

# East of Woodstock, West of Viet Nam

Tom Russell

I slept through the Nineteen Sixties, I heard Dory Previn say  
But me I caught me the great white bird, to the shores of Africay  
Where I lost my adolescent heart, to the sound of a talking drum  
Yeah, East of Woodstock, West of Vietnam And on the roads outside Oshogbo, Lord I fell  
down on my knees  
There were female spirits in old mud huts,  
iron bells ringing up in the trees  
And an eighty-year-old white priest, she made juju all night long  
Yeah, East of Woodstock, West of Vietnam  
Raise high the roof beams carpenter boy, yeah we're coming through the rye  
In the cinema I saw the man on the moon, I laughed so hard I cried  
It was somewhere in those rainy seasons, that I learned to carve my song  
Yeah, East of Woodstock, West of Vietnam Oh Africa, Mother Africa, you lay heavy on my  
breast  
You old cradle of civilization, heart of darkness blood and death Though we had to play you  
running scared, when the crocodile ate the sun  
Yeah, East of Woodstock, West of Vietnam Well I think it's going to rain tonight, I can smell it  
coming off the sea  
As I sit here reading old Graham Greene I taste Africa on every page  
Then I close my eyes and see those red clay roads,  
and it's sundown and boys I'm gone  
Yeah, East of Woodstock, West of Vietnam  
Raise high the roof beams carpenter boy, yeah we're coming through the rye  
It was a moveable feast of war and memory, a dark old lullaby  
It was the smoke of a thousand camp fires, it was the wrong end of a gun,  
Yeah, East of Woodstock, West of Vietnam. Yeah, East of Woodstock, West of Vietnam

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