

Casey Jones Was His Name

Hank Snow

A long time ago
In a town in Tennessee
There lived a man
And he was brave as he could be
By the sweat of his brow
He earned fortune and fame
Casey Jones was his name

From Memphis, Tennessee
On that Cannonball Express
By the whining of the whistle
You could tell him from the rest
Past the old plantations
With their cotton and cane
Casey Jones was his name

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack
Over the rails he'd go
Clickety-clack, clickety-clack
Bravin' rain and snow
Ev'ryone knew three-eighty-two was his train
Casey Jones was his name

Runnin' late through Sardis
Past Winona on the fly
Like lightnin' chasin' thunder
through the stairways of the sky
When we heard his engine moanin'
And the story is claimed
Casey Jones was his name

Then on that fatal night
He made his final run
Near Vaughan, Mississippi
He knew his time had come
Too late he saw ahead
There's thatta old freight train
Now the legend, Casey Jones was his name

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