

**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.

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

#2.

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

CHORUS:

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

#3.

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

#4.

**F#**

**B**

Oh, here s to Daddy Claxon, let his name forever be..

**C#**

**F#**

and long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee.

**F#**

**B**

For he s a good old rounder til the curtains round him fall..

**C#**

**F#**

he ll be carried on to Glory on the Wabash Cannonball.

#5.

**F#**

**B**

I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue..

**C#**

**F#**

across the Eastern counties on Elkhorn Number Two.

**F#**

**B**

I have rode those highball trains, from coast to coast and all..

**C#**

**F#**

but I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball.

CHORUS:

**F#**

**B**

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar..

**C#**

**F#**

as she winds along the woodlands, over hills and by the shore.

**F#**

**B**

She s a mighty pretty lady, she s long and she s tall..

**C#**

**F#**

she s come on down from Birming-Town..the Wabash Cannonball.

OUTRO:

**F#**

**B**

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar..

**C#**

**F#**

as she winds along the woodlands, over hills and by the shore.

**F#**

**B**

Hear the mighty rush of her engine..hear the lonesome hobos call..

**C#**

**F#**

she s ridin on to Glory..the Wabash Cannonball..(Fade.)

An 1882 smash from Kraziekhat.