

Atlantic Coastal Line

Hank Snow

Everybody calls me bo I got no money but I hold my row
Some folks say I'm just a no good guy
But I can ride for miles in old boxcar smoke cigarettes butts a
nd used cigars
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine smell that perfume of Georgia
pines
See that big moon roll above this hobo's life is a life I love
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Li
ne

Well I had me a woman in Albany but a rowdy way's made a wreck
of me
And I had to get away before I lost my mind
But as long as this rattler takes me around there ain't one wom
an gonna tie me down
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine Alabama and Caroline
Florida Georgia Tennessee a hobo's life is a life for me
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Li
ne

I make my coffee in a can but this bo ain't worried man
Morning sun greets me with the shine
I go south when the trade winds blow and I go north where there
ain't no snow
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line
Hear that lonesome whistle whine smell that perfume of Georgia
pines
See that big moon roll above this hobo's life is a life I love
Ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Line ridin' the Atlantic Coastal Li
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