

# The Last Ride

Recorded by Hank Snow

Words and music by Halcomb & Daffan

**C**

In the Dodge City yards of the Sante Fe

**G7**

Stood a freight made up for the east  
And the engineer with his oil and waste

**C**

Was groomin' the great iron beast;

While ten cars back in the murky dust

**C7**

**F**

A box- car door swung wide

**G7**

And a hobo lifted his pal aboard

**C**

To start on his last, long ride;

**F**

A lantern swung and the freight pulled out

**C**

The engine it gathered speed

**F**

The engineer pulled the throttle wide

**D7**

**G7**

And clucked to his fiery steed;

**C**

Ten cars back in the empty box

**G7**

The hobo rolled a pill

The flare of the match showed his partners' face

**C**

Stark white and deathly still;

As the train wheels clicked on the couplin' joints

**C7**

**F**

A song for the ramblers' ears

**G7**

The hobo talked to the still, white form

**C**

His pal for many a year;

**SPOKEN**

**C**

For a mighty long time we've rambled, Jack

**F**

With the luck of men that roam

**G7**

With the back door steps for a dining room

**C**

And the boxcar for a home;

We dodged the bulls on the eastern route

And the cops on the Chesapeake

We travelled the Leadville Narrow Gauge

In the days of Cripple Creek;

We drifted down through sunny Cal

On the rails of the old S. P.

And of all you had, through good and bad

A half always belonged to me;

You made me promise to you, Jack

If I lived and you cashed in

To take you back to the old churchyard

And bury you there with your kin;

You seemed to know I would keep my word

For you said that I was wise

Well, I'm keepin my promise to you, pal

'Cause I'm takin' you home tonight;

I hadn't the money to send you there

So I'm takin' you back on the 'fly'

It's the decent way for a Bo to go

Home to the by and by;

I knew that fever had you, Jack

And that doctor just wouldn't come

He was too busy treatin' the wealthy folks

To doctor a worn out bum;

**SUNG**

**C**

As the train rolled over it's ribbon of steel

**G7**

Straight through to the east it sped

The engineer in his high cab seat

**C**

Keep his eyes on the rails a- head;

While ten cars back in the empty box

**C7 F**

The lone- ly hobo sighed

**G7**

For the days of old and his pal so cold

**C**

Was taking his last long ride.