

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
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