The Wreck of the Old 97
(Noell/Lewey/Whittew)

A /// / / / / / / / / / / / / D

Well, they gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
A E7
Sayin’, “Steve, you’re way behind time
A D
Because this ain’t Thirty-Eight, it’s Old Ninety-Seven—
A E7 A
You got to put her into Danville on time”

A D
And it’s a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to Danville
A E7
On a line on a three-mile grade
A A7 D
It was down that line he lost his air-brakes
A E7 A
You can see what a jump he made

A D
Well, Steve Grady said to his black, greasy fireman
A E7
“Just shovel on a little more coal
A D
And when we pass them White Oak Mountains
A E7 A
Just watch the Old Ninety-Seven roll”

A D
And it’s a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to Danville
A E7
On a line on a three-mile grade
A A7 D
It was down that line he lost his air-brakes
A E7 A
You can see what a jump he made

A D
He was comin’ down that line makin’ ninety miles an hour
A E7
When the whistle broke into a scream
A D
Yeah, they found him in the wreck with his hand upon the throttle
A E7 A
He’d been scalded to death by steam
And it’s a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to Danville
On a line on a three-mile grade
It was down that line he lost his air-brakes
You can see what a jump he made

Well, come on now, all you ladies
From this time on, now learn
Don’t you ever say harsh words to your true-lovin’ husband
He may leave you and never return

And it’s a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to Danville
On a line on a three-mile grade
It was down that line he lost his air-brakes
You can see what a jump he made