

# Dolly Parton, Hobo's Meditation

Tonight as I lay on the boxcar  
Just waiting for a train to pass by  
What will become of the hobo  
When his time comes to die  
There's a Master up yonder in heaven  
Got a place that we might call our home  
Will we have to work for a living  
Or can we continue to roam  
Will there be any freight trains in heaven  
Any boxcars in which we might hide  
Will there be any tough cops or brakemen  
Will they tell us that we cannot ride

Will the hobo chum with the rich man  
Will we always have money to spare  
Will they have respect for the hobo  
In that land that lies up there

Repeat Chorus