

**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.

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

#2.

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

CHORUS:

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

#3.

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

#4.

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

#5.

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

CHORUS:

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

OUTRO:

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

An 1882 smash from Kraziekhat.