I'm rid-in' on this train, I've got tears in my eyes
Now I'll pawn my silver watch, And my gold diamond ring
If my woman's waiting there, then I'll railroad no more

tryin' to read a letter from my home.
If this train runs me
I'll board the sweet-est train I've ever known.
If that train runs me
For I've grown weary traveling all alone.
If that train runs me

right, I'll be home Saturday night, 'cause I'm nine hundred miles from my
right, I'll be home tomorrow night, 'cause I'm nine hundred miles from my
right, I'll be home tomorrow night, 'cause I'm nine hundred miles from my

home. And I hate to hear that lone-some whistle blow.
home. And I hate to hear that lone-some whistle blow.
home. And I hate to hear that lone-some whistle blow.

Em B Em

Em B Em

Em B Em