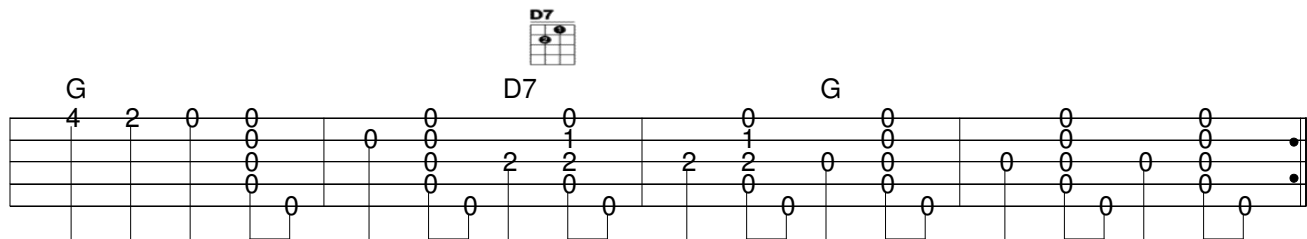
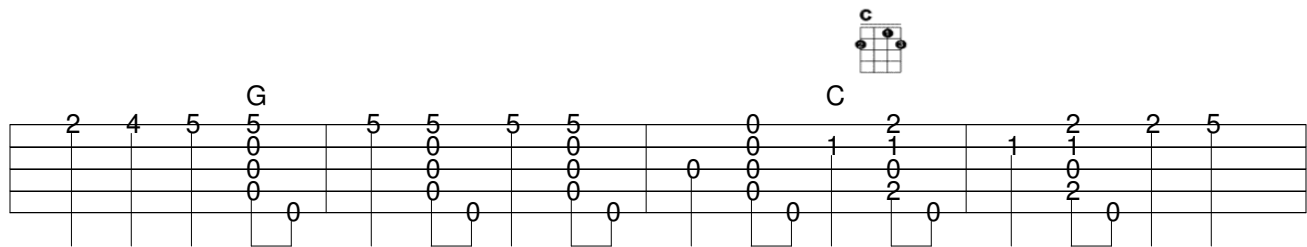
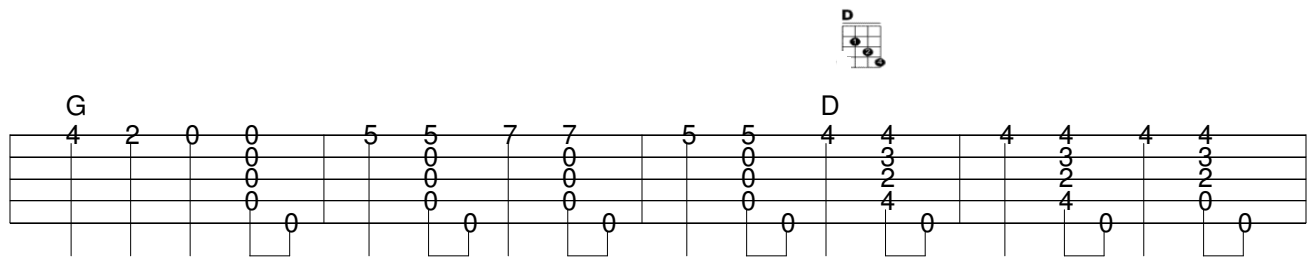
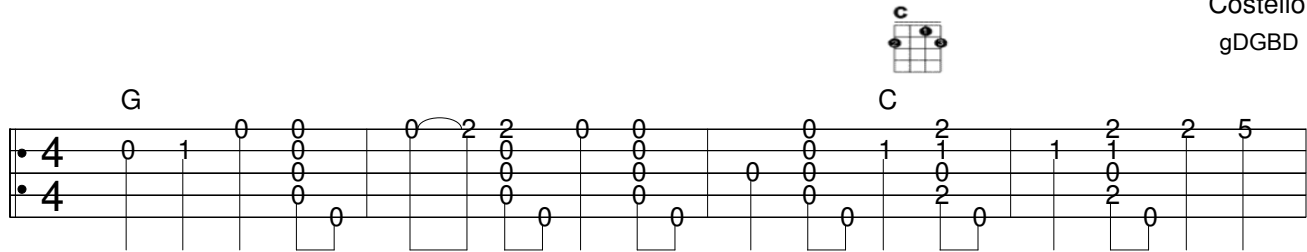


Wreck of the Old 97

Costello
gDGBD



G C
Well they gave him his orders at Monroe Virginia
G D7
sayin' Steve you're way behind time
G C
This is not 38, it's old 97
G D7 G
You must put her into Spencer on time

Then he turned around and said to his black greasy fireman
shovel on a little more coal
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain
We'll watch old 97 roll

But it's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
with a line down a three mile grade
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes
You can see what a jump he made

He was goin' down the grade makin' 90 miles an hour
When the whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck with his hand upon the throttle
A' scalded to death by the steam

Then the telegram came from the Lynchburg station
and this is how it read
Oh that daring engineer that ran old 97
he's a layin' in Danville dead

So now all of you ladies won't you please take a lesson
from this sad tale and learn
Never part with harsh words to your true lovin' husband
He may leave you and never return