

Walter Brennan**"Conversation With a Mule"**

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I seen a farmer and a mule a-plowin'
Over on the moutainside
The farmer was a munblin' and a-grumblin'
As he plowed them furror deep and wide.

Well, as he went along a-plowin'
He wasa swearin and snortin' all the way
I overheard his conversation with his mule
And this is what I hearded him say.

Old mule your the son of a jack-ass
And I'm the image of God
Said here we work hitched together
A toilin and a-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 skin the ground on four good legs
I hobble along on two.

So mule mathmatically speaking
Your four legs against my two
I do just twice the work for legs
Just twice as much as you.

Soon we'll be making the corn crop
That's probably 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
Your getting the best and how
I split my third amongst eight kids
A banker, six hens and a cow.

Right here mule I might mention

You only plow the ground
I shuck the corn and husk it
While you're hee-hawin' around.

All fall and part of winter
Ole mule you know that's true
I break my back with a cotton sack
Payin' off the mortgage on you.

So mule confidentially speakin'
Would you change places with me.
Would you take up all my worries
And still contented be?

Would you swap places I'm asking
Of course you know you couldn't
Would you if you could, now tell the truth
You're doggone right you wouldn't...

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