

Garden Song

by Dave Mallet (1975)

D G^(½) D^(½)
Inch by inch, row by row
G^(½) A^(½) D
Gonna make this garden grow
G^(½) A^(½) D Bm
All it takes is a rake and a hoe
 Em7 A7
And a piece of fertile ground.

D G^(½) D^(½)
Inch by inch, row by row
G^(½) A^(½) D
Someone bless these seeds I sow,
G^(½) A^(½) D
Someone warm them from below
 G^(½) A7^(½) D G^(½) D^(½)
'Till the rain comes tumbling down

Pullin' weeds and pickin' stones,
Man is made of dreams and bones,
Feel the need to grow my own,
'Cause the time is close at hand.

Grain for grain, sun and rain,
Find my way in Nature's chain,
Tune my body and my brain
To the music from the land.

Plant your rows straight and long,
Temper them with prayer and song,
Mother Earth will make you strong
If you give her loving care.

An old crow watching hungrily
From his perch in yonder tree,
In my garden I'm as free
As that feathered thief up there.