

Greg Brown

"Canned Goods"

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Well there's a root cellar, fruit cellar down below
Watch your head now, and down we go

[repeat chorus]

Well maybe you are weary and you don't give a damn
I bet you never tasted her blackberry jam

[repeat chorus]

Oh she got magic in her, you know what I mean
She puts the sun and rain in with her beans

[repeat chorus]

What with the snow and the economy and everything
I think I'll just stay down here and eat until spring

[repeat chorus]

When I go down to see Grandma, I gain a lot a weight
With her dear hands she gives me plate after plate
She cans the pickles, sweet and dill
And the songs of the whip-or-will and the morning dew
and the evening moon
I really gotta go down and see her soon
Cause the canned goods that I buy at the store
Ain't got the summer in em anymore
You bet Grandma as sure as you're born I'll take some
more potatoes and
a thunder storm

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