

Nine Hundred Miles

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I am ri-din' on this train I got tears in - my eyes, I'm tryin' to read a let-ter from my home. If this

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train runs me right, I'll be home Satur-day night, for I'm nine hund-red miles from-my home. And I

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hate to hear that lone-some whis - tle blow, it's that long lone-some train whist-ling down.

Well I'm ridin' on this train,
I've got tears in my eyes.
I'm tryin' to read a letter from my home.
If this train runs me right,
I'll be home Saturday night
'cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow,
it's that long lonesome train whistling down.

Well this train I ride on
is a hundred coaches long
You can hear the whistle blow
a hundred miles
If this train runs me right, ...

Now if you say so,
I will railroad no more
Sidetrack my train and go home
If this train runs me right, ...