Kinky Friedman, Hobo's Lullaby

(Goebel Reeves)

Do not think about tomorrow,
Let tomorrow come and go.
Tonight you've got a nice warm boxcar
Safe from all the rain and snow.

So go to sleep, you weary hobo,
Let the towns drift slowly by.
Can't you hear the steel rail hummin' ?
That's the hobo's lullaby.

Oh, I know your clothes are ragged
And your hair is turning grey.
Lift your head and smile at trouble,
You'll find peace of mind someday.

So go to sleep, you little hobo,
Let the towns drift slowly by.
Tonight you've got a nice warm boxcar,
That's the hobo's lullaby.

I know the police cause you trouble,
They cause trouble everywhere.
But when you die and go to Heaven,
There will be no police there.

So go to sleep, you weary hobo,
Let the towns drift slowly by.
Can you hear the steel rail hummin' ?
That's the hobo's lullaby.

Do not let your heart be troubled
If the world calls you a bum.
Cause if your mother lived, she'd love you,
You are still your mother's son.

So go to sleep, my weary hobo,
Let the towns drift slowly by.
Can you hear the steel rails hummin' ?
That's the hobo's lullaby.

That's the hobo's lullaby.
That's the hobo's lullaby.