

## Jawbox "Mule/Stall"

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Old Mule by Arthur Smith (Spoken)

Old mule, you're the son of a donkey  
And I'm in the image of God  
Yet, here we work, hitched together  
Toilin' and tillin' the sod  
I wonder if you work for me  
Or I work for you, old mule  
At times I think it's a partnership  
Between a mule and a doggone fool.

When plowin', we go the same distance  
But I work harder than you  
You skim the ground on four good legs  
And I hobble along on two  
So, mule, mathematically speakin'  
You're four legs 'gainst my two  
I do twice the work per leg  
I do twice as much as you.

Now soon we'll be makin' the corn crop  
That crop'll be split three ways  
A third for you, a third for me  
And a third for the landlords' pay  
You take your third and eat it  
You're gettin the best! And How!  
I split my third amongst the wife and eight kids  
The banker, six hens and a cow.

And right here mule, I might mention  
You only plow the ground  
I shock the corn and husk it  
While you're hee-hawin' around  
All Fall and part of the Winter  
Old mule, you know it's true

I break my back with a cotton sack  
Tryin' to pay off the mortgage on you.

The only time I'm your better  
Is when election comes  
A man can vote and a mule cannot

But that don't worry you none  
Because you're a wise old donkey  
You know what to worry about  
You knew politics wouldn't help you none  
And I'm just findin' it out.

So, mule, confidentially speaking  
Would you change places with me  
Would you take up all my worries  
And still contented be  
Would you swap places, I'm askin'  
'Course, you know we couldn't  
But would you, if you could, now tell the truth  
You're doggone right, you wouldn't.

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