

Wenatchee

Seasick Steve

Standin' in Wenatchee waitin' for a job
Come a farmer in a pick-up, thank God
Slept in a barn on a pile of hay
Be pickin' apples all day like a dog
25 bags fill a bin
6 when I finish, I'll be done in
There's so many trees to be picked
These Wenatchee apples makin' me sick

Oh, Wenatchee
What wind blew me here?
Oh, Wenatchee
But we won't shed no tear

Woke up in the mornin' there's a chill in the air
Think I'll head down south to the land that's fair
There's a jungle camp where it's warm in the night
Or you could sleep on the beach, yeah, I just might
If I see another apple, it'll be too soon
I'll be ridin' the SP tomorrow by noon

Oh, Wenatchee
What wind blew me here?
Oh, Wenatchee
But we won't shed no tear
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There's nothin' really wrong with Wenatchee
I just don't like workin' so it's down to me
So goodbye, so long Wenatchee
I'll see you next year
When I need money

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Won't shed no tear
Won't shed no tear
Won't shed no
Won't shed no
Tear