

Only A Hobo

Rod Stewart

As I was out walking on the corner one day
I spied an old hobo, in the doorway he lay
His face was all covered in the cold sidewalk floor
I guess he'd been there for a whole night or more
He was only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leaving nobody to carry it on
Leaving nobody to sing his sad song
Only a hobo, but one more is gone
A blanket of newspaper covered his head
The step was his pillow, the street was his bed
One look at his face showed the hard road he'd come
And a fistful of money showed the coins that he'd bummed
He was only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
Leavin' nobody to carry it on
Only a hobo, but one more is gone
Does it take much of a man to see a whole life go down
To look on the world from a hole in the ground
Too late for your future like a horse that's gone lame
To lie in the gutter and die with no name
He was only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
Leavin' nobody to carry it on
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

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