Chattanooga Choo Choo
By Mack Gordon & Harry Warren

Intro:
Pardon me, boy is that the Chattanooga choo—?
Track twenty-nine— Won't you gimme a shine—?
I can afford— to board a Chattanooga choo—

I've got my fare— and just a trifle to spare—

--- tacit --- | C . Dm . | C . Dm\ G7 \ |
You leave the Pennsylvania Station 'bout a quarter to four
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore—more

Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer
Than to have your ham an' eggs in Carolina—

C . Dm . | C . Dm\ G7 \ |
When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far.

Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep it rollin'
D7 . . . . . | G7 . C | D7 |
Woo, woo, Chattanooga there you are—

There's gonna be a certain party at the station—
Satin and lace— I used to call "Funny Face"—
She's gonna cry— un-til I tell her that I'll never roam—

So Chattanooga choo choo— won't you choo-choo me home—?
Won't you choo-choo me home?
Won't you choo-choo me home?