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

Words & Music by Robert J. Marks II

FOLK

MON - EY GROWS ON
STREAMS THAT FILLD WITH
WAT -ER - MEL - ON

BUSH - ES
HAPPY
HONEY
APPLES

MINCE - MEAT
EV - RY ONE
GROWS ON
LIFE IS FILLD WITH
TUR - N - IP

TREES
PLEASD
GEE - GEE

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LIVES OF
HATE IS NON - EX-
WATER TASTES LIKE

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LOV - ING

- 13 TANT
ROOT BEER

WHILE STING - ING A
LIFE'S THAN QUIT - I
ROOT - BEER TASTES LIKE

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AND ALL ICE CREAM HAS BONES
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EVERYTHING SO PEACEFUL
ON THEIR PELICAN BEINGS

ON MY TURPENTINE FARM

FARM

CODA