

Dolly Parton, Hobo's Meditation

Tonight as I lay on the boxcar
Just waiting for a train to pass by
What will become of the hobo
When his time comes to die
There's a Master up yonder in heaven
Got a place that we might call our home
Will we have to work for a living
Or can we continue to roam
Will there be any freight trains in heaven
Any boxcars in which we might hide
Will there be any tough cops or brakemen
Will they tell us that we cannot ride

Will the hobo chum with the rich man
Will we always have money to spare
Will they have respect for the hobo
In that land that lies up there

Repeat Chorus