

Hobo Bill's Last Ride

Jimmie Rodgers

Ho -oh oh bo-oh-oh Billy

Riding on an eastbound 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 -oh oh bo-oh-oh Billy

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 -oh oh bo-oh-oh Bill

Outside the rain was falling on that lonely boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill lay still upon the
floor
While the train sped through the darkness and the
raging storm outside
No one knew that Hobo Bill was taking his last ride

Woo...woo....

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

Woo...woo...