Hobo Bill's Last Ride

Iris DeMent

Riding east bound freight train, stealing through the night
He was just a lonesome hobo who was fighting for his life
The sadness in his eyes revealed the torture of his soul
As he raised a weak and weary hand to brush away the coldOutside the rain is falling on that lonely boxcar door
But the little frame of Hobo Bill lay still upon the floor
As the train sped through the darkness and the raging storm outside
No one knew that Hobo Bill was taking his last rideHe was a lonesome hoboNo warm lights flickered 'round him no blankets were there to fold
There was nothing but the howling wind and the driving rain so cold
As he heard a whistle blowing in a dreamy kind of way
The hobo seemed contented for he smiled there where he layIt was early in the morning when they raised the hobo's head
The smile still lingered on his face, though Hobo Bill was dead
There was no one there to weep for him or soothe his weary soul
For he was just a hobo who had died out in the coldHe was a lonesome hobo

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