The Hobo Song

John Prine

There was a time, when lonely men would wander
Through this land rolling aimlessly along
So many times, I've heard of their sad story
Written in the words of dead men's songs
Down through the years, many men have yearned for freedom
Some found it only on the open road
So many tears of blood have fell around us
'Cause you can't always do what you are told
Please tell me, where have all the hobos gone to?
I see no fire burning down by the rusty railroad track
Could it be that, time has gone and left them?
Tied up in life's eternal traveling sack
Last Sunday night, I wrote a letter to my loved one
I signed my name and knew I'd stayed away too long
There was a time when my heart was free to wander
And I remember as I sing this 'Hobo Song'
Please tell me, where have all the hobos gone to?
I see no fire burning down by the rusty railroad track
Could it be that, time has gone and left them?
Tied up in life's eternal traveling sack
Tied up in life's eternal traveling sack

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