

WHERE HAVE ALL THE HOBOES GONE

The silver rails have lost their shine
They're just the victims of our time
They might as well rust in the rain
What good's a track without a train.

Where have all the hoboes gone
I never knew they even had a home
So Lord if you have turned your back
You might as well take off the track.

I love to hear a whistle whin
Just ride a boxcar one more time
So Lord if you're still on my side
You'll send me one more train to ride.

Where have all the hoboes gone
I never knew they even had a home
So Lord if you have turned your back
You might as well take off the track.

Hm, hmm, so Lord if you're still on my side
You'll send me one more train to ride...