

Golden Rocket

Written by Hank Snow

1. From old Montana down to Alabam',
I've been before and I'll travel again,
Your triflin' women can't keep a good man down,
You dealt the cards but you missed the play,
So hit the road and be on your way,
I'm gonna board the Golden Rocket and leave this town.
2. I was a good engine a-running on time,
But baby I'm switchin' to another line,
So honey never hang your signal out for me,
I'm tired of running on the same old track,
Bought a one-way ticket and I won't be back,
This Golden Rocket 's gonna roll my blues away.
3. Hear that lonesome whistle blow,
That's your cue and by now you know,
That I got another true love a-waitin' in Tennessee,
This midnight special's a-burnin' the rail,
So woman don't try to follow my trail,
This Golden Rocket 's gonna roll my blues away.
4. Hear her thunder on through the night,
This Golden Rocket is a doin' me right,
That sunny old southland sure is apart of me,
Now from your call-board erase my name,
Your fire went out, you done lost your flame,
And this Golden Rocket is a-rollin' my blues away.
5. That old conductor he seemed to know,
That you done me wrong I was feelin' low,
For he yelled aloud "We're over that Dixon line",
The brakeman started singin' a song,
Said "You're worried now but it won't be long",
This Golden Rocket is leavin' your blues behind.
6. Then the porter yelled with his southern drawl,
Let's rise and shine, good mornin' ya all,
And I sprang to my feet to greet the new born day,
As I kissed my baby in the station door,
That whistle blew like never before,
On the Golden Rocket that rolled my blues away.