

Prine John

"Grandpa Was A Carpenter"

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Oh, Grandpa wore his suit to dinner nearly every day
No particular reason, he just dressed that way
Brown neck tie, matching vest, both his wing tip shoes
Built a closet on our back porch, put a penny in a
burned out fuse

Chorus:

Grandpa was a carpenter, he built houses, stores and
banks
Chain-smoked Camel cigarettes and hammered nails
and planks
He was level on the level, shaved even every door
And voted for Eisenhower 'cause Lincoln won the war

Well he used to sing me "Blood on the saddle" and
rock me on his knee
And let me listen to the radio before we got TV
Well he'd drive to church on Sunday and he'd take me
with him, too
Stained glass in every window, hearin' aids in every
pew.

Chorus

Now my Grandma was a teacher, went to school in
Bowling Green
Traded in her milkin' cow for a Singer sewing machine
Well she called her husband, "Mister" and she walked
real tall and pride
And used to buy me comic books after Grandpa died

Chorus

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