

Guy Clark "The Carpenter"

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Let us now praise a carpenter and the things that he
made

And the way that he lived by the tools of his trade
I can still hear his hammer singing ten penny time
Working by the hour till the day he died

Oh he was tough as a crowbar quick as a chisel
Fair as a plane and true as a level
He was straight as a chalkline and right as a rule
He was square with the world he took good care of his
tools

[guitar]

Oh he worked his hands in wood from the crib to the
coffin

With a care and a love you don't see too often
He built boats out of wood big boats working in a
shipyard

Mansions on the hill and a birdhouse in the backyard
He was tough as a crowbar...

[steel - guitar]

He said anything that's worth cuttin' down a tree for
Is worth doin' right don't the Lord love a two by four
Well they asked him how to do some he'd say just like
Noah built the ark

You got to hold your mouth right son and never miss
your mark

To be tough as a crowbar...

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