

Hobo In My Mind

Tom Paxton

Up on Smoky mountain,
Drinking from a soda fountain,
That's where I was when I was,
A hobo in my mind.
Hoppin' freights and pickin' dates,
Goblin' beans from old tin plates,
It seems like years since I was just
A hobo in my mind.

It did no harm, it set my mind,
To dreamin' of a way,
To get my hands on something,
That I had to find someday.
Far beyond Chicago,
Somewhere where the longest trains go,
That's where I was when I was,
A hobo in my mind.

Me and a couple of buddies,
We didn't care if our shoes got muddy.
We didn't care where the trains were bound,
We'd ride them rascals blind.
Oh, maybe I was crazy,
Maybe just my foolish ways,
But that's where I was when I was,
A hobo in my mind.

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To get my hands on something,
That I had to find someday.
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That's where I was when I was,
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