

# Get Behind the Mule

Tom Waits

Molly be damned smote Jimmy the Harp  
With a horrid little pistol and a lariat  
She's goin to the bottom  
And she's goin down the drain  
Said she wasn't big enough to carry it

She got to get behind the Mule  
In the morning and plow  
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In the morning and plow  
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In the morning and plow  
She got to get behind the Mule  
In the morning and plow

Choppity chop goes the axe in the woods  
You gotta meet me by the fall down tree  
Shovel of dirt upon a coffin lid  
And I know they'll come lookin for me boys  
And I know they'll come a-lookin for me

Got to get behind the Mule  
In the morning and plow  
Got to get behind the Mule  
In the morning and plow  
Got to get behind the Mule  
In the morning and plow  
Got to get behind the Mule  
In the morning and plow

Big Jack Earl was 8'1  
He stood in the road and he cried  
He couldn't make her love him  
Couldn't make her stay  
But tell the good Lord that he tried

[Chorus]

Dusty trail from Atchison to Placerville  
On the wreck of the Weaverville stage  
Beaula fired on Beatty for a lemonade  
I was stirring my brandy with a nail boys  
Stirring my brandy with a nail

[Chorus]

Well the rampaging sons of the widow James  
Jack the cutter and the pock marked kid  
Had to stand naked at the bottom  
Of the cross  
And tell the good lord what they did  
Tell the good lord what they did

[Chorus]

Punctuated birds on the power line  
In a Studebaker with the Birdie Joe Joaks

I'm diggin all the way to China  
With a silver spoon  
While the hangman fumbles with the noose, boys  
The hangman fumbles with the noose

[Chorus]

Pin your ear to the wisdom post  
Pin your eye to the line  
Never let the weeds get higher  
Than the garden  
Always keep a sapphire in your mind  
Always keep a diamond in your mind

[Chorus]