

GARDEN SONG, The and ANTI-GARDEN SONG, The  
 Dave Mallet's 1975 love song of a gardener to his garden is stomped upon like a gardener's boot on a snail; Eric Kilburn wrote the Anti- version in 1982.

We'll start with Mr. Mallet's familiar ode, then dive into the peeved gardener version by Mr. Kilburn. . .

Intro:1,2,3,4 1,2,3,4 C////

C F C F G7 C  
 Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow.  
 F G7 C Am D7 G7  
 All you need is a rake & a hoe & a piece of fertile ground;  
 C F C F G7 C  
 Inch by inch, row by row, someone bless these seeds I sow.  
 F G7 C Am D7 G7 C  
 Someone warm them from below, 'till the rains come tumblin' down.

C F C F G7 C  
 Pulling weeds, picking stones, we are made of dreams & bones.  
 F G7 C Am D7 G7  
 Need a place to call my own for the time is near at hand.  
 C F C F G7 C  
 Grain for grain, sun & rain, find my way through nature's chain.  
 F G7 C Am D7 G7 C  
 Tune my body & my brain to the music of the land.

C F C F G7 C  
 Plant your rows straight & long, temper them with prayer & song.  
 F G7 C Am D7 G7  
 Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her love & care;  
 C F C F G7 C  
 An old crow watching hungrily, from his perch in yonder tree.  
 F G7 C Am D7 G7 C  
 In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief up there!

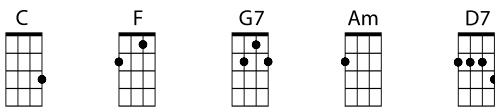
**repeat first verse, or go on to the parody following directly below:**

C F C F G7 C  
Slug by slug, weed by weed, my garden's got me really teed.  
F G7 C Am D7 G7  
All the insects love to feed upon my tomato plants;  
C F C F G7 C  
Sunburned face, scratched-up knees, my kitchen's choked with zucchinis.  
F G7 C Am D7 G7 C  
I'm shopping at the A & P next time I get a chance.

C F C F G7 C  
The crabgrass grows, the ragweed thrives, the broccoli has long-since died  
F G7 C Am D7 G7  
The only things still left alive, are some radishes & beans.  
C F C F G7 C  
My carrot plants are dead & gone, hear the rabbits sing a happy song.  
F G7 C Am D7 G7 C  
Until you've weeded all day long, you don't know what boredom means.

C F C F G7 C  
You get up early, work 'till late; watch moles & mice get overweight.  
F G7 C Am D7 G7  
They eat their dinners on a plate from the hard work you have done.  
C F C F G7 C  
As ye sow, so shall ye reap, but I smell like a compost heap.  
F G7 C Am D7 G7 C  
I'm gonna get that lousy creep who said gardening was fun. . .

Thanks to Priscilla Legg for finding the alternative version!!



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