

## Papa Hobo

Paul Simon

It's carbon and monoxide  
The ole Detroit perfume  
And it hangs on the highways  
In the morning  
And it lays you down by noon  
Oh Papa Hobo  
You can see that I'm dressed like a schoolboy  
But I feel like a clown  
It's a natural reaction I learned  
in this basketball town

Sweep up  
I been sweeping up the tips I've made  
I been living on Gatoraae  
Planning my getaway  
Detroit, Detroit  
Got a hell of a hockey team  
Got a left-handed way  
Of making a man sign up on that  
Automotive dream, oh yeah  
Oh Papa Papa Hobo  
Could you slip me a ride  
Well, It's just after breakfast  
I'm in the road  
And the weatherman lied