

Freight Train by Elizabeth "Libba" Cotton

C / C / G / G7 /

Freight train, freight train, run so fast

G7 / G7 / C / C /

Freight train, freight train, run so fast

E7 / E7 / F / F /

Please don't tell what train I'm on

C / G7 / C /

So they won't know where I'm gone

E7 / E / F // C / G7 / C / G7 /

When I'm dead and in my grave
No more good times here I crave
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

When I die, oh bury me deep
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
So I can hear old Number Nine
As she comes rolling by

There's one more train, I'm bound to ride
One more time, before I die
So that I can see those Blue Ridge Mountains rise
Come ridin' in old number nine.

Freight train, freight train, goin' round the bend
Freight train, freight train, comin' back again
One of these days I'll turn that train around
And go back to my home town.

When I die, oh bury me deep
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

Freight train, freight train, run so fast
Freight train, freight train, run so fast
Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know where I'm gone