THE WAGONER LAD
Traditional folk song
sung by John Denver

G             C             G
HARD LUCK IS THE FORTUNE OF ALL WOMANKIND
D             G             D
THEY'RE ALWAYS CONTROLLED, THEY'RE ALWAYS CONFINED
G             D
CONTROLLED BY THEIR PARENTS UNTIL THEY ARE WIVES
G             C             G
THEN THEY'RE SLAVES TO THEIR HUSBANDS THE REST OF THEIR LIVES
G             C             G
I ONCE KNEW A GIRL AND THE STORY IS SAD
D             G             D
SHE OFTIME WAS COURTED BY THE WAGONER LAD
G             D
HE COURTED HER TRULY, BY NIGHT AND BY DAY
G             C             G
NOW HIS WAGONS ARE LOADED, HE'S PULLING AWAY
G             C             G
YOUR HORSES ARE HUNGRY, COME FEED THEM SOME HAY
D             G             D
AND SIT DOWN BESIDE ME FOR AS LONG AS YOU MAY.
G             D
MY HORSES AIN'T HUNGRY, THEY WON'T EAT YOUR HAY
G             C             G
SO FARE WE WELL, DARLING, I'M PULLING AWAY.
G             C             G
YOUR PARENTS DON'T LIKE ME, THEY SAY I'M TOO POOR
D             G             D
THEY SAY I'M NOT WORTHY TO ENTER YOUR DOOR
G             D
I WORK FOR MY LIVING, ALL MY MONEY'S MY OWN
G             C             G
AND IF THEY DON'T LIKE ME THEY CAN LEAVE ME ALONE.