

900 Miles

Am

I'm a walking down the track,
I've got tears in my eyes,
I'm tryin' to read a letter from my home;
If that train runs me right,
I'll be home Saturday night,
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home.

E7

Am

And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow,
E7 Am
That long lonesome train whistlin' down.

Well this train I ride on,
Is a hundred coaches long,
You can hear her whistle blow a hundred miles;
And if this train runs me right,
I'll see my woman Saturday night,
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow,
That long lonesome train whistling down.

I will pawn you my wagon,
I will pawn you my team,
I will pawn you my watch and my chain;
And if tins 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,
That long lonesome train whistling down.