

The Golden Rocket

Hank Snow

From old Montana down to Alabam'
I've been before and I'll travel again
You triflin' women can't keep a good man down
You dealt the cards, but you missed the play
So hit the road and be on your way
Gonna board the Golden Rocket and leave this town.

I was a good engine a-runnin' on time
But baby I'm switchin' to another line
So honey never hang your signal out for me
I'm tired of runnin' on the same old track
Bought a one-way ticket and I won't be back
This Golden Rocket's gonna roll my blues away.

Hear that lonesome whistle blow
That's your cue and by now you know
That I got another true lover waitin' in Tennessee
This Midnight Special's a-burnin' the rail
So woman don't try to follow my trail
This Golden Rocket's gonna roll my blues away.

Hear her thunder on through the night
This Golden Rocket is a-doin' me right
And that sunny old Southland sure is a part of me
Now from your call-board erase my name
Your fire went out, you done lost your flame
And this Golden Rocket is a-rollin' my blues away.

That old conductor, he seemed to know
You'd done me wrong, I was feelin' low
For he yelled aloud, "We're over that Dixon Line"
The brakeman started singing a song
Said "You're worried now, but it won't be long
This Golden Rocket is leavin' your blues behind."

Then the porter yelled with his southern drawl
Let's "rise and shine, good mornin', you-all"
And I sprang to my feet to greet the new-born day
When I kissed my baby in the station door
That whistle blew like it never before
On the Golden Rocket that rolled my blues away.