

On The Atcheson, Topeka And The Sante Fe

Judy Garland

Do you hear that whistle down the line?
I figure that it's engine number forty-nine,
She's the only one that'll sound that way.
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

See the ol' smoke risin' round the bend,
I reckon that she knows she's gonna meet a friend,
Folks around these parts get the time o' day
From the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe

Here she comes!
Ooh, ooh, ooh,
Hey, Jim! yuh better git the rig!
Ooh, ooh, ooh,
She's got a list o' passengers that's pretty big
And they'll all want lifts to Brown's Hotel,
'Cause lots o' them been travelin' for quite a spell,
All the way to Cal-i-forn-i-ay
On the Atchison, Topeka
On the Atchison, Topeka
on the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Ooh-ee!
Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe,
Atchison, Topeka.

Oh, the roads back east are mighty swell,
The Chesapeake, Ohio and the ASL,
But I make my run and I make my pay
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Goin' back and forth along these aisles,
My land, you must've walked about a million miles.
It's a treat to be on your feet all day
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Here we come!
Raa-a-raa-a-raa-a-raa-raa-raa
She's really rakin' down the line
Looky, look, look, looky look, look, look
Oh, boy, we're huffin' and a-puffin' on the forty-nine!

In this day and age girls don't leave home
But if you get a hankerin', you wanna roam
Our advice to you is run away
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe.

Hey, men, did you ever see such perty femininity
arrivin' all at once in this here town?
In this here town?
Never saw the likes of this for miles around!

Round and round our heads are spinning,
New adventures are beginning.
What a length of calico,
It's taffet-ee and calico to really put a cowboy on the kibosh
Cowboy, kibosh

It's enough to make a fella wanna wash...

Wash your face and hands, we hope you'll never be afraid of soap!
Button shoes and powdered chalk and fancy smells and baby talk-
It's awful what a gal will stoop to do!
Even so, we aim to say we love to honor and oh-
Baby, are there any more at home like you?

Hand me my hair combed and my slicker,
Gonna get spruced up and I'll --- her.
Put on the dog and I'll city-slick her,
Mr. Harvey, Mr. Harvey,

Fred Harvey knows exactly how to pick 'em!

We come from Dubuque, I-O-Way,
That's where the tall, tall, tall corn grows.
We come from Louisiana,
That's where the Mis-is-is-is-isippi flows.

I was the Lilian Russell of Cherryville, Kansas,
But they never gave me a chance.
I finished high school in Providence, Rhode Island,
And Providence, Rhode Island is where dance.

(Virginia O'Brien)
Oh, I'm from Chillicothe-
Ohio!
My middle name's Hi-a-wath-ee -
Ohio!
I'm gonna git the gold in them thar hills,
So I said good-bye-o, Ohio!

We were school marms from Grand Rapids, Mich.
But reading, writing, 'rithmetic were not our dish.

(Ruth Brady)
I was born in Paris,
I was raised in Paris,
Went to school in Paris, Where I met a boy
I was married in Paris,
Almost buried in Paris,
But I finally left Paris-
Paris, Illinois!

So this is the wild and woolly west!
Give me my chaps and my checkered vest.
Give me a girl and a holster for my hip!
Bang, bang! Yip, yip!

What a lovely trip
I'm feeling so fresh and alive
And I'm so glad to arrive
It's all to grand
It's easy to see, you dont need a palace
To feel like Alice in Wonderland

Back in Ohio, where I come from
I've done alot of dreamin' and I traveled some
But I never thought, I'd see the day
When I ever took a ride on the Santa Fe
Wanna take a ride on the Santa Fe
I would lean across my window sill

And hear the whistle echoin' across the hills
Then I'd watch the lights as they fade away
On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe
What a thrill
What a great big wonderful thill
With the whistle singing westward ho!
Right from the day I heard them start
'Cross the Kansas plains through New Mexico
I guess I've got a little gypsy in my heat
When I'm old and gray and settled down
If I ever get a chance to sneek away from town
Then I'll spend my busman's holiday
On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe
All aboard!!
All aboard!!
I can't believe we're here at last
Ohh Ohh
I can't believe that anything would go so fast
Then your pullin' throttle, whistle blows
A-huffin' and a-puffin' and away we go
All aboard for Californi-a
On the Atchison
On the Atchison Topeka
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On the Atchison Topeka and the Santa Fe