

# Papa Hobo

Paul Simon

It's carbonide monoxide  
The ol' Detroit perfume  
It hangs on the highways in the mornin'  
And it lays you down by noon Oh, Papa Hobo  
You can see that I'm dressed like a schoolboy  
But I feel like a clown  
It's a natural reaction I learned in this basketball town Sweep up  
I've been sweepin' up the tips I've made  
I've been livin' on Gatorade  
Plannin' my getaway Detroit, Detroit got a hell of a hockey team  
Got a left-handed way  
Of makin' a man sign up on that automotive dream  
Oh yeah, oh yeah Oh, Papa, Papa Hobo  
Could you slip me a ride?  
Well, it's just after breakfast  
I'm in the road and the weatherman lied

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