

Casey Jones Was His Name
Hank Snow

Casey Jones Was His Name
Hank Snow

[G]A long time ago in a town in Tennessee
There lived a man and he was[A]great as he could[D]be
[G]By the sweat of his brow he[C]earned fortune and fame
[D]Casey Jones was his[G]name

From Memphis, Tennessee on that Cannonball Express
By the wining of the whistle you could tell him from the[D]rest
Past the old plantations with their cotton and cane
[D]Casey Jones was his[G]name

Chorus

[G]Clickety-clack, clickety-clack over the rails he d go
Clickety-clack, clickety-clack[A]braving rain and[D]snow
[G]Ev ryone knew three-eighty-[C]two was his train
[D]Casey Jones was his[G]name

Chorus:Instrumental

[G]Runnin late thru Sardis past Winona on the fly
Like lightnin chasin thunder[A]thru the stairways of the[D]sky
[G]When we heard his engine moanin [C]and the story is claimed
[D]Casey Jones was his[G]name

[G]Then on that fatal night he made his final run
Near Vaughan, Mississippi [A]he knew his time had come
[G]Too late he saw the head of[C]an old freight train
[D]Now a legend, Casey Jones was his[G]name

(Repeat chorus)