

## Freight Train

Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
Please don't tell what train I'm on  
They won't know what route I'm going

When I'm dead and in my grave  
No more good times here I crave  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

When I die, oh bury me deep  
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street  
So I can hear old Number Nine  
As she comes rolling by

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Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

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