

# Wabash Cannonball

(C) From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific (F) shore  
She (G) climbs a flowery mountains, o'er the (G7) hills and by the (C) shore  
She's mighty tall and handsome, she's known quite well by (F) all  
She's a (G) regular combination on the (G7) Wabash Cannon(C)ball

(C) Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the (F) roar  
As she (G) glides along the woodland o'er the (G7) hills and by the (C) shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear those lonesome hoboies (F) call  
(G) Traveling through the jungle on the (G7) Wabash Cannon(C)ball

Well she came down from Birmingham one cold December (F) day  
As she (G) pulled into the station, you could (G7) hear all the people (C) say  
She's from Tennessee, she's long, and she's (F) tall  
(G) She came down from Birmingham on the (G7) Wabash Cannon(C)ball

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As she (G) glides along the woodland o'er the (G7) hills and by the (C) shore  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear those lonesome hoboies (F) call  
(G) Traveling through the jungle on the (G7) Wabash Cannon(C)ball

Here's to daddy Claxton may his name forever (F) stand  
And (G) always be remembered, in the (G7) courts throughout the (C) land  
His earthly race is over, and the curtains round him (F) fall  
We'll (G) carry him home to Dixie on the (G7) Wabash Cannon(C)ball

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