

# 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.