

Hobo

Linda Ronstadt

I lit my purest candle close to my window
Hoping it would catch the eye
Of any vagabond that passed it by
And I waited in my lonely house

Before he came I felt him drawing near
And as he neared I felt the ancient fear
That he had come to my door and jeer
And I waited in my fleeting house

Tell me stories, I called to the hobo
Stories of old, I smiled to the hobo
Storie of cold, I wept to the hobo
As he stood before my fleeting house

No, said the hobo, no more tales of time
Don't ask me now to wash away the grime
I can't come in for it's too high a climb
And he walked away from my lonely house

Then you be damned I screamed to the hobo
Turn into stone I cried to the hobo
Leave me alone I knelt to the hobo
And he walked away from my fleeting house

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