BLACKBERRY WAY

Moderately

Words and Music
by ROY WOOD

1. Black-ber-ry Way, absolutely pouring
2. Down to the park, over-grow-ing but the
down with rain,—it's a ter-ri-ble day. Up with the lark
trees are bare,—There's a mem-or-y there. Boats on the lake,
sil-ly girl I don't know what to say,—she was
un-at-tend-ed now the laugh-ter drowned,—I'm in-

run-ning a-way. So now I'm stand-ing on the
cred-i-bly down. Just like my-self they are ne-
cor-ner,
glect-ed,
lost in the things that I said,
turn with my eyes to the wall,