

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 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 grey
Lift your head and smile at trouble
You'll find happiness some day

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