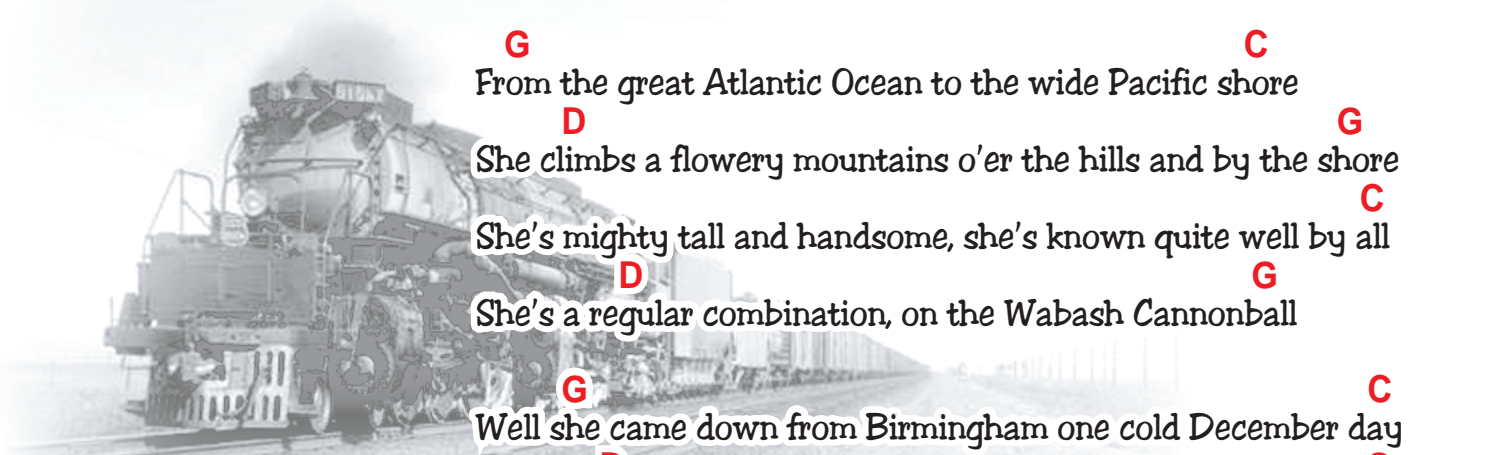


WABASH CANNONBALL

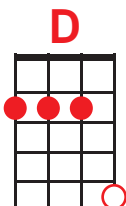
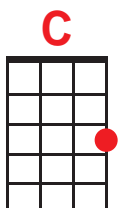
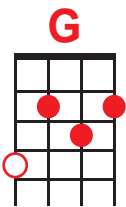


From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shore
 She climbs a flowery mountains o'er the hills and by the shore
 She's mighty tall and handsome, she's known quite well by all
 She's a regular combination, on the Wabash Cannonball
 Well she came down from Birmingham one cold December day
 As she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



CHORUS

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
 As she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shore
 Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call
 Traveling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball



Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say
 From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way
 To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
 No chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball



CHORUS

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



CHORUS