

# Vox, Chattanooga Choo Choo

Pardon me, boy  
Is that the Chattanooga choo choo?  
Track twenty-nine,  
Boy, you can gimme a shine

I can afford  
To board a Chattanooga choo choo  
I've got my fare  
And just a trifle to spare

You leave the Pennsylvania Station  
'bout a quarter to four  
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore  
Dinner in the diner  
Nothing could be finer  
Than to have your ham and eggs in Carolina

When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar  
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far  
Shovel all the coal in  
Gotta keep it rolling  
Woo, woo, Chattanooga there you are

There's gonna be  
A certain party at the station  
In satin and lace  
I used to call funny face

She's gonna cry  
Until I tell her that I'll never roam  
So Chattanooga choo choo  
Won't you choo-choo me home  
Chattanooga choo choo  
Won't you choo-choo me home