

# John Denver - Berkeley Woman

Tom: G

(verse 1)

I saw a Berkeley woman sittin' in her rockin chair,  
A dulcimer in her lap, a feather in her hair,  
Her breasts swayed freely,  
With the rhythm of the rockin' chair,  
She was a sittin' and a singin' and a swayin,  
Her cheeks were red I declare,

(verse 2)

Tw'as hard to believe what my eyes showed me then,  
The color in her cheeks was just her natural skin,  
She wore no makeup,  
To make her look that way,  
She was a natural mama with the red cheeks,  
What more can I say,

(verse 3)

Well, I fin'ly realized there was hunger in my stare,  
In my mind I was swayin' with the woman in the rockin' chair,  
But the lady I was livin' with,  
Was standin' right by my side,  
She saw my stare and she saw the hunger,

And Lord it made her cry,

(verse 4)

So with anger on her face and hurt in her eyes,  
She scratched me and & clawed me, she screamed & she cried,  
Oh you don't give me near,  
All the lovin' that you should,  
Yet you're ready to go and lay with her,  
You're just no damn good,

(verse 5)

I guess she's prob'ly right, Oh, I guess I'm prob'ly wrong,  
I guess she's not too far away, she hasn't been gone very long,  
And I guess we could get together,  
And try this one more time,  
But I know the wanderlust would come again,  
She'd only wind up cryin,

(verse 6)

Well, now you've heard my story as plain as the light of day,  
It's hard to feel guilty for lovin' the ladies,  
That's all I gotta say,

(chorus)

Except a woman is the sweetest fruit,  
That God ever put on the vine,  
I'd no more love just one kind of woman,  
Than drink only one kind of wine,  
Well, a woman is the sweetest fruit,  
That God ever put on the vine,  
I'd no more love just one kind of woman,  
Than drink only one kind of wine,

## Acordes

