

The Black Crowes "Whoa Mule"

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"Whoa Mule"

Whoa mule, whoa mule, we're dirty but were 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

[Chorus]

My own true love is a raven haired girl
Whose 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

[Chorus]

Sometimes a road is rocky and hard
Full of dangers unrelenting
Just take great care to follow your stars
Let the good times come a plenty

[Chorus]

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