

Johnny Barleycorn

Frank Black

Have you been to the fields?
Something there made me afraid
 Like dying younger
 If the ground never yields
We will feel the hungerTake him out with the seeds
 Roll him on the barren ground
 Mix blood and water
 Do not doubt our every need
She will feed, look what we got herClear the way for Johnny Barleycorn
 This is the day that surely he will be reborn
 Bring down the blame on Johnny
He shall be the one that will be tornRing out the new year
 Sing out the names of the dead
 Like Johnny Barleycorn
 Give him a cheer
 (Hey)
Can you hear the newborn?Clear the way for Johnny Barleycorn
 This is the day that surely he will be reborn
Bring down the blame on JohnnyClear the way for Johnny Barleycorn
 This is the day that surely he will be reborn
 Bring down the blame on Johnny
 He shall be the one that will be torn
 He shall be the one that will be torn

Songwriters

THOMPSON, CHARLES

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