

On The Atchison Topeka And The Santa Fe song lyrics

Top songs from early music charts 1930-1950

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On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe
Bing Crosby
Words by Johnny Mercer, music by Harry Warren

Do you hear that whistle down the line
I figure that it's engine number forty-nine
She's the only one that'll sound that way
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

See the old smoke risin' 'round the bend
I reckon that she knows she's gonna meet a friend
Folks around these parts get the time of day
From the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

Here she comes, woo-oo-woo-oo-woo-oo-woo-oo-woo-woo
Hey Jim, you better get out the rig, woo-oo-woo-oo-woo-oo-woo-oo-woo-woo
She's got a list of passengers that's pretty big

And they'll all want lifts to Brown's Hotel
'Cause lots of them been travellin' for quite a spell
All the way from Philadelphia
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

----- instrumental break -----

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Doo-doo-da, The good old A.T. and the Santa Fe