

Wreck Of The Old 97-crd  
Capo: 1st Fret

C F  
Well they give him his orders in Monroe Virginia  
C G  
Saying Pete you're way behind time  
C F  
This ain't 38 but it's old 97  
G C  
And you've got to be in Center on time

Well he turned around to his black, greasy fireman  
Said, "Shovel in a little more coal  
When we cross that White Oak Mountain  
You can watch old 97 roll"

Well, it's a mighty rough road from Lakesburg to Danville  
And a line on a three mile grade  
It is on this grade that he lost his airbrakes  
And you see what a jump he made

He was a-goin' down the grade makin' 90 miles an hour  
And his whistle broke out in a scream  
It is on that grade that he lost his airbrakes  
And you see what a jump he made

Well, ladies, you must all take warning  
From this time now and on  
Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husband  
He might leave you and never come home

He was a-goin' down the grade makin' 90 miles an hour  
And his whistle begin to scream  
And we found him in the wreck with his hand on his throttle  
And scalded to death by the steam

Well, ladies, you can all take warnin'  
From this time now and on  
Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husband  
He might leave you and never return