

# Old Old Woodstock

[Van Morrison](#)

Oh, don't it get you, get you when you're through  
Feel the breezes blowing all around your coat  
Oh, don't it get you when you gotta roam  
Hear the children singing, 'My daddy's coming home' Going down to old, old woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old, old woodstock  
Going down, give my baby a squeeze Going down to old, old woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old, old woodstock  
Way behind the shady tree Here I come a swaggering, way on over the ridge  
See the water flowing way beneath the bridge  
And my woman's waiting by the kitchen door  
I'm driving along in my old beat up car Going down to old, old woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old, old woodstock  
Going down, give my child a squeeze Going down to old, old woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old, old woodstock  
Way behind the shady tree Listen, oh, don't it get you, get you when you're through  
Feel the breezes blowing, all around your coat  
Lord, don't it get you, when you're bound to roam  
Hear your children sing, 'My Daddy's coming home' Going down to old, old woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old, old woodstock  
Going down, give my child a squeeze Going down to old, old woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old, old woodstock  
Way behind the shady tree

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