

Murray McLauchlan, Ragged Hobo Bums

Happy days are here again
I dig them when they're round
When nothin's there to tie you down
There to tie you down
Of all the things that don't tie me down
You're the biggest one
I hold your hand
And we pretend
We're ragged hobo bums

Just like the careless children
Playin' in the rain
Foolish movie lovers
On the left bank of the Seine
Looking up into the rain
We only see the sun
I hold your hand
And we pretend
We're ragged hobo bums

A song can say the things you want
When words don't come too fast
A song can make a day seem right
A song can make it last
I wrote this song to sing with you
When the evening comes
And when we're feeling fancy free
Ragged hobo bums