

Hobo Bill's Last Ride

Hank Snow

Riding on an East-
bound freight train, speeding through the night
Hobo Bill, a railroad bum, was fighting for his life...
The sadness of his eyes revealed the torture of his soul
He raised a weak and weary hand to brush away the cold.

Ho-ho-o Bo-o-o Bil-lie!

No warm lights flickered around him, no blankets there to fold
Nothing but, the howling wind and the driving rain, so cold
When he heard a whistle blowing, in a dreamy kind of way
The hobo seemed contented for he smiled there where he lay.

Ho-ho-o Bo-o-o Bil-lie!

Outside the rain was fallin' on that lonesome boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill lay still upon the floor
As the train sped through the darkness and the raging storm out
side
No one knew that Hobo Bill was taking his last ride.

It was early in the mornin' when they raised the hobo's head
The smile still lingered on his face, but Hobo Bill was dead
There was no mother's longin', to soothe his weary soul
For he was just a railroad bum, who died out in the cold.