

# Hobo's Lullaby

[Arlo Guthrie](#)

Go to sleep you weary hobo  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
Can't you hear the steel rail humming  
That's a hobo's lullaby Do not think about tomorrow  
Let tomorrow come and go  
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar  
Safe from all the wind and snow I know the police cause you trouble  
They cause trouble everywhere  
But when you die and go to heaven  
You won't find no policemen there I know your clothes are torn and ragged  
And your hair is turning gray  
Lift your head and smile at trouble  
You'll find happiness some day

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