



Now he forgets time and places as his story progresses.

**D**                          **C**                          **G**  
Joe s limo was a chain of rail cars on the Santa-Fe  
          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
In a box car of hay, Joe died where he lay.

Verse 4

**D**                          **C**                          **G**  
No one mourns for Joe, they just repeat his tall tales,  
          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
As he takes his final ride on the rails.  
          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
Kids played hobo, while the steel rails sings Joe s blues.  
          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
His hobo friends stand by the track and tip their hat  
          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
As Joe s train goes by singing clickety clack.

Chorus:

**Em**          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
Hobo Joe, where will you sleep tonight.  
**Em**          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
Hobo Joe, where will you eat tonight.  
          **Em**          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
You ride the rails and your friends weave tales.  
**Am**          **D**                          **C**                          **G**  
Stars in the night are your blankets delight.  
**Em**          **D**          **C**          **G**                          **D**                          **G**  
Hobo Joe, Hobo Joe, where will you go from here.

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End