

Crack In The Boxcar Door

Hank Snow

A long black engine keeps a rollin' along its wheels goin' clic
kety-clack
She's carryin' me to war that eastern seaboard Louisiana I ain'
t comin' back
And I sit all alone in an empty box listen to the engine roar
And I see the world that she oughta be seen through a crack in
the boxcar door

A hobo's life is a lonely life and I'm restless son of a gun
So I'll keep a riding these ribbons of steel and wait for my se
tting sun
And I sit all alone...

The engineer is pullin' her down and I reckon we ain't goin' to
stop
And I'll be a dodgin' the man that sticks I hear him a walkin'
on top
And I sit all alone...

Most folks think I'm a crazy man at all of hoboes like me
But I let the bottle that holds all the world and I'll die happ
y and free
And I reckon I'll die in an empty box listen to the engine roar
I'll take the last long look at ther world that I love
Through a crack in thin boxcar door
I'll take the last long look...