

Johnny Appleseed

Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros

Lord, there goes Johnny Appleseed
He might pass by in the hour of need
There's a lot of souls
Ain't drinking from no well locked in a factory Hey, look there goes
Hey, look there goes
If you're after getting the honey, hey
Then you don't go killing all the bees Lord, there goes Martin Luther King
Notice how the door closes when the chimes of freedom ring
I hear what you're saying, I hear what he's saying
Is what was true now no longer so Hey, I hear what you're saying
Hey, I hear what he's saying
If you're after getting the honey, hey
Then you don't go killing all the bees What the people are saying
And we know every road, go go
What the people are saying
There ain't no berries on the trees Let the summertime sun
Fall on the apple, fall on the apple Lord, there goes a Buick forty-nine
Black sheep of the angels riding, riding down the line
We think there is a soul, we don't know
That soul is hard to find Hey, down along the road
Hey, down along the road
If you're after getting the honey
Then you don't go killing all the bees Hey, it's what the people are saying
It's what the people are saying
Hey, there ain't no berries on the trees
Hey, that's what the people are saying, no berries on the trees
You're checking out the honey, baby
You had to go killin' all the bees

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