

## Jog Along Bess

Vashti Bunyan

Jog along Bess, hop along May  
Squeak along Blue, it's a walk-along day  
It's a long road and weary are we  
Bubble on kettle and make us all some tea

Once there was a gypsy man  
Selling flowers from a baker's van  
Bess, she pulled him round the town  
Pulled her wagon all old and brown  
Till one day, we took her away  
Painted her wagon bright and gay  
Now she finds she's travelling north  
No more wandering back and forth

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Once there was an Afghan hound  
Loved by no one and pushed around  
Tied up in a stable yard  
Tangled and timid and howling hard  
Till one day, we took her away  
Called her Magog; shortened to May  
She hurt a paw, made it sore  
Now she runs on three legs instead of four

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There lived a dog in London Town  
With one ear up and the other ear down  
The neighbours said he mustn't bark  
The only grass he knew was in Hyde Park  
Till one day, we took him away  
Now Blue bounces through fields of hay  
But he sits and squeals like a squeaky wheel  
When the wheels are rolling, that's how he feels

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Little green wagon in a deep blue sky  
Wheels like dandelions passing by  
With a picture by Sam, a painting by John  
And a bonnie black hoss to lead you along  
Lucky green wagon, you were raggedy brown  
Now there is red at the hem of your gown  
And we brought you a pumpkin, brought you a mouse  
We wished very hard and you gave us a house

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