

Tending my fruit, tending my fruit
Ah you've got to have a hobby
A man must have a shed to keep him sane

Spraying my buds, spraying my buds
Got to keep away diseases
I mix the poisons and the wife don't complain

Some people say
That I am out of my tree
Or just a strawberry fool
Someday they'll see
'Til then I'll blow you a raspberry
'Cause apples and pears are me

So I'm tending my fruit
And I don't give a hoot
'Cause it keeps me sane, it keeps me sane

Some people say
That I am out of my tree
Or just a strawberry fool
Someday they'll see
'Til then I'll blow you a raspberry
'Cause apples and pears are me

So I'm tending my fruit, tending my fruit
Ah you've got to have a hobby
A man must have a shed to keep him sane
To keep him sane, to keep him sane, to keep him sane

Oh the wife can't complain
To keep him sane, to keep him sane, yeah keeps him sane
Yeah to keep him sane, to keep him sane, yeah it keeps him sane