The Last Ride-Hank Snow
Author: Ted Daffan and Robert Halcomb

C
In the Dodge City yards of the Sante Fe
G7
Stood a freight made up for the east

And the engineer with his oil and waste
C
Was grooming the great iron beast

While ten cars back in the murky dust
C7 F
A boxcar door swung wide
G7
And a hobo lifted his pal aboard
C
To start on his last long ride

F
A lantern swung and the freight pulled out
C
The engine it gathered speed
F
The engineer pulled the throttle wide
D7 G7
And clucked to his fiery steed

C
Ten cars back in the empty box
G7
The hobo rolled a pill

The flare of the match showed his partners face
C
Stark white and deathly still

As the train wheels clicked on the coupling joints
C7 F
A song for the ramblers ears
G7
The hobo talked to the still white form
C
His pal for many a year

Spoken:
C
For a mighty long time we've rambled Jack
F
With the luck of men that roam
G7
With the back door steps for a dining room
C
And the boxcar for a home

We dodged the bulls on the eastern route
F
And the cops on the Chesapeake
G7
We traveled the Leadville Narrow Gauge
C
In the days of Cripple Creek

We drifted down through sunny Cal
F
On the rails of the old S P
G7
And of all you had through good and bad
C
A half always belonged to me

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You made me promise to you Jack
                F
If I lived and you cashed in
   G7
To take you back to the old churchyard
                    C
And bury you there with your kin

You seemed to know I would keep my word
                 F
For you said that I was wise
     G7
Well I'm keeping my promise to you pal
                  C
Cause I'm taking you home tonight

I hadn't the money to send you there
                   F
So I'm taking you back on the fly
     G7
It's the decent way for a Bo to go
                C
Home to the by and by

I knew that fever had you Jack
                 F
And that doctor just wouldn't come
   G7
He was too busy treating the wealthy folks
                  C
To doctor a worn out bum

Sung:
C   As the train rolled over its ribbon of steel
                                G7
Straight through to the east it sped

The engineer in his high cab seat
                    C
Keep his eyes on the rails a head

While ten cars back in the empty box
        C7   F
The lonely hobo sighed
       G7
For the days of old and his pal so cold
                   C
Was taking his last long ride

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