

John Lee Hooker, Hobo Blues

(John Lee Hooker)

When I first thought to hobo'in, hobo'in,
I took a freight train to be my friend, oh Lord
You know I hobo'd, hobo'd, hobo'd, hobo'd,
Hobo'd a long, long way from home, oh Lord

Yes, my mother followed me that mornin', me that mornin'
She followed me down to the yard, oh yeah
She said my son he'd gone, he'd gone, he'd gone
Yes he's gone in a, poorsome wear*, oh yeah

Yes I left my dear old mother, dear old mother
I left my honor, need* a crime, oh Lord
Take care of my child,
Take care, take care of my child