

Unknown

"Dying Hobo"

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The Dying Hobo

Behind a Western water tank a dying hobo lay,
Inside an empty box-car, one cold November day ;
His comrade sat beside him with low and drooping
head,
Listening to the dying words this poor dying hobo said.

"I am going to a better land, where everything is bright
Where hand-outs grow on bushes, and you can sleep
out every night.
Tell my sweetheart back in Denver no more her face I'll
view
For I have caught the fast train and now I'm going
through."

"Tell her not to weep for me, no tears in her eyes must
lurk,
For I have gone to a land where hoboies don't have to
work,
Don't have to work at all, not even have to change your
socks
Where little streams of alcohol come tingling down the
rocks.

"Hark! I hear the whistling; I must catch her on the fly
Just one drink of 9-5 booze -it 's not so hard to die."
His voice grew weak, his head fell back, he 's sung his
last refrain,
His partner swiped his coat and hat and caught the
east-bound train.

A parody of Bingen on the Rhine.
From Folk-Songs of the South, Cox
Recorded by Doc Watson
@hobo @train @death
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