

Old Buddy, Goodnight
By:Utah Phillips

I was there when they opened the boxcar
And found him stone dead on the floor.
Though thumbin' and bummin' was all of our trade,
No one had seen him before.
He wore the face of a stranger:
Lost and unseen in a crowd.
He looked so small as we carried him down
Wrapped in a newspaper shroud.

The wind blows cold in Wyoming.
The stars shine clear and bright.
If you don't wake up tomorrow at all,
I guess it's old buddy, goodnight.

His hair was the color of winter,
All streaked with iron and coal.
And all you could see in his soft prairie eyes
Was the wind and the grass and the snow.
The backs of his hands were like road maps.
The lines on his face were the same.
And on his left arm a faded tattoo
Bordered a rose and a name.

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I don't know where he came from.
His train was a U.P. freight.
If there's someone waiting for him down below,
He'll be a little bit late.
So, give him a line in your paper,
And here's what I want you to say:
"There's some things worse than dying alone,
And one of 'em's living that way."

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