

Hank Snow

"Hobo Bill's Last Ride"

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Riding on an east bound freight train
Speeding through the night
Hobo Bill, a railroad bum
Was fighting for his life

The sadness of his eyes revealed
The torture of his soul
He raised a weak and weary hand
To brush away the cold.

Ho-ho-o, bo-o-o, bil-lie

No warm lights flickered around him
No blankets there to fold
Nothing but, the howling wind
And the driving rain so cold

When he heard a whistle blowing
In a dreamy kind of way
The hobo seemed contented for
He smiled there where he lay

Ho-ho-o, bo-o-o, bil-lie

Outside the rain was fallin'
On that lonesome boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill
Lay still upon the floor

As the train sped through the darkness
And the raging storm outside
No one knew that Hobo Bill
Was taking his last ride

It was early in the mornin'
When they raised the hobo's head
The smile still lingered on his face
But Hobo Bill was dead

There was no mother's longin'
To soothe his weary soul
For he was just a railroad bum

Who died out in the cold

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