

# 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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