

# Hobo Jungle

The Band

There was a chill that night in the hobo jungle  
Over the train yard lay a smooth coat of frost  
And although nobody here really knows where they're goin'  
At the very same time nobody's lost

In the fire went out and the night grew still  
This old man lay frozen on the cold, cold ground  
He was a stray bird and the road was his callin'  
Ridin' the rods, sleepin' under the stars  
Playin' the odds from a rollin' box car

She attended the funeral in the hobo jungle  
Long were they lovers though never could they wed  
Drifters and rounders and little distant friends  
Here I lie without anger or regret, I'm in no one's debt

Man goes nowhere, everything comes like tomorrow  
But she took that last ride there by his side  
He spent his whole life pursuing the horizon  
Ridin' the rods, sleepin' under the stars  
Playin' the odds from a rollin' box car