

Papa Hobo

Paul Simon

It's carbon and monoxide
The ole Detroit perfume
And it hangs on the highways
In the morning
And it lays you down by noon
Oh Papa Hobo
You can see that I'm dressed like a schoolboy
But I feel like a clown
It's a natural reaction I learned
in this basketball town

Sweep up
I been sweeping up the tips I've made
I been living on Gatoraae
Planning my getaway
Detroit, Detroit
Got a hell of a hockey team
Got a left-handed way
Of making a man sign up on that
Automotive dream, oh yeah
Oh Papa Papa Hobo
Could you slip me a ride
Well, It's just after breakfast
I'm in the road
And the weatherman lied