

# The Hobo's Last Ride

Hank Snow

One dark and stormy night while riding down the line  
Railroad Bill, the engineer said, "Boy, well have to fly"  
Weve got to be on time to meet old Number Four  
So sling the coal, well make it, boy, or never ride no more While in the rear boxcar, a lonely hobo lay  
Heading for his mother dear, who on her death bed lay  
He raised a weary hand to brush away a tear  
Not knowing his last drive was run and fate was drawing near When through the darkened night, a headlight  
bright did gleam  
Oer the roar of rolling wheels, a whistle load did scream  
As down around the curve, the mighty train did roar  
With black smoke rolling from the stack came Flyer Number Four Then came an awful crash, their last long  
drive was run  
On the track the hobo lay, his days of life were done  
And as the golden sun sank slowly to the west  
His dear old mother gently smiled and closed her eyes in death

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