

## Hobo

Linda Ronstadt

I lit my purest candle close to my window  
Hoping it would catch the eye  
Of any vagabond that passed it by  
And I waited in my lonely house

Before he came I felt him drawing near  
And as he neared I felt the ancient fear  
That he had come to my door and jeer  
And I waited in my fleeting house

Tell me stories, I called to the hobo  
Stories of old, I smiled to the hobo  
Storie of cold, I wept to the hobo  
As he stood before my fleeting house

No, said the hobo, no more tales of time  
Don't ask me now to wash away the grime  
I can't come in for it's too high a climb  
And he walked away from my lonely house

Then you be damned I screamed to the hobo  
Turn into stone I cried to the hobo  
Leave me alone I knelt to the hobo  
And he walked away from my fleeting house

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