

# 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 Woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old Woodstock  
Going down to give my baby a squeeze

Going down to old Woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old Woodstock  
Way behind the shady trees

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 Woodstock  
Feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old Woodstock  
Give my child a squeeze

Going down to old Woodstock  
To feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old Woodstock  
Way behind the shady trees

Listen, oh don't it get you  
Get you in your throat  
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 Woodstock  
To feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old Woodstock  
Give my child a squeeze

Going down to old Woodstock  
To feel the cool night breeze  
Going down to old Woodstock  
Way behind the shady trees  
Going down to old Woodstock  
To feel the cool night breeze

Going down to old Woodstock  
Give my child a squeeze  
Going down to old Woodstock  
Way behind the shady trees  
Way behind the shady trees  
Way behind the shady trees