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.