

## Little Satchel

Sarah Jarosz

Under my bed, you can set your little satchel  
And on my head come lay your little hand  
If you will be my own true lover  
I will be your loving little man

Run to the house and ask your papa  
Bride of mine you'll ever be  
If he says no, come back and tell me  
And I will wait for you to be free

When you get free then we'll get married  
Look how happy we will be  
Oh, we'll go to California  
Any place you want to go  
Oh, we'll go to Louisiana  
Settle down when we get home

I wish I was a little angel  
And over these prison walls I would fly  
I'd fly on back to the arms of my darlin'  
Stay at home and there I would die

But you can see that I'm no little angel  
Neither have my wings to fly  
So I'll go back all broken hearted  
Weep and moan until I die