

Wreck Of The Old 97 - Johnny Cash

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

They [G]gave him his orders at [C]Monroe Vagina
sayin' [G]Steve your way behind the [D]time
this is [G]not thirty eight this is [C]old 97
[G]pull her into [D]Spencer on [G]time.

He [G]turned and he said to his [C]black greasy fireman
let's [G]shovel on a little more [D]coal
and [G]when we cross that [C]wide oak mountain
just [G]watch old ninety [D]seven [G]roll.

Was a [G]mighty rough road from [C]Lenburg to Danvill
on a [G]climb with a three mile [D]grade
it was [G]on that grade that he [C]lost his air brakes
[G]see what a [D]jump he [G]made.

He was [G]comin' down the grade makin' [C]ninety miles an hour
his [G]whistle broke into a [D]scream
he was [G]found in the wreck with his [C]hand on the throttle
[G]scolded to [D]death by the [G]steam

Well [G]all you ladies had [C]better take warnin'
from [G]this time on and [D]learn
never [G]speak harsh words to your [C]true love or husband
he may [G]leave you and [D]never [G]return

