

Hobo's Prayer

Marty Stuart

Under bridges, beneath trestles in the boxcars of dead trains
Livin' to beat the cold of the pouring driving rain
A silent society moves out in the night
Ragged rebels, homeless hobos and those like me who've lost the
light

St. Peter is a prophet to all the hobo world
An expert on everything from caviar to girls
I met him west of Memphis on the 8th of July
He handed me a can of beans and a rusty knife

And he said "Everything out here ain't what it seems
And when you're down to nothing, just go ahead and dream
Face the fact that you're circle in a world full of squares
Trading sorrows for tomorrows, now that's the hobo's prayer"

Mother Mary is a lady from down in New Orleans
She's seen a lot of living since she was 17
She said, "I'm bona fide and worldly wise, with original parts
'Cept for what set me to traveling, I'm talking about my heart"

She said, "I can spot a broken heart from 20 miles away
So are you passing through or have you come to stay
You're running from a woman" she said with a grin
"So what've you got to say" and I said, "I am a pilgrim"

Where everything out here ain't what it seems
When I'm down to nothing, I just go ahead and dream
And face the fact that I'm a circle in a world full of squares
Trading sorrows for tomorrows, that's the hobo's prayer
Trading sorrows for tomorrows, that's the hobo's prayer