

Berkeley Woman
John Denver

(verse 1)

G **C** **G**
I saw a Berkeley woman sittin in her rockin chair,
G **D7**
A dulcimer in her lap, a feather in her hair,
G
Her breasts swayed freely,
C **G**
With the rhythm of the rockin chair,
C **G**
She was a sittin and a singin and a swayin,
D7 **G**
Her cheeks were red I declare,

(verse 2)

G **C** **G**
Twas hard to believe what my eyes showed me then,
G **D7**
The color in her cheeks was just her natural skin,
G
She wore no makeup,
C **G**
To make her look that way,
C **G**
She was a natural mama with the red cheeks,
D7 **G**
What more can I say,

(verse 3)

G **C** **G**
Well, I finally realized there was hunger in my stare,
G **D7**
In my mind I was swayin with the woman in the rockin chair,
G
But the lady I was livin with,
C **G**
Was standin right by my side,
C **G**
She saw my stare and she saw the hunger,
D7 **G**
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)

G
Except a woman is the sweetest fruit,
C **G**
That God ever put on the vine,
C **G**
I d no more love just one kind of woman,
D7 **G**
Than drink only one kind of wine,
G
Well, a woman is the sweetest fruit,
C **G**
That God ever put on the vine,
C **G**
I d no more love just one kind of woman,
D7 **G**
Than drink only one kind of wine,