

Last Hobo

John Denver

He was born in International Falls a long, long time ago.

Moved to Tucumcari when the ironwork got slow.

He was cornbread and hard scrabble and scratching for every dime.

'Til he threw it in and he hit the road to walk that endless line.

Now he's the Last Hobo.

Riding the last boxcar.

On the last freight train.

Leaving here.

Now he's the Last Hobo.

Riding the last boxcar.

On the last freight train.

Away from here.

He tried his hands at lots of jobs and he did 'em all with pride.

From shoeing mules to driving trucks, he mastered what he tried.

It must have been Ramona, she was all he cared about.

When she ran away and left him you could see the fire go out.

Now he's the Last Hobo.

Riding the last boxcar.

On the last freight train.

Away from here.

We hardly ever see him,

Once or twice and he would stay a day or two.

He'd ask about Ramona.

Then he'd say that he was only passing through.

Now he knows every railroad bull along the right of way.

And every hobo jungle from New York to Santa Fe.

He's looked for his Ramona on the far side of the hill.

Now his sun is sinking lower and he's looking for her still.

Still he's the Last Hobo.

Riding the last boxcar.

On the last freight train.

Leaving here.

Now he's the Last Hobo.

Riding the last boxcar.

On the last freight train.

Away from here.

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