Whoa Mule

Joe Meadows

Whoa mule, whoa mule
We're dirty but we're dreaming
Whoa mule, whoa mule
We'll both get there someday
All you ramblers, you silk tongue gamblers
Listen to my tale
It won't take long to sing you my song
Full of trouble and despair
So fair thee well, you troubadours
Whose pockets have no lining
I can tell you that all pastures stay green
But you know that I'd be lying
Whoa mule, whoa mule
We're dirty but we're dreaming
Whoa mule, whoa mule
We'll both get there someday
My own true love is a raven haired girl
Who lives way back down the hollow
I take her by her lily white hair
And into the woods we wonder
Her daddy was a river man
As mad as a hatter
Her mama, she's as soft as snow
But that don't really matter
Whoa mule, whoa mule
We're dirty but we're dreaming
Whoa mule, whoa mule
We'll both get there someday
Sometimes a road is rocky and hard
Full of dangers unrelenting
Just take great care to follow your stars
Let the good times come aplenty
Whoa mule, whoa mule
We're dirty but we're dreaming
Whoa mule, whoa mule
We'll both get there someday
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We'll both get there someday

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