If you miss the train Im on, you will know that I am gone, you can hear the whistle blow one hundred miles. One hundred miles, one hundred miles, one hundred miles, one hundred miles, you can hear the whistle blow one hundred miles.

If my honey said so
I'd railroad no more
I'd sidetrack my engine and go home!
And go home
And go home
And go home
And go home
I'd sidetrack my engine and go home!

Not a shirt on my back
Not a penny to my name
Lord, I can't make a living this a-way!
This-a way
This-a way
This-a way
This-a way
Lord, I can't make a living this a-way!