

# Woody Guthrie, Hobo's Lullaby

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

I know your clothes are torn and ragged  
And your hair is turning gray  
Lift your head and smile at trouble  
You'll find peace and rest someday

Now don't you worry 'bout tomorrow  
Let tomorrow come and go  
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar  
Safe from all that wind and snow

I know the police cause you trouble  
They cause trouble everywhere  
But when you die and go to Heaven  
You'll find no policemen there

So go to sleep you weary hobo  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
Listen to the steel rails hummin'  
That's a hobo's lullaby