

Nine hundred miles

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Am Dm Am

4 4

0 3 2 2 2 2 2 0 3 2 0 3 0 2 2

Am C Am

2 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 0

Am C Dm F

2 2 0 2 0 3 0 2 0 3 0 0 3

Am G Am

2 0 3 0 2 0 3 0 3 3

G Am

2 2 2 2 2 3 2 3 0 2 0 2

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.