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Freight train, freight train, run so fast
 Freight train, freight train, run so fast
 Please don't tell what train I'm on
 They won't know what route I'm going

When I'm dead and in my grave
 No more good times here I crave
 Place the stones at my head and feet
 And tell them all I've gone to sleep

When I die, oh bury me deep
 Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
 So I can hear old Number Nine
 As she comes rolling by

When I die, oh bury me deep
 Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
 Place the stones at my head and feet
 And tell them all I've gone to sleep

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