Nine hundred miles

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk .



I am ri−ding on this train, There are tears in my eyes, I am
try'n' to read a let−ter from my home. If this
train runs me right, I'll be home to−mor−row night. For I'm
nine hun−dred miles* from my home. And I

I am riding on this train, There are tears in my eyes,
I am try'n' to read a letter from my home.
If this train runs me right, I'll be home tomorrow night.
For I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

Well this train I'm riding on is a hundred coaches long
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles;
If this train runs me right, I'll be home tomorrow night.
For I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.