

Wagoner's Lad

Tim O'Brien

The heart is the fortune of all women kind
They're always controlled, they're always confined
Controlled by their parents until they are wives
And then slaves to their husbands the rest of their life I am a poor girl, my fortune is sad
I've always been courted by the wagoner's lad
He courted me daily, by night and by day
Now his wagon is loaded and he's going away Your parents don't like me because I am poor
They say I'm not worthy of entering your door
But I work for my living, all my money's my own
And if they don't like me they can leave me alone Your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay
Come sit down here by me as long as you stay
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay
So fair thee well darlin', I'll feed on my way Your wagon needs greasin', your whip is to mend
Come sit down here by me as long as you can
My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand
So fair thee well darlin', no longer to stand The heart is the fortune of all women kind
They're always controlled, they're always confined
Controlled by their parents until they are wives
And then slaves to their husbands the rest of their life

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