

**WABASH CANNONBALL**

*PUBLIC DOMAIN*

I STOOD ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN THE WIDE PACIFIC SHORE  
TO THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWING MOUNTAINS TO THE SOUTH BELL BY THE DOOR  
SHE'S LONG AND TALL AND HANDSOME AND LOVED BY ONE AND ALL  
SHE'S A MODERN COMBINATION CALLED THE WABASH CANNONBALL  
OH LISTEN TO THE JINGLE THE RUMBLE AND THE ROAR  
AS SHE GLIDES ALONG THE WOODLANDS THROUGH THE HILLS AND BY THE SHORES  
HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF ENGINES HEAR THE LONESOME HOBOS' CALL  
WE'RE TRAVELING THROUGH THE JUNGLES ON THE WABASH CANNONBALL  
THE EASTERN STATES ARE DANDIES SO THE WESTERN PEOPLE SAY  
FROM NEW YORK TO ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO BY THE WAY  
THROUGH THE HILLS OF MINNESOTA WHERE THE RIPPLING WATERS FALL  
NO CHANCES CAN BE TAKEN ON THE WABASH CANNONBALL  
OH LISTEN TO THE JINGLE THE RUMBLE AND THE ROAR  
AS SHE GLIDES ALONG THE WOODLANDS THROUGH THE HILLS AND BY THE SHORES  
HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF ENGINES HEAR THE LONESOME HOBOS' CALL  
WE'RE TRAVELING THROUGH THE JUNGLES ON THE WABASH CANNONBALL  
HERE'S TO DADDY KLAXTON MAY HIS NAME FOREVER STAND  
WILL HE BE REMEMBERED THROUGH PARTS OF ALL OUR LAND  
HIS EARTHLY RACE IS OVER AND THE CURTAIN 'ROUND HIM FALLS  
WE'LL CARRY HIM ON TO VICTORY ON THE WABASH CANNONBALL  
CHORUS

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**SHALOM, from  
SPIKE and JAMIE**