

The Hobo Song

Too late to feel sorrow
Too late to feel pain
Hes just an old hobo
Lost out in the rain

Hell never cause trouble
So dont have no fear
Hes just an old hobo
And hell soon be far away from here

Chorus

He used to be a gambling man just like you
Until he sank so low that there was
Nothing that no one could do
He used to be a gambling man just like you
Until he sank so low that there was
Nothing that no one could do

Oh, don't make him ask you
Dont make him beg
He was a war hero
And thats how he hurt his leg

He killed thirty injuns
With one cannon ball
Now hes just an old hobo
Asleep out in the hall

[*chorus*]

A wife and five children
Who live in L.A.
They miss their dear daddy
Whos gone so far away
They still have his picture
Its a-hung on the wall
Now hes just an old hobo
Asleep out in the hall

[*chorus*]

He used to be a gambling man just like you
Until he sank so low that there was
Nothing that no one could do