The Last Ride

Hank Snow

In the Dodge City Yards of the Santa Fe Stood a freight made up for the east And the engineer with his oil and grease(?) Was groomin' the great iron beast While ten cars back in the murky dust A boxcar door swung wide And a hobo lifted his pal aboard To start on his last long rideA lantern swung and the freight pulled out The engine, it gathered speed The engineer pulled the throttle wide And clucked to his fiery steedTen cars back in the empty box The hobo rolled a pill The flare of the match showed his partner's face Stark white and deathly still As the train wheels clicked on the couplin' joints A song for the rambler's ear The hobo talked to the still white form His pal for many a year(Spoken) For a mighty long time, we've rambled, Jack With the luck of men that roam With the backdoor steps for a dining room And a boxcar for a home We dodged the bulls on the Eastern route And the cops on the Chesapeake We travelled the Leadville narrow gauge In the days of Cripple Creek We drifted down thru sunny Cal On the rails of that old S. P. And of all you had, thru good and bad A half always belonged to me You made me promise to you Jack If I lived, and you cashed in To take you back to the old church yard And bury you there with your kin You seemed to know I would keep my word 'Cause you said that I was right Well, I'm keepin' my promise to you, pal 'Cause I'm takin' you home tonight

I haven't the money to send you there

So, I'm takin' you back on the fly
It's the decent way for a 'bo to go
Home to the by and by
I knew that that fever had you, Jack
And that doctor, he just wouldn't come
He was too busy treatin' the wealthy folks
To doctor a worn-out bumAs the train rolled over its ribbons of steel
Straight thru to the East it sped
The engineer in his high cab seat
Kept his eye on the rails ahead
While ten cars back in the empty box
A lonely hobo sighed
For the days of old and his pal, so cold
Who was takin' his last long ride

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