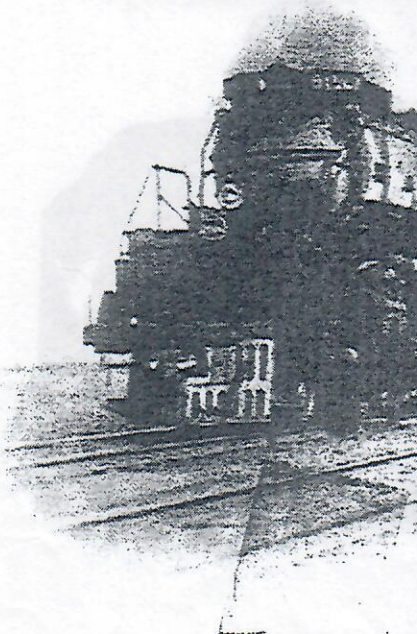


WABASH CANNONBALL



G From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shore C
 D She climbs a flowery mountains o'er the hills and by the shore G
 C She's mighty tall and handsome, she's known quite well by all C
 D She's a regular combination, on the Wabash Cannonball G
 G Well she came down from Birmingham one cold December day C
 D As she pulled into the station you could hear all the people say G
 C Now there's a gal from Tennessee, she's long and she's tall C
 D She came down from Birmingham, on the Wabash Cannonball G



CHORUS

G Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar C
 D As she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shore G
 C Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call C
 D Traveling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball G

G Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say C
 D From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way G
 C To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall C
 D No chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball G



CHORUS

G I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue C
 D Across the Eastern counties on Elkhorn Number Two G
 C I have rode these highball trains from coast to coast that's all C
 D But I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball G



CHORUS