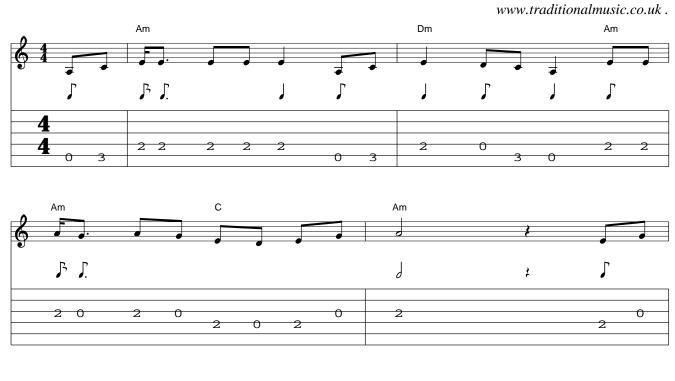
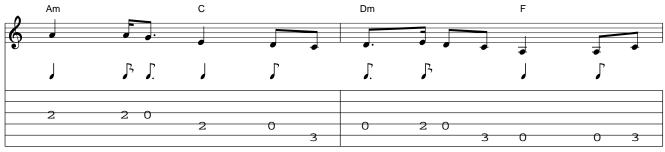
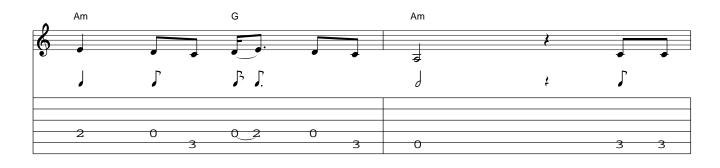
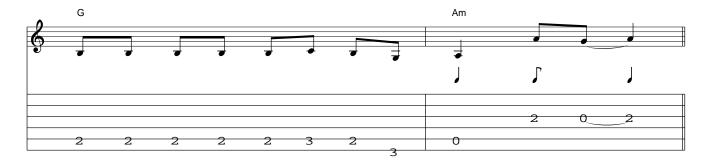
## Nine hundred miles









I am ri-ding on this train, There are tears in my eyes, I am try'n' to read a let-ter from my home. If this train runs me right, I'll be home to-mor-row night. For I'm nine hun-dred miles\* from my home. And I

I am riding on this train, There are tears in my eyes, I am try'n' to read a letter from my home. If this train runs me right, I'll be home tomorrow night. For I'm nine hundred miles from my home. And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

Well this train I'm riding on is a hundred coaches long You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles; If this train runs me right, I'll be home tomorrow night. For I'm nine hundred miles from my home. And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.