

Paul Simon "Papa Hobo"

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Words & music by paul simon

Mm-----

It's carbon and monoxide

The ole detroit perfume

It hangs on the highways

In the morning

And it lays you down by noon

Oh papa hobo

You can see that I'm dressed like a schoolboy

But I feel like a clown

It's a natural reaction I learned

In this basketball town

Sweep up

I been sweeping up the tips I've made

I'm living on gatorade

Planning my getaway

Detroit, detroit

Got a hell of a hockey team

Got a left-handed way

Of making a man sign up on that

Automotive dream, oh yeah, oh yeah

Oh, papa papa hobo

Could you slip me a ride?

Well, it's just after breakfast

I'm in the road

And the weatherman lied,

Oo-----, ah-----, oo-----

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