

## Sidewalk Hobo

Tony Joe White

His footsteps echoed softly through the early morning  
hour  
The slowness of his move should be a warning  
From the trash he digs a pair of socks and yesterday's  
flowers  
What a way to start a monday-morning

He might have been a carpenter at one time in his life  
Built a lot of homes but never had one  
Or he might have been a poet who'd come upon some hard  
times  
And all that he had lived was just them sad poems

He might have been a singer with a lot of promise  
Cigarettes and whisky ruined his throat  
And it's hard to remember even a simple tune  
Or the words to the songs that he had wrote

Take me back to Memphis, I've got to do some things  
I've been in this city way too long  
And it lays heavy on my mind when I see another man  
Having to make the sidewalk, having to make the sidewalk  
his home