

# The Hobo Song

John Prine

There was a time  
When lonely men would wander  
Thru 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.