Capo 2

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                D             G                    D
There was a time, when lonely men would wander;
                A7                       D
Through this land, rolling endlessly along.
           D           G                   D
So many times, I've heard of their sad stories;
 D               A                        D
 Written in the words of dead men's songs.
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Down through the years, many men have yearned for freedom.
Some found it only on the open road.
So many tears of blood have filled around them;
'Cause you can't alway do what you are told.

Please tell me where, have all the hobos gone to.
I see no light a'burning down by the rusty railroad tracks.
Could it be, that time has gone and left them,
Tied up in life's eternal travelling sack.

(spoken)
Last Sunday night, I wrote a letter to my loved one.
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.

(cho)

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