

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Hobo blues

Got a hole in my pocket done packed my ole nap-sack
Got a train to catch a mile on down the track
Been hanging 'round this ole town way to many days
Got to ramble on I must be on my way

Bot the hobo blues
Got to go, got to go, Bod I've got the hobo blues
When I hear that whistle blow
Got to move, got to move
God, I've got the hobe blues

Some women try to hold me but I keep moving on
My hat don't hang no where for to long
Cause I'm caught up in the feeling of a singing breakman's song
Got the hobo blues deep down in my bones

* Refrain

When I die say you'll bury me in an old box-car
With a coffee can and my ole guitar
And make sure I'm close enough to hear the passing trains
Got that freight-tarin fever chugging in my veins

* Refrain