

Martyn John And Beverly

"Woodstock"

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Pear trees, pine trees, all the many kind trees

Sparrows, marrows, and all those things

Butterflies flutter by, everybody's apple pie

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

People tumble down the street, no one that you know

Sunshine soon shine, let me at the moonshine

Give me the road and set me free

Own up, grown up, everything in sown up

State police can't bother me

The band plays country cool and sweet everywhere you
go

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, sieze up, knees up

Summers and it's time to go

