

# Only a Hobo

Rod Stewart

As I was out walking on the corner one day  
I spied an old hobo, in the doorway he lay  
His face was all covered in the cold sidewalk floor  
I guess he'd been there for a whole night or more  
He was only a hobo, but one more is gone  
Leaving nobody to carry it on  
Leaving nobody to sing his sad song  
Only a hobo, but one more is gone  
A blanket of newspaper covered his head  
The step was his pillow  
The street was his bed  
One look at his face  
Showed the hard road he'd come  
And a fistful of money  
Showed the coins that he'd bummed  
He was only a hobo, but one more is gone  
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song  
Leavin' nobody to carry it on  
Only a hobo, but one more is gone  
Does it take much of a man  
To see a whole life go down  
To look on the world  
From a hole in the ground  
Too late for your future  
Like a horse that's gone lame  
To lie in the gutter  
And die with no name  
He was only a hobo, but one more is gone  
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song  
Leavin' nobody to carry it on  
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

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