

The Wreck of the Old 97

Hank Snow

They give him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
Sayin', "Steve you're way behind time
This is not 38, but it's old 97
You must put her in Spencer on time" Then he looked around and
Said to his black, greasy fireman
"Just shovel on a little more coal
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain
You can watch old 97 roll"
It's a mighty rough road
From Lynchburg to Danville
In a line on a three mile grade
It was on that grade that he lost his airbrakes
Oh, you see what a jump we made He was goin' down the grade
Making 90 miles an hour
When his whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck
With his hand on the throttle
And was scalded to death by the steam
Now ladies, you must take a warning
From this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words
To your true love or husband
He may leave you and never return
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>