

# Al Stewart, Three Mules

Three mules came over a hill  
They were dragging a cart  
Creaking, it seemed to be falling apart  
Laden with millions of dreams  
It weighed more than they thought  
They never noticed the wheels getting caught  
They pulled on, staring ahead  
With blinkered eyes and lowered heads  
Hoping that all would be fine  
I see them now  
Time out of time

Ramsey and Stanley and Neville  
Were the names of the mules  
Each wore a bridle encrusted with jewels  
And though a murmur of voices  
Was rising behind  
Each laboured on  
And they paid it no mind  
They pulled on with never a doubt  
Past boulders and holes  
Till the road petered out  
And giving a snort they sat down  
Waiting for somebody else to come round  
And from this are our lives writ large  
From the beach at Dunkirk  
To Pickett's Charge  
And it's hard to go back  
after coming this far  
Down the road

Three mules looked over a fence  
At the field beyond  
Green as a forest it shone in the sun  
Into the stillness they broke  
Like a stone in a pond  
And kicking the gate down  
They brayed at the ground  
And pulled on tugging a dream  
Out of a smile and into a scream  
And tossed the damp soil all around  
Until the whole field turned muddy brown  
And from this are our lives writ large  
From the beach at Dunkirk  
To Pickett's Charge  
And it's hard to go back  
after coming this far  
Down the road

Ah, but it's not very easy now being a mule  
I don't believe you appreciate all that we do  
Look at this long and unfortunate face  
Try to imagine that you're in my place  
This is my nature  
And to it I have to be true

Three mules came over a hill  
With a sorrowful air  
Though we've been judged, they said  
It's hardly fair  
All that we did was for you  
And the good of the cause  
Then they went back to the sound of applause  
They went back into the night

Where a sickle of moon  
Left a trickle of light  
And while we lay under our roofs  
The whole night filled up  
With the beating of hooves  
And from this are our lives writ large  
From the beach at Dunkirk  
To Pickett's Charge  
And it's hard to go back  
after coming this far  
Down the road

And from this are our lives writ large  
And every day  
Is Pickett's Charge  
And it's hard to go back  
after coming this far  
Down the road