1. Casey Jones he was a mighty man,  
   But now he's resting in the promised land,  
   The kind of music he could understand,  
   Was an eight wheel driver under his command.

   **chorus:** He made the freight train boogie,  
   All the time,  
   He made the freight train boogie,  
   As he rolled down the line.

2. When the fireman started ringing the bell,  
   Everybody on the line could tell,  
   Casey Jones was a coming to town,  
   On an eight wheel driver that was burning 'em down.

   **chorus:**