

Joan Baez

"If I Were A Carpenter"

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If you were a carpenter, and I were a lady
Would you marry me anyway? would you have my
baby?
If a tinker were your trade, would you still find me
Carrying the pots you made, following behind me?

See my love through loneliness
See my love for sorrow
I've given you my onlyness,
Come give me your tomorrow

If you worked your hands in wood, would you still love
me?
Answer me, Yes I would, I'd put you above me"
And if you were a miller, had a mill-wheel grinding,
Would you see it written on my face? I'm here for the
finding.

See my love through loneliness
See my love for sorrow
I've given you my onlyness,
Come give me your tomorrow

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