

Hobo's Son

[Kelly Joe Phelps](#)

one cold summer night sally slipped away
door left open wide not a word to say
hard luck took its toll I can't blame her none
not today might be here tomorrow she knew better fare when a girl at home
hope for a settled life, not this world to roam
let my prayer be heard and guide me on her way
not today might be here tomorrow been three years and change since I held her near
up and down these roads I've looked everywhere
and not once have I seen the color of her hair
not today might be here tomorrow I'll be a hobo's son surely all my days
whittle off the hours with a memory for my blade
and carve the hand of sally dear hoping her to find
not today might be here tomorrow

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