

# Berkeley Woman

(By Bryan Bowers)

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
I saw a Berkeley woman, sittin' in a rockin' chair.

**F** **C7**  
A dulcimer in her lap, a feather in her hair.

**F** **Bb** **F** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
Her breasts swayed freely, with the rhythm of the rockin' chair.

**F** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
She was a-sittin' and a-singin' and a-swayin.'

**F** **C7** **F**  
Her cheeks were red, I declare.

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
It was hard to believe, what my eyes showed me then:

**F** **C7**  
The color in her cheeks was just her natural skin.

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
She wore no makeup, to make her look that way.

**Bb** **F** **C7** **F**  
She was a natural model with the red cheeks, what more can I say?

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
I finally realized there was hunger in my stare.

**F** **C7**  
In my mind, I was swayin' with the woman in the rockin' chair.

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
But the lady I was livin' with was standin' right by my side.

**Bb** **F** **C7** **F**  
She saw my stare and she saw my hunger, and, Lord, it made her cry.

**F** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
So with anger on her face, and hurt in her eyes,

**F** **C7**  
She scratched me and clawed me; she screamed and she cried:

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
"Lord, you don't give nearly all the lovin' that you should!"

**Bb** **F** **C7** **F**  
Yet, you're ready to go and lay with her! You're just no damned good!"

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
Well, I guess she's prob'bly right, And I guess I'm prob'bly wrong.

**F** **C7**  
I guess she's not too far away; she hasn't been gone very long.

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
And I guess we could get together, and try just one more time.

**Bb** **F** **C7** **F**  
But I know the wanderlust would come again, and she'd only wind up cryin'.

(Instrumental break) **F** - **F7** - **Bb** - **F** - **F** - **C7**

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
Now, you've heard the story; plain as the light of day.

**F** **C7**  
It's hard to feel guilty for lovin' the ladies; that's all I've got to say.

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
But the woman is the sweetest fruit that God ever put on the vine.

**Bb** **F** **C7** **F**  
I'd no more love just one kind of woman than drink only one kind of wine.