Hank Snow, Hobo's Meditation

Tonight as I lay on a boxcar just waiting for a train to pass by
What will become of the hobo whenever his time comes to die
Has the Master up yonder in heaven got a place that we might call our home
Will we have to work for a living or must 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 and 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 hand respect for a hobo in that land that lies hidden up there
[fiddle - ac.guitar]
Will there be any freight trains...