

On My Turpentine Farm

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Money grows on bushes
Mincemeat grows on trees
One can milk a chicken
While stinging a bee
 Everyone's so pleasant
 Even toads got charm
 And all ice cream has bones
 On my turpentine farm.

Everyone's so happy
Everyone's so pleased
With their lives of loving
With their life of ease.
 Plastic hay is stored up
 In a rubber barn
 In a sugar cube field
 On my turpentine farm.

Streams are filled with honey
Life is filled with glee
Hate is nonexistent
Life's tranquility.
 Wasps pull out their stingers
 Cows give milk in jars
 Everything's so peaceful
 On my turpentine farm

Watermelon apples
Grow on turnip trees
Water tastes like root beer
Root beer tastes like tea
 Everyone is friendly
 No one wishes harm
 On their fellow beings
 On my turpentine farm

ON MY TURPENTINE FARM

(OPUS 23)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

FOLK
E

TO CODA

MON- EY GROWS ON
EV- RY ONE IS
STREAMS ARE FILLED WITH
WAT- ER MEL- ON

BUSH-ES MINCE-MEAT GROWS ON
HAP- PY EV- RY ONE'S SO
HONEY LIFE IS FILLED WITH
AP- PLES GROW ON TUR- NIP

TREES ONE CAN MILK A
PLEASD WITH THEIR LIVES OF
GLEE HATE IS NON- EX-
TREES WAT- ER TASTES LIKE

CHICK-EN WHILE STING- ING A
LOV- ING WITH THEIR LIVES OF
- IS- TANT LIFE'S TRAN- QUI- L
ROOT- BEER TASTES LIKE

BEE
EASE
- TY
TEA

E

EV - RY - ONE'S SO PLEA - SENT
 PLAS - TIC HAY IS STORED UP
 WASPS PULL OUT THEIR STINGERS
 EV - RY - ONE IS FREIND - LY

A E

EV - EN TOADS GOT CHARM
 IN A RUB - BER BARN
 COWS GIVE MILK IN JARS
 NO ONE WISH - ES HARM

A E

AND ALL ICE CREAM HAS BONES
 IN A SUG - AR CUBE FIELD
 EV - RY - THING'S SO PEACE - FULL
 ON THEIR FLL - LOW BE - INGS

B A 1. 2. E

ON MY TUR - PEN - TINE FARM

REPEAT TWICE

3. E a1 CODA

FARM

CODA E

CODA