

# The Hobo Song

[John Prine](#)

There was a time, when lonely men would wander  
Through this land rolling aimlessly along  
So many times, I've heard of their sad story  
Written in the words of dead men's songs  
Down through the years, many men have yearned for freedom  
Some found it only on the open road  
So many tears of blood have fell around us  
'Cause you can't always do what you are told  
Please tell me, where have all the hobos gone to?  
I see no fire burning down by the rusty railroad track  
Could it be that, time has gone and left them?  
Tied up in life's eternal traveling sack  
Last Sunday night, I wrote a letter to my loved one  
I signed my name and knew I'd stayed away too long  
There was a time when my heart was free to wander  
And I remember as I sing this 'Hobo Song'

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