

## **Denny Sandy**

# **"Bushes And Briars (thistles And Thorns)"**

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(By Sandy Denny. U.F.O. Music, Inc. (C) 1972)

I can't believe that it's so cold  
And there ain't been no snow.  
The sound of music it comes to me  
>From every place I go.  
Sunday morning, there's no one in church,  
But the clergy's chosen man  
And he is fine I won't worry about him.  
Got the book in his hand.

Oh, there's a bitter east wind, and the fields are  
swaying,  
The crows are round their nests.  
I wonder what he's in there a saying  
To all those souls at rest.  
I see the path which lead to the door,  
And the clergy's chosen man.  
Bushes and bria  
You and I,  
Where do we stand?

I wonder if he knows I'm here,

Watching the briars grow.  
And all these people beneath my shoes,  
I wonder if they know.  
There was a time when every last one,  
Knew a clergy's chosen man.  
Where are they now?  
Thistles and thorns,  
Among the sand.

I can't believe that it's so cold  
And there ain't been no snow.  
The sound of music it comes to me  
>From every place I go.  
Sunday morning, there's no one in church,  
But the clergy's chosen man  
Bushes and briars,  
Thistles and thorns  
Upon the land.

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