

Hobo Bill's Last Ride



[C] Riding on an east bound freight train
[F] Speeding thru the [C] night
[F] Hobo Bill, a [C] railroad bum
Was [D7] fighting for his [G7] life

The [C] sadness of his eyes revealed
The [F] torture of his [C] soul
He [F] raised a weak and [C] weary hand
To [G7] brush away the [C] cold.

Yodel: [C] Ho-o- [G7] bo-o [C] Bil-ly

No warm lights flickered around him
No blankets there to fold
Nothing but the howling wind
And the driving rain so cold

When he heard a whistle blowing
In a dreamy kind of way
The hobo seemed contented
For he smiled there where he lay.

Yodel: Ho-o-bo-o Bi-ll

Outside the rain was falling
On that lonely boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill
Lay still upon the floor

While the train sped thru the darkness
And the raging storm outside
No one knew that Hobo Bill
Was taking his last ride.

Yodel: Ho-o-bo-o Bi-ll

It was early in the morning
When they raised the hobo's head
The smile still lingered on his face
But Hobo Bill was dead

There was no mother's longing
To soothe his weary soul
For he was just a railroad bum
Who died out in the cold.

Yodel: Ho-o-bo-o Bi-lly