

## **Kelly Joe Phelps "Hobo's Son"**

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one cold summer night sally slipped away  
door left open wide not a word to say  
hard luck took its toll I can't blame her none  
not today might be here tomorrow

she knew better fare when a girl at home  
hope for a settled life, not this world to roam  
let my prayer be heard and guide me on her way  
not today might be here tomorrow

been three years and change since I held her near  
up and down these roads I've looked everywhere  
and not once have I seen the color of her hair  
not today might be here tomorrow

I'll be a hobo's son surely all my days  
whittle off the hours with a memory for my blade  
and carve the hand of sally dear hoping her to find  
not today might be here tomorrow

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