

## Wagoner's Lad

Joan Baez

Oh, hard is the fortune of all woman kind  
She's always controlled, she's always confined  
Controlled by her parents untill she's a wife  
A slave to her husband the rest of her life

Oh, i'm just a poor girl my fortune is sad  
i've always been courted by the wagoner's lad  
He's courted me daily, by night and by day  
But now he is packing and moving away

My parents don't like him because he is poor  
They say he's not worthy of entering my door  
He works for a living, his money's his own  
And if they don't like it they can leave him alone

Your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay  
Then sit down beside me as long as you may  
My horses aint hungry, they won't eat your hay  
Then fare thee well darlin i'll be on my way

Your wagon needs greasing your whip is to mend  
Then sit down beside me as long as you can  
My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand  
Then fare thee well darlin, no longer to stand