

Hank Snow, The Last Ride

Recorded by Hank Snow
Words and music by Halcomb & Daffan

[C] In the Dodge City yards of the Sante Fe
Stood a freight made up for the [G7] east
And the engineer with his oil and waste
Was groomin' the great iron [C] beast;

While ten cars back in the murky dust
A box-[C7] car door swung [F] wide
And a [G7] hobo lifted his pal aboard
To start on his last, long [C] ride;

A [F] lantern swung and the freight pulled out
The engine it gathered [C] speed
The [F] engineer pulled the throttle wide
And [D7] clucked to his fiery [G7] steed;

[C] Ten cars back in the empty box
The hobo rolled a [G7] pill
The flare of the match showed his partners' face
Stark white and deathly [C] still;

As the train wheels clicked on the couplin' joints
A [C7] song for the ramblers' [F] ears
The [G7] hobo talked to the still, white form
His pal for many a [C] year;

[SPOKEN]
[C] For a mighty long time we've rambled, Jack
With the luck of men that [F] roam
With [G7] the back door steps for a dining room
And the boxcar for a [C] home;

We dodged the bulls on the eastern route
And the cops on the Chesapeake
We travelled the Leadville Narrow Gauge
In the days of Cripple Creek;

We drifted down through sunny Cal
On the rails of the old S. P.
And of all you had, through good and bad
A half always belonged to me;

You made me promise to you, Jack
If I lived and you cashed in
To take you back to the old churchyard
And bury you there with your kin;

You seemed to know I would keep my word
For you said that I was wise
Well, I'm keepin my promise to you, pal
'Cause I'm takin' you home tonight;

I hadn't the money to send you there
So I'm takin' you back on the 'fly'
It's the decent way for a Bo to go
Home to the by and by;

I knew that fever had you, Jack
And that doctor just wouldn't come
He was too busy treatin' the wealthy folks
To doctor a worn out bum;

[SUNG]

[C] As the train rolled over it's ribbon of steel
Straight through to the east it [G7] sped
The engineer in his high cab seat
Keep his eyes on the rails a-[C] head;

While ten cars back in the empty box
The lone-[C7] ly hobo [F] sighed
For the [G7] days of old and his pal so cold
Was taking his last long [C] ride.