

# 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 cold  
Outside 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 ride  
He was a lonesome hobo  
No 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 lay  
It 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 cold  
He was a lonesome hobo

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