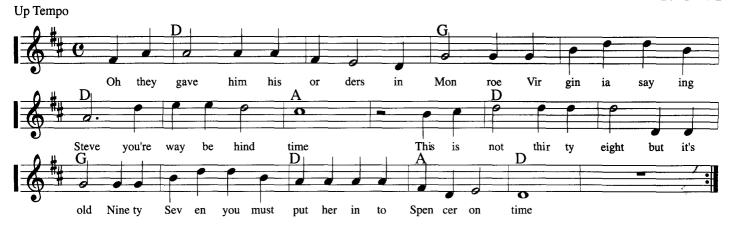
Wreck Of The Old 97

Traditional



Oh, they gave him his orders in Monroe, Virginia, saying, "Steve, you're way behind time This is not 38, this is Old 97 You must put her into Spencer on time".

He turned and he said to his tired, greasy fireman, "Shovel in a little more coal And when we cross the White Oak Mountain Just watch old 97 roll".

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville A line on a three mile grade
It was on this grade that he lost his leverage
You can see what a jump he made

He was going down the grade making ninety miles an hour When his whistle broke into a scream He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle Scalded to death by the steam

Now all you ladies, please take warning From this time now and learn Never speak harsh words to your true living husband He may leave and never return