

Sandy Denny

"Bushes And Briars"

Visit "[Bushes And Briars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.
There's a bitter east wind and the fields are swaying
The crows are round their nests.
I wonder what he's in there saying
To all those souls at rest.
I see the path which led to the door
And the clergy's chosen man
Bushes and briars, 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.

Visit [Sandy Denny](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.