

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.

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