

John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours

"The Hobo Song"

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There was a time
When lonely men would wander
Thru this land
Rolling aimlessly along
So many times
I've heard of their sad story
Written in the words
Of dead men's songs.

Down through the years
Many men have yearned
For freedom
Some found it
Only on the open road
So many tears of blood
Have fell around us
'cause you can't always do what you are told.

[The Hobo Song lyrics on]Please tell me where
Have all the hobos gone to
I see no fire burning down
By the rusty railroad track
Could it be that time
Has gone and left them
Tied up in life's eternal traveling sack.

Last sunday night
I wrote a letter
To my loved one
I signed my name
And knew I'd stayed away
Too long
There was a time
When my heart was free to wander
And I remember as I sing
This hobo song.

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