

John Oaks

Neil Young

John Oaks is in the neighborhood
Protecting all the trees
He's the master of irrigation
And he knows what he sees

Grape farmers watering everywhere
Pipes running where they please
John sees his laws are broken
Trees drowning where they breathe

Now John used to be a mellow man
Drinking Chai and smoking weed
Ain't no one in the county
Ever see'd whatever he see'd

John Oaks, John Oaks
John Oaks, John Oaks

Old John rides in his pickup
With rakes and friends in the back
Workers he takes with him
Then he drives them all back

To protect them from the politicians
Using them to get ahead
Preying on the people
Trying to get inside their heads

John Oaks is really stand-up
He won't take shit lying down
He calls it like he sees it
And he puts his money down

John Oaks, John Oaks
John Oaks, John Oaks

One day at the demonstration
John Oaks was standing up
He arrived there at the location
In his old pickup truck

Took a rake in his hand
And his workers by his side
Stood there waiting for his turn
To speak and turn the tide

When he found himself surrounded
By police everywhere
They tried to take his workers to jail
When he grabbed one by his hair

John Oaks, John Oaks
John Oaks, John Oaks

Shots rang out and people yelled
As the police took control
Shot a black man right where he fell

With a sniper on the knoll

John Oaks saw law and order
Was leading him astray
Tried to get back in his pickup
With his workers to get away

That's when the police moved in
And stood there in his way
John started up his pickup
And that was his last day

John Oaks, John Oaks
John Oaks, John Oaks

They said he had a pistol
When the old pickup backfired
And shot him there behind the wheel
And then John Oaks expired

The workers grabbed the rakes
And that's all that I can say
They went to the cemetery
And they stay there to this day

John Oaks, John Oaks
John Oaks, John Oaks

John Oaks, John Oaks
John Oaks, John Oaks