

Goin' Out To My Garden © 2011, Cynthia R. Crossen

I'll roll out of bed in the cool of the morning, **A**

Pull on my dirty dungarees, **A - E7**

No coffee, no tea, **E7**

Just a jug of water and me, **E7 - A**

Goin' out to my garden, **A - D - E7**

With dibble and shovel and clippers and workgloves, **A**

And a box full of magical seeds, **A - E7**

My head's full of dreams, **E7**

All of them growing and green **E7 - A**

Inside of my garden, **A - D - E7**

Shake all the sleep from your sleepy head, **D**

Go on, jump up out of bed while the birds are still singing **D - A**

Their morning song, **E7**

You won't be sorry **E7**

To be out in your garden. **E7 - A**

I've got wildflower seeds I'm gonna sprinkle **A**

Around the soft bed I've been digging, **A - E7**

For fairies and me **E7**

To dance in our butterfly wings, **E7 - A**

Inside of my garden, **A - D - E7**

Soon there will come a big sun peepin' over **A**

The treetops, and it will warm me, **A - E7**

And as it grows hot, I'll slow way down 'til I stop **E7**

For a nap in my garden, **A - D - E7**

Sleep in the shade 'til the sun gets low, **D**

Then just get up really slow and pick sweet peas & lettuce **D - A**

For supper, **E7**

Until tomorrow, **E7**

When you're back in your garden. **E7 - A**