

Hobo Jungle

The Band

There was a chill that night in the hobo jungle
Over the train yard lay a smooth coat of frost
And although nobody here really knows where they're goin'
At the very same time nobody's lost

In the fire went out and the night grew still
This old man lay frozen on the cold, cold ground
He was a stray bird and the road was his callin'
Ridin' the rods, sleepin' under the stars
Playin' the odds from a rollin' box car

She attended the funeral in the hobo jungle
Long were they lovers though never could they wed
Drifters and rounders and little distant friends
Here I lie without anger or regret, I'm in no one's debt

Man goes nowhere, everything comes like tomorrow
But she took that last ride there by his side
He spent his whole life pursuing the horizon
Ridin' the rods, sleepin' under the stars
Playin' the odds from a rollin' box car