**Hobo Keeps a Wanderin**

Rained so hard, my hair’s full of mud

Dog’s so hungry he’s chewin his cud

Spent the night beneath a cottonwood tree

Hackin and a coughing like I had TB

Amos, I told him, it’s just a little cough

A hobo keeps a wanderin till his soul falls off

Amos we’re hoppin the 404

Take us right back to the Delaware shore

Should have been by at quarter to noon

Wake up Amos, she’ll be here soon

Something hurts bad down deep in my chest

When we get home, gonna take a little rest

Tryin to think of something to make myself laugh

Amos ain’t moved for a day and a half

Amos, I told him, it’s just a little cough

A hobo keeps a wanderin till his soul falls off

Along came a man in some railroad clothes

His shoes were so shiny I could see my toes

He says “hobo, if you’re waitin for the 404

Too bad, buster, she don’t run no more

The moonlight’s empty the breezes cool

I think your time’s comin you crazy old fool

A place back in Georgia where the air’s so sweet

A breath of peach blossom’d put that dog on his feet

Amos, I whispered, low and soft

The gospel train’s comin, my soul’s fallin off

Amos, I whispered, low and soft

The gospel train’s comin, my soul’s fallin off