Johnny Cash, Like The 309

(Johnny Cash)

It should be a while before I see Dr. Death So it would sure be nice if I could get my breath Well I'm not the crying nor the whining kind 'Till I hear the whistle of the 309

Of the 309, of the 309 Put me in my box on the 309

Take me to the depot, put me to bed Blow an electric fan on my gnarly old head Everybody take a look, see I'm doing fine Then load my box on the 309

On the 309, on the 309 Put me in my box on the 309

Hey sweet baby, kiss me hard Draw my bath water, sweep my yard Give a drink of my wine to my Jersey cow I wouldn't give a hootin' hell for my journey now

On the 309, on the 309

I hear the sound of a railroad train The whistle blows and I'm gone again It will take me higher than a Georgia pine Stand back children, it's a 309

It's a 309, it's a 309 Put me in my box on the 309

A chicken in the pot and turkey in the corn Ain't felt this good since jubilee morn Talk about luck, well I got mine As me comin' down like a 309

Write me a letter, sing me a song Tell me all about it, what I did wrong Meanwhile I will be doing fine Then load my box on the 309

On the 309, on the 309 Goin' to get out of here on the 309