

Bobby Darin

"If I Were A Carpenter"

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If I were a carpenter
And you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?

If a tinker were my trade
Would you still find me?
Carrying the pots I'd made
Following behind me

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love through sorrows
I've given you my onliness
Give me your tomorrows

If I worked my hands in wood
Would you still love me?
Answer me babe, "Yes I would"
I would put you above me

If I were a miller, yeah
At a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your colored box
Little girl, your soft sweet shoe shinning

If I were a carpenter
And you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?

Would you marry me anyway?
And have my baby

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