

# Hobo's Prayer

## Marty Stuart

Under bridges, beneath trestles in the boxcars of dead trains

Livin' to beat the cold of the pouring driving rain

A silent society moves out in the night

Ragged rebels, homeless hobos and those like me who've lost the light St. Peter is a prophet to all the hobo world

An expert on everything from caviar to girls

I met him west of Memphis on the 8th of July

He handed me a can of beans and a rusty knife And he said "Everything out here ain't what it seems

And when you're down to nothing, just go ahead and dream

Face the fact that you're circle in a world full of squares

Trading sorrows for tomorrows, now that's the hobo's prayer" Mother Mary is a lady from down in New Orleans

She's seen a lot of living since she was 17

She said, "I'm bona fide and worldly wise, with original parts

'Cept for what set me to traveling, I'm talking about my heart" She said, "I can spot a broken heart from 20 miles away

So are you passing through or have you come to stay

You're running from a woman" she said with a grin

"So what've you got to say" and I said, "I am a pilgrim" Where everything out here ain't what it seems

When I'm down to nothing, I just go ahead and dream

And face the fact that I'm a circle in a world full of squares

Trading sorrows for tomorrows, that's the hobo's prayer

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