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 moreWhile 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 nearWhen 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 FourThen 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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