

Freight Train
(Elizabeth Cotten)

Freight train freight train goin' so fast
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Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know where I've gone.

When I die, Lord, bury me deep
Way down on yonder Chestnut street
So I can hear old number nine
As she goes rollin' by.

When I'm dead and in my grave
No more secrets will I crave
Place these stones at my head and at my feet
Tell them all I've gone to sleep.