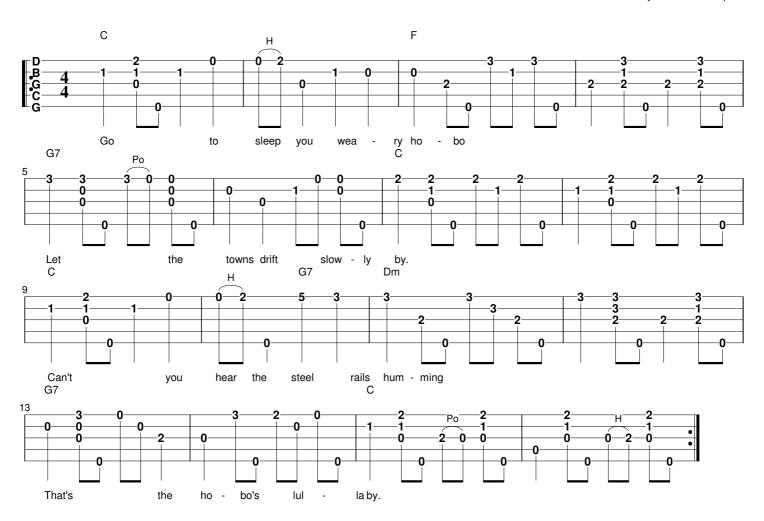
Hobos Lullaby (C-tuning _ clawhammer).tef

TablEdited by Jan-Olov Sundqvist



Go to sleep, you weary hobo Let the town drift slowly by; Listen to the steel rails humming That's the hobo's lullaby.

Do not think about tomorrow; Let tomorrow come and go. Tonight you have a nice warm boxcar Free from all the ice and snow.

I know the police cause you trouble, They make trouble everywhere; But when you die and go to heaven, Well, you won't find police there.

Now do not let your heart be troubled If the world calls you a bum; 'Cause if your mother lives, she loves you Well, you are still your mother's son.