

Casey Jones

Joe Hill

G Am G Am
 The workers on the S.P. Line to strike sent out a call,
 G A7 D7
 But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
 G Am G Am
 His boiler it was leaking and its drivers on the bum,
 G D7 G
 And his engine and its bearings they were all out of plumb.
 C
 Casey Jones, kept his junk-pile running,
 G D7
 Casey Jones, was working double time;
 G C
 Casey Jones, got a wooden medal
 Ddim D7 G
 For being good and faithful on the S.P. Line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us
 win this strike?"
 But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
 Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off
 the worn out track,
 And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones, hit the river bottom,
 Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,
 Casey Jones became an angeleno,
 He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. Line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,
 He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled
 the S. P. freight."
 "You're just the man," said Peter,
 "our musicians are on strike;
 "You can get a job a-scabbing anytime you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
 Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
 Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
 Just like he did to workers on the S. P. Line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,
 For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
 The Angels Union No. 23, they sure were there,
 And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.
 "Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;
 "Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur
 "That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. Line."