

# Johnny Appleseed

Joe Strummer

Lord, there goes Johnny Appleseed  
He might pass by in the hour of need  
There's a lot of souls  
Ain't drinking from no well locked in a factory

Hey, look there goes  
Hey, look there goes  
If you're after getting the honey, hey  
Then you don't go killing all the bees

Lord, there goes Martin Luther King  
Notice how the door closes when the chimes of freedom ring  
I hear what you're saying, I hear what he's saying  
Is what was true now no longer so

Hey, I hear what you're saying  
Hey, I hear what he's saying  
If you're after getting the honey, hey  
Then you don't go killing all the bees

What the people are saying  
And we know every road, go go  
What the people are saying  
There ain't no berries on the trees

Let the summertime sun  
Fall on the apple, fall on the apple

Lord, there goes a Buick forty-nine  
Black sheep of the angels riding, riding down the line  
We think there is a soul, we don't know  
That soul is hard to find

Hey, down along the road  
Hey, down along the road  
If you're after getting the honey  
Then you don't go killing all the bees

Hey, it's what the people are saying  
It's what the people are saying  
Hey, there ain't no berries on the trees  
Hey, that's what the people are saying, no berries on the trees  
You're checking out the honey, baby  
You had to go killin' all the bees