

# Arlo Guthrie, Hobo's Lullaby

by Goebel Reeves

Go to sleep you weary hobo  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
Can't you hear the steel rail humming  
That's a hobo's lullaby

Do not think about tomorrow  
Let tomorrow come and go  
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar  
Safe from all the wind and snow

I know the police cause you trouble  
They cause trouble everywhere  
But when you die and go to heaven  
You won't find no policemen there

I know your clothes are torn and ragged  
And your hair is turning grey  
Lift your head and smile at trouble  
You'll find happiness some day

So go to sleep you weary hobo  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
Don't you feel the steel rail humming  
That's a hobo's lullaby