Papa Hobo

Paul Simon

It's carbon and 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'm 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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