

# Hobos And Kings

**Bobby Goldsboro**

And you see him by the railroad track each mornin  
Telling stories to the hobos sittin round

And you wonder bout the past that he is hiding  
And the things that made his whole world tumble down

And he tells them of his kingdom and his riches  
And all the sunken treasure that he's found

And he tells them not to worry bout tomorrow  
That for all of them a new life would begin

They would never see another day of sorrow  
Cause he always takes good care of all his friends

And you see a look of hope on all their faces  
Though they've heard the story time and time again

And you look into the eyes of those around you.  
And you know that they're believing every word.

Cause when you look at him your looking in a mirror.  
And you make yourself believe the things you've heard.

And all though he gets his stories from a bottle.  
You find yourself believing every word.

And you realize that somehow he's a savior.  
In his tattered clothes to them he is a king.

Cause he gives them one more day that they can live for.  
And the promise of the joy that it will bring.

And you wonder what will happen in the morning.  
When they find that they no longer have their king.

For his eyes are closed but he's no longer sleeping.  
And their king will no longer be around.

And you'll see a look of fear on all their faces.  
As they see their hopes and dreams come tumbling down.

So you quickly drink a story from the bottle.  
And all at once you now possess the crown.

And they'll find you by the railroad track each morning.  
Telling stories to the hobos sittin round.

And they'll wonder about the past that you are hiding.  
And the things that made your whole world tumble down.

And you'll tell them of your kingdom