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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