

Merle Haggard

"Hobo Bill's Last Ride"

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HOBO BILL'S LAST RIDE

(Waldo LaFayette O'Neal)

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Ho-bo Bill-y

Riding on that eastbound 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-bo Bill

No warm lights flickered round him no blankets there
to hold

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-bo Bill

Outside the rain was falling on that lonely boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill lay still upon the floor
While 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 morning when they raised the hobo's
head

The smile still lingered on his face but Hobo Bill was
dead

There was no mother's longing to soothe his weary soul
For he was just a railroad bum who died out in the cold

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