

Nine Hundred Miles

Words & Music:
Woody Guthrie

Am E Am
I'm ridin' along this track, I got tears in me eyes,
Am G Am
Tryin' to read a letter from my home.

CHORUS:

Am E Am
If this train leads me right, I'll be home tomorrow night,
Am Dm
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home,
Am E Am
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

I'll pawn ye my watch, and I'll pawn ye my chain,
Pawn ye my gold diamond ring.

CHORUS:

This train I ride on is a hundred coaches long,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

CHORUS:

If my woman says no, then I'll railroad no more,
I'll live in the shanty all my days.

CHORUS: