

G C  
Out from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic shore

D G  
She climbs the flowery mountains, over hills and by the shore

Although she's tall and handsome and she's known quite well by all C

D G  
She's a regular combination, the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus:

G C  
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar

D G  
As she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shore

She climbs the flowery mountains, hear the merry hobo squall C

D G  
As she glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say  
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way  
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
No chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus

I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue  
Across the Eastern counties on Elkhorn Number Two  
I have rode these highball trains from coast to coast that's all  
But I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus

Oh, here's old daddy Cleaton, let his name forever be  
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee  
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain round him fall  
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus