

**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 fin ly 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,