

Vashti Bunyan, Jog Along Bess

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

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

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

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
We brought you a pumpkin brought you a mouse
We wished very hard and you gave us a house

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