

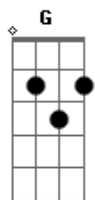
Johnny Cash - Casey Jones

Tom: G

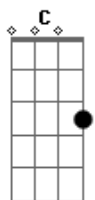
Come all you rounders that want to hear,
the story 'bout a brave engineer.
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
on a six-eight wheeler, boys, he rode to fame.
The caller called Casey at half past four,
he kissed his wife at the station door.
He climbed in his cabin with the orders in his hand,
said: This is the trip to the promised land.
Casey Jones climbed in his cabin,
Casey Jones, orders in his hand.
Casey Jones leaning out the window,
making a trip to the promised land.
Through South Memphis you're all gonna fly!
Rain's been falling, and the water was high.
Everybody knew by the engine's moan,
that the man at the rudder was Casey Jones.
Well, Jones, said the fireman, don't you fret!
Sam, Jones said, I ain't a given up yet.
We're eight hours late with the southbound mail,
be on time, or we're leaving the rails.
Casey Jones climbed in his cabin,
Casey Jones, orders in his hand.

Casey Jones leaning out the window,
making a trip to the promised land.
Dead on the trail was a passenger train,
blood was a-flowing in Casey's brain.
Casey said: Hey, look out ahead!
Slow down! Slow down! Or we'll all be dead.
With a hand on the whistle and a hand on the brake,
North Mississippi was wide awake.
I see, railroad officials said,
he's a good engineer, but be a-lying dead.
Casey Jones climbed in his cabin,
Casey Jones, orders in his hand.
Casey Jones leaning out the window,
making a trip to the promised land.
Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain,
are all the part of the railroad train.
Sweat 'n' toil, the good and the grand,
are part of the life of a railroad-man.
Casey Jones climbed in his cabin,
Casey Jones, orders in his hand.
Casey Jones leaning out the window,
making a trip to the promised land.

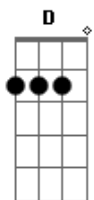
Acordes



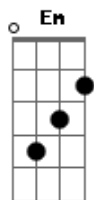
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