

**Blackberry Blossom**  
**Michelle Shocked**

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#

To: jamesb@nevada.edu  
Subject: Michelle Shocked, BlackberryBlossom.chopro

{title: Blackberry blossom}  
{st:Michelle Shocked}

C[G]an you tell m[D]e what h[C]appened to the blos[G]som,  
Bla[C]ackberry blos[G]som when the s[D]ummertime came?  
The b[G]lackberry b[D]lossom, oh the l[C]ast time I s[G]aw one  
Was d[C]own in the b[G]ramble where I r[D]ambled in the s[G]pring  
The [Em]bramble was wild I was torn by the briars  
My l[D]ove he wooed me as I lie there  
With a f[Em]lower in my hair and my cheeks all flashy  
Was the B[C]lackberry B[G]lossom from the B[D]lackberry B[G]ush

When I picked the berry I didn t miss the blossom  
The blackberry blossom was white as the snow  
But the berry that it brings is sweeter than molasses  
And black as the wings of an Arkansas crow  
The Arkansas crow is a devil and a demon  
Known for his cackling and his screaming  
Driving away the swallow and the thrush  
>From the blackberry blossom and the blackberry bush

I was picking berries when that crow flew above me  
Carrying my lover so far away  
Now each spring I lay a blackberry blossom  
By a cold gravestone on the Arkansas clay  
The Arkansas clay is rocky and hard  
With weeds growing over in the old graveyard  
And the day settles down to an evening hush  
Over the blackberry blossom and the blackberry bush.

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# Submitted to the ftp.nevada.edu:/pub/guitar archives  
# by Ugo Piomelli  
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