

Wabash Cannonball

G C
Out from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic shore
D G
She climbs the flowery mountains, over hills and by the shore
C
Although she's tall and handsome and she's known quite well by all
D G
She's a regular combination, the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus:

G C
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
D G
As she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shore
C
She climbs the flowery mountains, hear the merry hobo squall
D G
As she glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball.

Verse:

G C
Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say
D G
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way
C
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
D G
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

Oh, here's old daddy Cleaton, let his name forever be
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain round him fall
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus