Because He Was Only a Tramp

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I'm a man broken down without credit or cash
My clothes are all ragged and torn;
Not a friend have I in this dreary world
I wish I had never been born.

in vain I search for employment
Sleeping out onm the ground cold and damp
I'm stared (pronounced "starred") in face by starvation
God pity the life of a tramp.

Last night down on the L and N Railroad
There's a man most hungry and cold.
An empty boxcar stood still on the track
He jumped in and closed up the door.

He had rode three miles in an empty boxcar
Till a brakeman came round with his lantern (lamp?);
He was thrown from the train and was killed by the rails
Because he was only a tramp.

Kind friends, I want you all to remember
That every poor man is not a tramp;
THere's many a true heart still beating
Beneath the old coat of a tramp.

Poor Lazarus lay at the rich man's door
And the dogs came and licked his sores;
But at last his spirit took its sweet flight
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

From Long Steel Rail, Cohen
Recorded by Sam and Kirk McGee