

# Hank Williams, The Old Log Train

Hank Williams sr.

(d) if you will listen a (g) song I will (d) sing  
About my daddy who ran a log (a) train  
Way (d) down in the southland in (g) old ala- (d) bam  
We lived in a place that they (a) call chatmantown.

And late in the evening when the sun was low  
Way off in the distance you could hear the train blow  
The boys would come runnin' and mamma would sing,  
"get the supper on the table here comes the log train".

Every morning at the break of day

He'd grab his lunch bucket and be on his way  
In winter or summer, sunshine or rain  
Every mornin' he'd run that old log train.

A sweatin' and swearin' all day long  
Shoutin' "git-up there oxen, keep movin' along,  
Load er up boys cause it looks like rain,  
I've got get rollin' this old log train.

This story happened a long time ago  
The log train is silent, God called daddy to go  
But when I get to heaven to always remain  
I'll listen for the whistle of the old log train.