

Yard Bull

Mike Patton

It takes a nations' greed
To do nothing
And make it all look wrong
No desire anymore
Leave me alone
And let the ravens roam

Surfing a concrete wave
A subterranean cave
And what's the difference now?
The tramp the tames the iron trail
Czar of the rails
Is never for sale

Who, who knows
Where the hobo goes?
Who, who knows
Where the hobo goes?

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Who, who knows
Where the hobo goes?
Who, who knows?

The tracks stitched like seams
On a blanket of dreams
The lonesome whistle blows
Arrive and disappear
Like a windward fear
The wanderlust she calls

Find your own boxcar
Like Harry Partch
Slow engines to a crawl

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Skyscrapers, cornfields
Old orange peels
Like pages in a book
We're floating state by state
See you on the freights
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