

## Casey Jones (Traditional)

A  
Come all you rounders if you want to hear  
E7  
The story of a brave engineer.  
A  
Casey Jones was the rounder's name.  
E7 A  
On the Illinois Central, boys, he won his fame.  
A  
The caller called Casey at half past four.  
E7  
The foreman met him at the roundhouse door;  
A  
He said "Joe Lewis can't be make his run,  
E7 A  
So you'll have to catch up on the Cannonball Run."

Chorus:  
A  
Casey Jones—climbed into the cabin,  
A E7  
Casey Jones---orders in his hand,  
A  
Casey Jones—lookin' out the window,  
E7 A  
Taking a trip to the promis'd land.

They pulled out of Memphis two hours late,  
They knew they'd driving at a terrible rate.  
He called to the fireman, "Shovel your coal,  
Stick your head out the window, see the drivers roll."

Through south Memphis yard on the fly,  
Rain been falling and the water was high.  
Everybody knew by the whistle's moan  
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

Chorus:  
Casey Jones—layin' on the throttle,  
Casey Jones—whistle in his hand,  
Casey Jones---lookin' out the window,  
Taking a trip to the promis'd land.

On a high speed run on a rainy morn,  
Down in Mississippi near the town of Vaughan,  
Came the Cannonball Special only two minutes late  
Eighty miles an hour when they saw a freight.

Caboose eighty-three was on the main line,  
"Jump, Sim, while you have the time"  
Casey pulled the brake with the whistle in his hand,  
Took his trip to the promised land.

Casey Jones, stayin' at the throttle,  
Casey Jones, whistle in his hand,  
Casey Jones, stayin' at the throttle,  
Taking a trip to the promised land.