

And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest  
team alive,  
They 'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't  
see where to drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load ;  
No—for I was travellin' an entirely different  
road ;  
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives  
ag'in,  
And seein' where we missed the way, and where  
we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a  
quarrel led,  
When I ought to 've held my temper, and  
driven straight ahead ;  
And the more I thought it over the more these  
memories came,