

Don McLean - Homeless Brother

Tom: D

>From his live album 'SOLO'.

I was walking by the graveyard, late last Friday night,
 I heard somebody yelling, it sounded like a fight.
 It was just a drunken hobo dancing circles in the night,
 Pouring whiskey on the headstones in the blue moonlight.
 So often have I wondered where these homeless brothers go,
 Down in some hidden valley where their sorrows cannot show,
 Where the police cannot find them, where the wanted men can go.
 There's freedom when your walking, even though you're walking slow.
 Smash your bottle on a gravestone and live while you can,
 that homeless brother is my friend.

It's hard to be a pack rat, it's hard to be a 'bo,
 but living's so much harder where the heartless people go.
 Somewhere the dogs are barking and the children seem to know
 That Jesus on the highway was a lost hobo.
 And they hear the holy silence of the temples in the hill,
 And they see the ragged tatters as another kind of thrill.
 And they envy him the sunshine and they pity him the chill,

And they're sad to do their living for some other kind of thrill.

Smash your bottle on a gravestone and live while you can,
 that homeless brother is my friend.

Somewhere there was a woman, somewhere there was a child,
 Somewhere there was a cottage where the marigolds grew wild.
 But somewhere's just like nowhere when you leave it for a while,
 You'll find the broken-hearted when you're traveling jungle-style.

Down the bowels of a broken land where numbers live like men,
 Where those who keep their senses have them taken back again,
 Where the nightstick cracks with crazy rage, where madmen don't pretend,
 Where wealth has no beginning and poverty no end.

Smash your bottle on a gravestone and live while you can,
 that homeless brother is my friend.

The ghosts of highway royalty have vanished in the night,
 The Whitman wanderer walking toward a glowing inner light.
 The children have grown older and the cops have gripped us tight,
 There's no spot round the melting pot for free men in their flight.

And you who leave on promises and prosper as you please,
 The victim of your riches often dies of your disease,
 He can't hear the factory whistle, just the lonesome freight train's whirs,
 He's living on good fortune, he ain't dying on his knees.

Smash your bottle on a gravestone and live while you can,
 that homeless brother is my friend.
 That homeless brother is my friend.

Acordes

