

# Send That Wagon Home, John - song lyrics

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Send That Wagon Home, John.  
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When the old boss dies and the harness gives out,  
Send that wagon home, John;  
That it's good and stout, I never had a doubt.  
Send that wagon home.  
Oh, the wheels am old, but good and tough,  
Send that wagon home, John;  
For your mother and I it am plenty good enough,  
Send that wagon home.

Chorus.  
Send that wagon home.  
For it will hold us all;  
You used to ride about in it  
When you were young and small.  
Your mother sat beside me  
When we to the parson roamed;  
In that old cart I won her heart,  
John, send that wagon home.

If you mean to help the old folks along,  
Send that wagon home, John;  
Your mother am old and she ain't strong,  
Send that wagon home.  
She can ride to church, and drive all 'round,  
Send that wagon home. John;  
On market days she can ride to town,  
Send that wagon home.-Chorus.

It was clean and neat when it was new,  
Send that wagon home. John;  
The wheels were red, and the box was blue,  
Send that wagon home.  
The paint am gone, but it's yes as good,  
Send that wagon home, John;  
It's made of ash and old oak wood,  
Send that wagon home.-Chorus.