the ^G Wabash Cannonball

- Chorus -

