

Wendell Ferguson: "Rocks and Trees"

John Leeder

Wendell Ferguson's "Rocks and Trees" is found on his CD *I Pick, Therefore I Jam*, available via his website, www.wendellferguson.com. Wendell has outlined changes to the arrangement and lyrics since the recording, and these are incorporated in the lyrics below. The website introduces the song as follows:

"Highway 17 runs in a roughly north by northwest direction across the Canadian province of Ontario, linking the remote towns and settlements. The rugged beauty of the land up there has inspired both paintings and poems. As a musician I have traveled this road many times ... many, many, many times"

"Rocks and Trees"

Wendell Ferguson (Wen Hel Freezes Music (SOCAN))

(I start out in the key of "C")

Rocks and trees, trees and rocks;
If you've driven 17, you've seen lots;
Though I dearly love this land, I've stood all I can stand,
Of rocks and trees, trees and rocks.

Rocks and trees, trees and rocks,
Reams and reams of endless trees and tons of rocks;
The whole north is just proliferous with metamorphic and
coniferous,
Rocks and trees, trees and rocks.

Rocks and trees, trees and rocks;
Motel signs, hydro lines and a flattened fox;
Oh, construction site machinery is a welcome change of
scenery,
From rocks and trees, trees and rocks.

(Then I stick a solo in here and end it in "A" and modulate
to "D".)

Bert loves Pearl, John loves Jane;
Must each boy and every girl inscribe their names?
It's so quaint the way he told her, with spray paint upon a
boulder;
Bert loves John? Times have changed.

(I used to say "Shame, shame, shame," but that's no longer
politically correct.)

Trees and rocks, rocks and trees,
A guy can quickly get real sick of seeing these;

What's the deal with all the tourists? It's just shield here and
some forests,
And trees and rocks, rocks and trees.

Rocks and trees, trees and rocks;
A double line and I'm stuck behind a dozen trucks;
By the time you hit Kenora, you don't want to see no
more-a,
Rocks and trees, trees and rocks.

(Then another solo here in "D" and then stay in "D" for a
quiet verse.)

Here's a break, it's a little lake,
Cause I've seen all the you-know-whats that I can take;
As I gaze down to the bottom, I can see it's filled with rot-
ten,
Rotten trees and rotten rocks, for God's sake!

(Then I jump up to "E", double the tempo and end it with
three tags.)

Miles and miles and miles and miles and miles of trees,
Piles and piles and piles and piles and piles of rocks;
When God made this northern land, He must've ordered
way too many,
Rocks and trees, trees and rocks,
Rocks and trees, trees and rocks,
Rocks and trees, trees and rocks.

**Lyrics and introduction provided by John Leeder; song
transcribed by Meghan Forsyth.**