

# Hobo's Lullaby

Goebel Reeves

I-44

Intro: D D

D D G G  
Go to sleep, you weary hobo  
A A D D  
Let the town drift slowly by;  
D D G G  
Listen to the steel rails humming  
A A D D  
That's the hobo's lullaby.

Do not think about tomorrow;  
Let tomorrow come and go.  
Tonight you have a nice warm boxcar  
Free from all the ice and snow.

L knew the po-lice cause you trouble,  
They make trouble everywhere;  
But when you die and go to heaven,  
Well, you won't find po-lice there.

I know your clothes are torn and ragged  
And your hair is turning gray  
Lift your head and smile at trouble  
You'll find happiness some day.

Now do not let your heart be troubled  
If the world calls you a bum;  
'Cause if your mother lives, she loves you  
Well, you are still your mother's son.

So go to sleep you weary hobo  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
Don't you feel the steel rail humming  
That's a hobo's lullaby