Chattanooga Choo-Choo

Lyric by MACK GORDON
Music by HARRY WARREN

Moderato (with rhythm)

Par-don me, boy is that the Chattanooga

Choo-choo, Track twenty-nine,

Boy, you can gim-me a shine.
I can afford to board a Chattanooga Choo-Choo,

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

You leave the Pennsylvania station 'bout a quarter to four, read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore, Din-
-ner in the diner, nothing could be finer than to have your ham n' eggs in

Carolina. When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar. Then

you know that Tennessee is not very far. Shovel all the coal in, got-

ta keep it rollin' 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 until I tell her that I'll
F/A       Ab7       Ab7-5       C/G       Am7
never roam, So Chatta-noo-ga Choo-choo, won't-

D7       Dm7/G       G7-9       C6       Cm6
you choo-choo me home.

C7       Cm6       C7/Bb       Am7
Chat-ta-noo-ga Choo-choo, won't-

D7-5/Ab Dm7/G       G7-9       C       C6
you choo-choo me home.