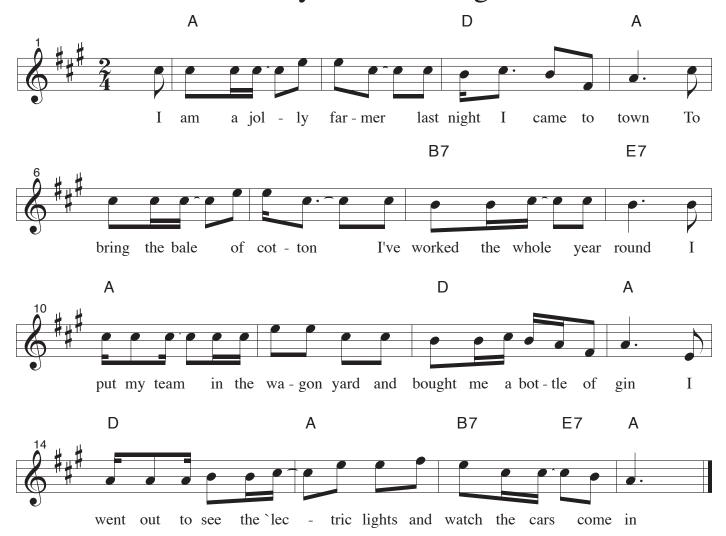
Wish I'd Stayed in the Wagon Yard



I met a dude out on the street, the clock was striking nine He says come on old hayseed, take a drink of mine I must've bought a dozen drinks `cause it hit my pocketbook hard I wish I'd bought me half a pint and stayed in the wagon yard

Listen to me farmers, I'm here to talk with sense If you want to see them `lectric lights just look right over the fence Don't monkey with them city ducks, you'll find they're slick as lard Just go get you a half a pint and stay in the wagon yard

See I'm a deacon in a hardshell church down near Possum Trot If the sisters hear about my spree it's bound to make them hot I went out on a party, I led the pace that killed When I woke up that gang had gone and left me all the bills

I found them over on the corner, near Soul Salvation Hall That drunken bunch was out there singing "Jesus Paid it All" They put me out in a dry bit box, Lord my pillow was hard I wish I'd bought me a half a pint and stayed in the wagon yard