

Traditional Grass

"Grandpa's Mandolin"

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Looking through old memories in my cedar closet
stashed away
I found the old mandolin Grandpa used to play
I picked it up and held it close thinking 'bout those
years ago
And all the great music Grandpa made

Weathered worn but never frail with calloused hands
he gently played
To bring an easy feeling to a hard working day
When times were tough as they could be he never once
complained to me
He'd just let the music sooth the the pain

When Grandpa played the mandolin the family
gathered 'round
To sing the old time songs generations handed down
I remember every single phrase from every song he
played
Wish I could sing a song with Grandpa today

I recall 1961 the year Grandpa passed away
The family gathered 'round once more to sing Amazing
Grace
Now this mandolin's reminding me of what my
Grandpa taught to me
That music makes the world a better place

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