

Hobo Bill's Last Ride

Merle Haggard

Riding on the eastbound freight train speeding through the night

Hobo Bill the railroad bum was fighting for his life
And the sadness of his eyes revealed the torture of his soul
He raised a weak and weary hand to brush away the coal.

No warm lights flickered round him no blankets there to hold
Nothing but the howling wind the driving rain so cold
When he heard a whistle blowing in a dreamy kind of way
The hobo seemed contented for he smile there where he lay.
Hey ho-bo Bill.

Outside the rain was falling on the lonely boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill lay dead upon the floor
While the train sped through the darkness with the raging storm
outside
No one knew that Hobo Bill was taking his last ride
Hey ho-bo Bill...