**SONG OF THE ROAD.**

I Was Stooping. Wielding.

Shovel. Sickle.

Hoe.

Scythe.

Cutting Horse Weeds Thistles.

Grubbing. Hoeing.

Long Sun Baked Rows.

Back In Twenty. Nine.

Seventy Five Cents.

Back Break Pay.

For A Twelve Hour Day.

No Lunch Break.

No Extra Coin.

For Overtime.

In Fact I Had Just Finished.

A Five Year Stretch.

Of Hard Rock Breaking Time.

Work Gang At Statesville.

Guest Of Government.

At Joliet.

Judge Said Son.

I Am Not Done.

Your Trial Ain't Over Yet.

You Know What You Did.

You Stole That Scrape Of Rotten Food.

That Crust Of Moldy Bread.

To Feed Your Starving Kid Brothers. Sisters.

Now You Still Have To Pay.

Nothing I Could Do Or Say.

So As I Worked Myself To Death.

Headed For An Early Grave.

Felt My Arms. Legs. Back.

Racked With Pain.

My Being Soaked In Sweat.

Tears In My Heart Fell.

Like Winter Rain.

I Heard Coming Down The Track.

Heard That Mournful Cry.

Of That Old Flyer.

Hi Line Riding Loco Mo.

Spirit Of New Orleans Train.

Calling To My Tormented Soul.

Say Fool. Why You Be Still Working For The Man.

Grubbing For A Morsel. Pittance Of Mere Fools Gold.

If You Don't Break Out Now.

Your Body Heart Mind.

Won't Matter Any How.

You Will Be A Captive Serf. Peon. Slave.

Until You Die.

Break Out While You Can.

Jump On Board.

My Flat Blind Rattler Freight.

Ride Me To Your New Found Fate.

You Can't Get. No Where.

Until. Unless. You Try.

So I Just. Answered.

Heeded. The Call.

Harkened To Roads Sweet Freedom Sound.

Tossed My Yoke Aside.

Tossed It All.

About.

Cast It All Over. Out.

Cast It All Finished. Down.

Hopped That Freedom Train.

Went For A Thumb. Rods.

Shoe Leather. Ride.

I Hit All Of Them Forty Eight.

Awaiting States.

Canada. Mexico.

Made My Way.

Made My Go.

Made Real Big Time Show.

Made An Honest Pay.

Made My Fate.

Shore To Shore.

Border To Border.

Sea To Sea.

Cross The Land.

Desert. Mountains. Plains.

Cold. Sleet. Ice. Snow.

Hard Blows.

Parching Heat.

Driving Rain.

Cowboy. Death Valley Mule Team Wrangler.

Harvest Hand.

Tunneler. Steel Mill Firer.

Pourer.

Merchant Marine.

Logger. Faller. Fisherman.

Rodeo. Pipeline Laborer.

All Round Fine Hobo.

Howled At The Moon.

Sang That Wandering Tune.

Slept Neath The Stars.

Bridges.

Hay Mows Of Old Barns.

Swept Out Bars.

Dumpster Dove.

Huddled Round Trash Can Fires.

When You Are On The Bum.

Running Fast As You Can Run.

You Can't Draw No Pension.

Nor Retire.

Can't Dawdle. Laze. Go Slow.

It Really Just Ain't So.

But I Still Filled. Satisfied.

My Psychic. Soul Felt. Needs.

Saw The World.

In Deed.

Lived A Precious Full Life.

A Most Grand La Vie.

Filled With Peace And Harmony.

Since I Tossed.

Down My C.C. C.

Shovel. Scythe.

Hoe.

Quit Cutting Weeds.

Hit The Road.

So Many Years Ago.

I Just Knew.

Still Know.

That Old Steam Train

Whistle.

Quiet Voice Within My.

Inner Eye.

Heart. Mind. Soul.

Told Me.

True.

It Would Be So.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 4/30/16.*

*Goose Creek At Dusk.*

*For My Father Phillip Marion Weidner.*

*Who Threw Down His Scythe.*

*Caught A Freight In Iola Illinois.*

*Hit The Hobo Road In The Great Depression.*

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