

# Hobo Bill's Last Ride

[Hank Snow](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Riding on an east bound 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. Ho-ho-o, bo-o-o, bil-lie No warm lights flickered around him  
No blankets there to fold  
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 Ho-ho-o, bo-o-o, bil-lie Outside the rain was fallin'  
On that lonesome boxcar door  
But the little form of Hobo Bill  
Lay still upon the floor As 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 mornin'  
When they raised the hobo's head  
The smile still lingered on his face  
But Hobo Bill was dead There was no mother's longin'  
To soothe his weary soul  
For he was just a railroad bum  
Who died out in the cold

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>