Listen to the jingle
The rumble and the roar
As she glides long the woodlands
Thru hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine
Hear those lonesome hoboes squawl,
While traveling through the jungle
On the Wabash Cannon Ball. Chorus

1. This train, she runs to Memphis
Mattoon and Mexico
She rolls theu East St. Louis
And she never does it slow
As she flies thru Colorado
She gives an awful squawl
They tell her by her whistle
The Wabash Cannon Ball. Chorus

2. Our eastern states are dandy
So the people always say,
From New York to St. Louis
And Chicago by the way,
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken
On the Wabash Cannon Ball. Chorus

3. Now here's to Boston Blackey,
May his name forever stand,
And always be remembered
By the 'boes thruout the land,
His earthly days are over
And the curtains 'round him fall,
We'll carry him home to victory
On the Wabash Cannon Ball. Chorus

4. Listen to the jingle
The rumble and the roar
As she glides long the woodlands
Thru hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine
Hear those lonesome hoboes squawl,
While traveling through the jungle
On the Wabash Cannon Ball. Chorus