THE HOBO SONG
John Prine

Intro:  E  B  E

E                               A                  E
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN LONELY MEN WOULD WANDER
B                       E    B
THRU THIS LAND ROLLING AIMLESSLY ALONG
E          A                   E
SO MANY TIMES I'VE HEARD OF THERE SAD STORY
B                   E
WRITTEN IN THE WORDS OF DEAD MEN'S SONGS
E                               A                 E
DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS MANY MEN HAVE YEARNED FOR FREEDOM
B                         E    B
SOME FOUND IT ONLY ON THE OPEN ROAD
E                   A                  E
SO MANY TEARS OF BLOOD HAVE FELL AROUND US
B                   E
CAUSE YOU CAN'T ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU ARE TOLD
E                               A                 E
PLEASE TELL ME WHERE HAVE ALL THE HOBOS GONE TO
B                         E    B
I SEE NO FIRE BURNING DOWN BY THE RUSTY RAILROAD TRACK
E                               A                E
COULD IT BE THAT TIME HAS GONE AND LEFT THEM
B                       E    B
TIED UP IN LIFE'S ETERNAL TRAVELING SACK

Spoken:
LAST SUNDAY NIGHT I WROTE A LETTER TO MY LOVED ONES.
I SIGNED MY NAME AND KNEW I'D STAYED AWAY TOO LONG
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MY HEART WAS FREE TO WANDER,
AND I REMEMBER AS I SING THIS HOBO SONG

PLEASE TELL ME WHERE HAVE ALL THE HOBOS GONE TO
I SEE NO FIRE BURNING DOWN BY THE RUSTY RAILROAD TRACK
COULD IT BE THAT TIME HAS GONE AND LEFT THEM
TIED UP IN LIFE'S ETERNAL TRAVELING SACK
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