

# Whoa Mule

The Black Crowes

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

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My own true love is a raven haired girl  
Who 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

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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

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