

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dying Hobo

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Behind a Western water tank a dying hobo lay,
Inside an empty box-car, one cold November day ;
His comrade sat beside him with low and drooping head,
Listening to the dying words this poor dying hobo said.

"I am going to a better land, where everything is bright
Where hand-outs grow on bushes, and you can sleep out every night.
Tell my sweetheart back in Denver no more her face I'll view
For I have caught the fast train and now I'm going through."

"Tell her not to weep for me, no tears in her eyes must lurk,
For I have gone to a land where hoboes don't have to work,
Don't have to work at all, not even have to change your socks
Where little streams of alcohol come tingling down the rocks.

"Hark! I hear the whistling; I must catch her on the fly
Just one drink of 9-5 booze -it 's not so hard to die."
His voice grew weak, his head fell back, he 's sung his last refrain,
His partner swiped his coat and hat and caught the east-bound train.

A parody of Bingen on the Rhine.
From Folk-Songs of the South, Cox
Recorded by Doc Watson
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