

# John Prine, Dear John (I Sent Your Saddle Home)

(Aubrey A. Gass)

When I woke up this morning  
There was a note upon my door  
Saying "Don't make me no coffee, Babe  
Cause I won't be back no more"

And that's all she wrote  
"Dear John", I sent your saddle home

Now Jonah got along in the belly of a whale  
Daniel in the lion's den  
I know a guy that didn't try to get along  
And he won't get a chance again

That's all she wrote  
"Dear John", I sent your saddle home

She didn't forward no address  
No she never said goodbye  
All she said was "if you get blue  
Just hang your little head and cry"

That's all she wrote  
"Dear John", I sent your saddle home

Now my gal's short and stubby  
She's mean as she can be  
If that little old gal of mine  
Ever gets a hold of me

That's all she wrote  
"Dear John", I fetched your saddle home

Went down to the bank this morning  
The cashier said with a grin  
I'm sorry for you Little John  
But your wife has done been in

That's all she wrote  
"Dear John", I sent your saddle home

That's all she wrote  
"Dear John", I sent your saddle home