

Big John Khatt And The Highland Blues Band - The Wabash Cannonball
Misc Unsigned Bands

The Wabash Cannonball: Big John Khat And The Highland
Blues Band.

Recorded live in Metz, France in 1962.

(Always got a lot of requests for this one, no matter where
we played. I learned this version as a wee lad, way back
when. However, there are several versions of the lyrics..
the original is believed to have been written in 1882.)

#1.

G# **C#**
From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore..
Eb **G#**
she climbs the flowery mountains, over hills and by the shore.
G# **C#**
She s mighty tall and handsome, and she s known quite well by all.
Eb **G#**
She s the hobo s accomodation..the Wabash Cannonball.

#2.

G# **C#**
Oh, the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say..
Eb **G#**
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis..by the way.
G# **C#**
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall..
Eb **G#**
no changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

CHORUS:

G# **C#**
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar..
Eb **G#**
as she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shore.
G# **C#**
Hear the mighty rush of her engine..hear the lonesome hobos call..
Eb **G#**
she glides along the woodlands, the Wabash Cannonball.

#3.

G# **C#**
Well, she came on down from Birming-Town one cold December day..
Eb **G#**
as she pulled into the station you could hear all the people say.
G# **C#**
She s from Tennessee..she s long and she s tall.
Eb **G#**
She come on down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball.

#4.

G# **C#**
Oh, here s to Daddy Claxon, let his name forever be..
Eb **G#**
and long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee.
G# **C#**
For he s a good old rounder til the curtains round him fall..
Eb **G#**
he ll be carried on to Glory on the Wabash Cannonball.

#5.

G# **C#**
I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue..
Eb **G#**
across the Eastern counties on Elkhorn Number Two.
G# **C#**
I have rode those highball trains, from coast to coast and all..
Eb **G#**
but I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball.

CHORUS:

G# **C#**
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar..
Eb **G#**
as she winds along the woodlands, over hills and by the shore.
G# **C#**
She s a mighty pretty lady, she s long and she s tall..
Eb **G#**
she s come on down from Birming-Town..the Wabash Cannonball.

OUTRO:

G# **C#**
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar..
Eb **G#**
as she winds along the woodlands, over hills and by the shore.
G# **C#**
Hear the mighty rush of her engine..hear the lonesome hobos call..
Eb **G#**
she s ridin on to Glory..the Wabash Cannonball..(Fade.)

An 1882 smash from Kraziekhat.