

Al Stewart

"Three Mules"

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Three mules came over a hill
They were dragging a cart
Creaking, it seemed to be falling apart
Laden with millions of dreams
It weighed more than they thought
They never noticed the wheels getting caught
They pulled on, staring ahead
With blinkered eyes and lowered heads
Hoping that all would be fine
I see them now
Time out of time

Ramsey and Stanley and Neville
Were the names of the mules
Each wore a bridle encrusted with jewels
And though a murmur of voices
Was rising behind
Each laboured on
And they paid it no mind
They pulled on with never a doubt
Past boulders and holes
Till the road petered out
And giving a snort they sat down
Waiting for somebody else to come round
And from this are our lives writ large
From the beach at Dunkirk
To Pickett's Charge
And it's hard to go back
after coming this far
Down the road

Three mules looked over a fence
At the field beyond
Green as a forest it shone in the sun
Into the stillness they broke
Like a stone in a pond
And kicking the gate down
They brayed at the ground
And pulled on tugging a dream
Out of a smile and into a scream
And tossed the damp soil all around

Until the whole field turned muddy brown
And from this are our lives writ large
From the beach at Dunkirk
To Pickett's Charge
And it's hard to go back
after coming this far
Down the road

Ah, but it's not very easy now being a mule
I don't believe you appreciate all that we do
Look at this long and unfortunate face
Try to imagine that you're in my place
This is my nature
And to it I have to be true

Three mules came over a hill
With a sorrowful air
Though we've been judged, they said
It's hardly fair
All that we did was for you
And the good of the cause
Then they went back to the sound of applause
They went back into the night
Where a sickle of moon
Left a trickle of light
And while we lay under our roofs
The whole night filled up
With the beating of hooves
And from this are our lives writ large
From the beach at Dunkirk
To Pickett's Charge
And it's hard to go back
after coming this far
Down the road

And from this are our lives writ large
And every day
Is Pickett's Charge
And it's hard to go back
after coming this far
Down the road

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