

## **Here to Tennessee**

I've been slaving in this factory since the age of seventeen

Building metal panels all day long

And I watch out of the window as I work at the machine

Waiting for the train to come along

I hear that train each morning as it winds along the track

And I see those eighteen boxcars hurry by

I can hear the whistle blowing and I watch that old smokestack

Shooting clouds of smoke up to the sky

**One day I'm going to take that train and leave this job behind**

**Lord knows I've got to set my longing free**

**I'll climb aboard a boxcar on that old South Western line**

**And I'll ride that train from here to Tennessee**

It's seven years this summer since my love she passed away

There's nothing now to tie me to this town

All my friends have scattered and I got no need to stay

And every day this factory gets me down

**Chorus**

