



**G** **C**  
 Our eastern states are dandy, so the people always say  
**D7** **G**  
 From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way  
**G** **C**  
 From the hills of Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall  
**D7** **G** **G**  
 No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball */// . .*

**G** **C**  
 Now here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand  
**D7** **G**  
 And always be remembered in the courts throughout the land  
**G** **C**  
 His earthly race is over and the curtains 'round him fall  
**D7** **G** **G**  
 We'll carry him on to Glory, on the Wabash Cannonball */// . .*

**G** **C**  
 Now listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
**D7** **G**  
 As she glides along the woodlands, through the hills and by the shore  
**G** **C**  
 Hear the mighty rush of her engine, hear that lonesome hobo's call  
**D7** **G** **D7** **G**  
 You're travelling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball *// /*

(Daddy Claxton – most likely refers to Roy Acuff's father, a lawyer, whose middle name was Claxton. The name does not appear in earlier versions of the song)

