

Hey, I'm a sky-bo and I see the world from an airplane
That's a hobo that can't get around fast enough on a train
But from an airport to depot the motive for leaving's the same
I'm a sky-bo, that's a new kind of hobo for planes

Hey, I took a flight job in Phoenix
Flyin' some rich folks around
They paid me to do what I love to
And I set 'em back safe on the ground

But Phoenix got old and a hurry
So I sky-roped fancy goodbye
Sit down on the end of the runway
And caught me a jet on the flight

Hey, I'm a sky-bo and I see the world from an airplane
That's a hobo that can't get around fast enough on a train
But from an airport to depot the motive for leaving's the same
I'm a sky-bo and that's a new kind of hobo for planes

I ride the first thing, smokin' the Mar
Ate nothin', leavin' tonight
I'm stuck in this old cage in airport
Came in on the last report flight

I'll dose off where the welcome arrivals
Wake up in a crowd of goodbyes
But I'll hustle my ticket tomorrow
And lose my blues in the sky

Hey, I'm a sky-bo and I see the world from an airplane
That's a hobo that can't get around fast enough on a train
But from a depot or airport the motive for leaving's the same
I'm a sky-bo and that's a new kind of hobo for planes