Hobo's Lullaby

Pete Seeger

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

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