

# Bob Dylan, Only A Hobo

As I was out walking on a corner one day,  
I spied an old hobo, in a doorway he lay.  
His face was all ground in the cold sidewalk floor  
And I guess he'd been there for the whole night or more.

Only a hobo, but one more is gone  
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song  
Leavin' nobody to carry him home  
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

A blanket of newspaper covered his head,  
As the curb was his pillow, the street was his bed.  
One look at his face showed the hard road he'd come  
And a fistful of coins showed the money he bummed.

Only a hobo, but one more is gone  
Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song  
Leavin' nobody to carry him home  
Only a hobo, but one more is gone

Does it take much of a man to see his whole life go down,  
To look up on the world from a hole in the ground,  
To wait for your future like a horse that's gone lame,  
To lie in the gutter and die with no name?

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