

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
She glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore
From the green and flowery mountains where the wrizzling waters fall
She's a regular combination called the Wabash Cannonball
Listen to the jingle the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland the hills and by the shore
From the green and flowery mountains where the wrizzling waters fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

[steel]

She came down from Birmingham one cold December day
As she pulled into the station you could hear the people say
Yeah she's the gal from Tennessee she's long and she's tall
And she came into the Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball
Listen to the jingle the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome hobo call
A travein' through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball

[guitar]

Our eastern states are dandy so all the western people say
From New York to St Louis and Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the wrizzling waters fall
She's a regular combination called the Wabash Cannonball
Listen to the jingle the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome hobo call
A travein' through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball