

Hank Snow, Hobo Bill's Last Ride

Riding on the 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 coal

No warm lights flickered around him no blankets there to fold
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 smile there where he lay
[steel]

Outside the rain was falling on that lonesome boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill lay still upon the floor
As the train sped through the darkness and the raging storm outside
No one knew that Hobo Bill was taking his last ride
[steel]

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