

# The Last Hobo

Tom Paxton

He was born in International Falls a long lifetime ago  
Moved to Tucumcari when the iron work got slow  
It was corn bread and hard scrabble and a scratchin' for every  
dime  
Until he threw it in and he hit the road to walk the endless li  
ne

Now he's the last hobo, ridin' the last boxcar  
On the last freight train, leavin' here  
He's the last hobo, ridin' the last boxcar  
On the last freight train, leavin' here

He tried and handled lots of jobs and he did 'em all with pride  
From shoein' mules to drivin' trucks, he mastered what he tried  
It must've been Ramona; she was all he cared about  
When she ran away and left him, you could see the fire go out

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We hardly ever see him, once or twice a year he stay a day or t  
wo  
He'll ask about Ramona, then he'll say that he was only passin'  
though

Now he knows every railroad bull along the right of way  
And every hobo jungle from New York to Santa Fe  
He's looked for his Ramona on the far side of the hill  
Now his sun is sinkin' lower and he's lookin' for her still

He's still alive, hobo, ridin' the last boxcar  
On the last freight train, leavin' here  
He is the last hobo, ridin' the last boxcar  
On the last freight train, leavin' here