

**Ian Tyson****"I Outgrew The Wagon"**

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I was broke in Wickenburg in the spring of '77.  
Things were lean for buffalo and me.  
So I called up Harold Munsen over Battle Mountain way  
The TS wagon was pullin' out on the fifteenth day of  
May.

I was no stranger to the wagon back when I was 21,  
The IL, the YP, AND Circle K.  
So I hocked my shoein' outfit. We filled that Chevy's  
tank.  
Gas was 50 cents a gallon in those days.

[Chorus:]

But I outgrew the wagon and boy let me tell you why.  
Your teepee's like an oven at times or your bed ain't  
never dry.  
It was nearly mid-November 'fore the work was finally  
through  
And at fifteen below zero, you'd outgrow the wagon  
too.

Now, don't you misunderstand me.  
There were lots of good times too.  
I would not change a single memory.  
Like the time we tied old Blackie up in cold Coyote  
Creek.  
We were young and wild, like the horses we rode.  
The days stretched endlessly.

I outgrew the wagon and boy let me tell you why.  
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never dry.  
It was nearly mid-November 'fore the work was finally  
through  
And at fifteen below zero, you'd outgrow the wagon  
too.

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