

Five Hundred Miles

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone,
you can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,
you can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two, Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four,
Lord, I'm five hundred miles a way from home.
Away from home, away from home, away from home, away from home,
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home.

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name.
Lord, I can't go back home this-a way.
This way, this way, this way, this way, Lord, I can't go back home this way.

(C) You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.