Wabash Cannonball

E A
From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shore E
She climbs the flowery mountains, over hills and by the shore
She's mighty tall and handsome and she's known quite well by all
B E She's a regular combination, the Wabash Cannonball.
E
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
B As she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shorE
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the merry hobo's car B
As she travels across the country, the Wabash Cannonball.
E A
Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say E
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way E A
To the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall E
No chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.
E
I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue B
Across the Eastern counties on Elkhorn Number Two E
I have rode these highball trains from coast to coast that's all B
But I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball.
E
Oh, here's old daddy Claxton, let his name forever be E
And long be he remembered in the courts of Tennessee E
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain round him fall B
He'll be carried on to glory on the Wabash Cannonball.