Only A Hobo

Rod Stewart

As I was out walking on the corner one day
I spied an old hobo, in the doorway he lay
His face was all covered in the cold sidewalk floor
I guess he'd been there for a whole night or more

He was only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leaving nobody to carry it on
Leaving nobody to sing his sad song
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

A blanket of newspaper covered his head
The step was his pillow
The street was his bed
One look at his face
showed the hard road he'd come
and a fistful of money
showed the coins that he'd bummed

He was only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
Leavin' nobody to carry it on
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

Does it take much of a man
to see a whole life go down
To look on the world
from a hole in the ground
Too late for your future
like a horse that's gone lame
To lie in the gutter
and die with no name

He was only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
Leavin' nobody to carry it on
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

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