

Hobo Bill

Merle Haggard

Hobo Bill-why

Riding on that eastbound freight train speeding through the night

Hobo Bill a railroad bum was fighting for his life

The sadness of his eyes revealed the torture of his soul

He raised a weak and weary hand to brush away the cold

Hobo Bill

No warm lights flickered round him no blankets there to hold

Nothing but the howling wind and the driving rain so cold

When he heard a whistle blowing in a dreamy kind of way

The hobo seemed contented for he smiled there where he lay

Hobo Bill

Outside the rain was falling on that lonely boxcar door

But the little form of Hobo Bill lay still upon the floor

While the train sped through the darkness and the raging storm outside

No one knew that Hobo Bill was taking his last ride

It was early in the morning when they raised the hobo's head

The smile still lingered on his face but Hobo Bill was dead

There was no mother's longing to soothe his weary soul

For he was just a railroad bum who died out in the cold

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