

## Garden Song by Dave Mallet

CHORUS:

Inch by inch, row by row gonna make this garden grow,  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fertile ground.  
Inch by inch, row by row, someone bless these seeds I sow,  
Someone warm them from below, 'till the rain comes tumblin' down.

Pullin' weeds and pickin' stones, we are made of dreams and bones,  
Feel the need to grow my own, for the time is close at hand.  
Grain for grain, sun and rain, we are part of Nature's chain,  
Tune my body and my brain to the music from the land. CHORUS

Plant your rows straight and long, temper them with prayer and  
song,  
Mother Earth will make you strong, if you give her love and care.  
An old crow watching hungrily, from his perch in yonder tree,  
In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief up there. CHORUS

