

Jeremy Fisher "Canned Goods"

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Let those December winds bellow and blow
I'm as warm as a July tomato

Chorus

Peaches on the shelf
Potatoes in the bin
Supper's ready, everybody come on in
Taste a little of the summer
Taste a little of the summer
You can taste a little of the summer
My grandma's put it all in jars

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

Chorus

Maybe you're weary and you don't give a damn
I bet you never tasted her blackberry jam

Chorus

She's got magic in her - you know what I mean
She puts the sun and rain in with her green beans

Chorus

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

When I go to see my grandma I gain a lot of weight
With her dear hands she gives me plate after plate
She cans the pickles, sweet & dill
She cans the songs of the whippoorwill
And the morning dew and the evening moon
And I really got to go see her pretty soon
'Cause these canned goods I buy at the store
Ain't got the summer in them anymore

You bet, grandma, as sure as you're born

I'll take some more potatoes and a thunderstorm

Peaches on the shelf

Potatoes in the bin

Supper's ready, everybody come on in, now

Taste a little of the summer

Taste a little of the summer

Taste a little of the summer

My grandma put it all in jars

Let those December winds bellow and blow

I'm as warm as a July tomato.

Chorus

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