

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