

Hey, I'm a sky-bo and I see the world from an airplane  
That's a hobo that can't get around fast enough on a train  
But from an airport to depot the motive for leaving's the same  
I'm a sky-bo, that's a new kind of hobo for planes

Hey, I took a flight job in Phoenix  
Flyin' some rich folks around  
They paid me to do what I love to  
And I set 'em back safe on the ground

But Phoenix got old and a hurry  
So I sky-roped fancy goodbye  
Sit down on the end of the runway  
And caught me a jet on the flight

Hey, I'm a sky-bo and I see the world from an airplane  
That's a hobo that can't get around fast enough on a train  
But from an airport to depot the motive for leaving's the same  
I'm a sky-bo and that's a new kind of hobo for planes

I ride the first thing, smokin' the Mar  
Ate nothin', leavin' tonight  
I'm stuck in this old cage in airport  
Came in on the last report flight

I'll dose off where the welcome arrivals  
Wake up in a crowd of goodbyes  
But I'll hustle my ticket tomorrow  
And lose my blues in the sky

Hey, I'm a sky-bo and I see the world from an airplane  
That's a hobo that can't get around fast enough on a train  
But from a depot or airport the motive for leaving's the same  
I'm a sky-bo and that's a new kind of hobo for planes