

Hobo in my Mind
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Up on Smoky mountain,
Drinking from a soda fountain,
That's where I was when I was,
A hobo in my mind.
Hoppin' freights and pickin' dates,
Goblin' beans from old tin plates,
It seems like years since I was just
A hobo in my mind.

[Cho:]
It did no harm, it set my mind,
To dreamin' of a way,
To get my hands on something,
That I had to find someday.
Far beyond Chicago,
Somewhere where the longest trains go,
That's where I was when I was,
A hobo in my mind.

(short instrumental break)

Me and a couple of buddies,
We didn't care if our shoes got muddy.
We didn't care where the trains were bound,
We'd ride them rascals blind.
Oh, maybe I was crazy,
Maybe just my foolish ways,
But that's where I was when I was,
A hobo in my mind.

[Cho:]