

# The Kingston Trio, Pullin' Away

Chorus:

Pullin' away, he's pullin away. Now his wagons are loaded, he's pullin' away.

Hard luck is the fortune of all woman kind. They're always controlled. They're always confined. Controlled by their parents until they are wives. Then slaves of their husbands the rest of their lives.

I once knew a girl and her story was sad. She always was courted by the wagoner lad. He courted her truly by night and by day. Now his wagons are loaded. He's pullin' away.

(Chorus)

Your parents don't like me. They think I'm too poor. They think I'm not worth to enter your door. Hard livin's my pleasure. My money's my own and if they don't like me, they can leave me alone.

Long is the road. Dark is the sky. Look over your shoulder. He's wavin' goodbye.

My wagon is loaded. My whip needs a mend. So sit down here by me for as long as you can. My wagons are loaded. My whip's in my hand. So, fare thee well, darlin', I'm leavin' this land.

(Chorus)