



## 1. Raspberry, Blackberry

Raspberry, Blackberry, Black Cat, and you  
Sometimes I get so happy I don't know what to do  
I count my toes, and then I count yours too  
Raspberry, Blackberry, Black Cat, and you

Down in the wood, on Covey Hill  
My body's left there, but my soul's there still  
You know I love you, and I always will  
Down in the wood, on Covey Hill, with...

Kath and Bernie are not too far away  
In their house of many colours, they're living for today  
I go to visit them around midday  
And all the way back up, Chloe comes to play, with...

Kath and Bernie have up and gone away  
From their house of many colours, they said they would not stay  
Some aching sorrow led their love astray  
Still I care for them, and wait and pray, with...

Raspberry, Blackberry, Black Cat, and you  
But sometimes I get so sorry I don't know what to do  
I cry my tears, and then I cry yours too  
Raspberry, Blackberry, Black Cat, and you

Down in the wood on Covey Hill  
My body's left there, but my soul's there still  
You know I love you, and I always will  
Down in the wood on Covey Hill, with...

Raspberry, Blackberry, Black Cat, and you  
But sometimes I get so sorry I don't know what to do  
I cry my tears, and then I cry yours too  
Raspberry, Blackberry, Black Cat, and you  
I count my toes, and then I count your too  
Raspberry, Blackberry, Black Cat and you



This song was written in 1984. I was 20, living in Montreal, exposed for the first time to a vibrant counter-culture, centered around the anarchist Café Commun/Commune, where I worked. It was there that I met Kathleen Yearwood (the Kath in the song) ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kathleen\\_Yearwood](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kathleen_Yearwood)) and Windi Earthworm (the you in the song) (<https://kersplebedeb.com/posts/theres-a-fire-truck-on-my-ceiling-windi-earthworm-remembered/>).

I am deeply grateful to these two songwriters, for showing me that songs could be written by anyone...even people I knew...even me. I never shared this song with either of them, but I still feel great nostalgia for that time and for Covey Hill, where the cabins they lived in have been burned to the ground...