

# Woodstock

John Martyn

Perch trees, pine trees, oh there're many kind trees  
Sparrows, marrows and all those things  
Butterflies flutter by everybody's upper by  
Even the man next door can sing.

Kicking up the cones and rolling up the stones  
Kicking up the stones and rolling up the cones  
The band plays country, cool and sweet  
Everywhere you go  
The people tumble down the street  
No one that you know.

Sunshine, soon shine, let me in the moonshine  
Give me the road and set me free  
Own up, grown up, everything is sewn up  
State police can't bother me.

Kicking up the cones and rolling up the stones  
Kicking up the stones and rolling up the cones.  
The band plays country, cool and sweet  
Everywhere you go  
The people tumble down the street  
Everyone you know.

Jed the woodchuck, lives in Woodstock  
Maybe he's a groundhog and I don't know  
Winter freeze up, seize up, knees up  
Summers and its time to go.

Kicking up the cones and rolling up the stones  
Kicking up the stones and rolling up the cones.  
The band plays country, cool and sweet  
Everywhere you go  
The people tumble down the street  
Everyone you know.