

## Wreck Of The Old 97

Roy Acuff

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia  
Sayin', "Steve, you're way behind time  
This is not 38 but it's old 97  
You must put her into Spencer on time"

He looked round and said to his black, greasy fireman  
Shovel on a little more coal  
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain  
You can watch old 97 roll

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville  
With a line on a three mile grade  
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes  
And see what a jump we made

He was goin' down the grade making ninety miles an hour  
When his whistle began to a scream  
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
And scalded to death by the steam

So come all you ladies, you must take a warning  
From this time on and learn  
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband  
He may leave you and never return