

Only A Hobo

Stan Ridgway

I spied an old hobo, in the doorway he lay
His face was all grounded in the cold sidewalk floor
An' I guess he'd been there for the whole night or more

(he was) only a hobo, but one more is gone
Leaving nobody to sing his sad song
Leaving nobody to carry him home
He was only a hobo, but one more is gone

A blanket of newspaper covered his head
As the step was his pillow, the street was his bed
One look at his face showed the hard road he'd come
An' a fistful of coins showed the money he'd bummed

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Does it take much of a man to see his whole life go down
To look up in the world from a whole in the ground
To wait for your future like a horse that's gone lame
To lie in the gutter and die with no name

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