Rambling Hobo

Doc Watson

Rambling Hobo
Doc WatsonJust a mile west of the water tank
on a cold November day.
In a cold and lonesome box car
A dyin hobo layHis pal sat there before him
with a low and drooping head
listening to the last words
his dying buddy saidGoodbye old pardner hobo
I hate to say goodbye
but I hear my train a comin
& I know shes getting nighGonna tell that old conductor
Just when I'm gonna stop
Where the little stream of water
comes tumblin down the rockWe rode the rocks together
we rambled all around
In every kind of weather
we slept out on the groundOh pardner don't you miss that train
that always makes a stop
where the little stream of water
comes tumblin down the rockWould you tell my girl from Danville
that she need not worry a tall
I'm a goin to that country
where I won't have to work at allNo I wll not have to work there
or never change my socks
where the little stream of water
comes tumblin down the rocksI'm a goin to that better place
where everything is right
Where handouts grow on bushes
and they sleep out every nightI won't have to wash my overhauls
or never change my socks
Where the little stream of water
Comes tumblin down the rocks

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