

# Berkeley Woman

Bryan Bowers

I saw a Berkley woman  
Sitting in her rocking chair  
A dulcimer in her lap  
A feather in her hair  
Her breasts swayed freely  
With the rhythm of the rocking chair  
She was a-sitting and a-singing and a-swaying  
Her cheeks were red I declare 'Twas hard to believe  
What my eyes showed me then  
The colour in her cheeks  
Was just her natural skin  
She wore no makeup  
To make her look that way  
She was a natural mama with the red cheeks  
What more can I say Well I finally realised  
There was hunger in my stare  
In my mind I was swaying  
With the woman in the rocking chair  
But the lady I was living with  
Was standing right by my side  
She saw my stare and she saw my hunger  
And Lord it made her cry  
So with anger on her face  
Yes and the hurt in her eyes  
She scratched me and she clawed me  
She screamed and she cried  
Oh you don't give me near  
All the loving that you should  
Yet you're ready to go and lay with her  
You're just no damn good Well I guess she's probably right  
Oh I guess I'm probably wrong  
I guess she's not too far away  
She hasn't been gone very long  
And I guess we could get together  
And try it one more time  
But I know that wanderlust would come again  
She'd only wind up a-crying Well now you've heard my story  
Plain as the light of day  
It's hard to feel guilty for loving the ladies

That's all I gotta say  
Except a woman is the sweetest fruit  
That God ever put on the vine  
I'd no more love just one kinda woman  
Than drink only one kinda wine

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