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Kate Wolf "Eyes Of A Painer"

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Gray-haired and flint-eyed His sunburned face lined Grandpa was a man of few words He had a way of not wanting to say Any more than he thought could be heard.

The long years of living And day-to-day giving Had carved a map on his face With little to lose, He'd learned how to choose And his choices were easy to trace.

He had the eyes of a painter The heart of a maker of songs And his words fell like rain On the dry desert plain. Precious and so quickly gone.

From a long line of teachers And white Baptist preachers Her was born with an Indian will. His quiet dark eyes, reading the light As he rode in the low Osage hills.

His school was the prairie, the sage, the wild berry The quail, the wide open sky The cottonwood thicket by the slow rolling river The Redbud and the hot cattle drive.

He had the eyes of a painter The heart of a maker of songs And his words fell like rain On the dry desert plain. Precious and so quickly gone.

There were days filled with thinking, Nights with the drinking For a lost love that raged like a storm But how his eyes smiled, when he'd talk to a child, The rough hands so gentle and warm. His strong arms were brown, Where the long sleeves rolled down, On his faded blue cotton shirt. When times got hard, he' go out in the yard, And cuss away some of his hurt.

He had the eyes of a painter The heart of a maker of songs And his words fell like rain On the dry desert plain. Precious and so quickly gone.

Now the garden's grown dusty, The hand axe lies rusty, The door's banking hard in the wind. Grandpa's store is closed down, Likes most of the town, And it won't be open again.

And the big white car sits out in the yard Of the house he built solid and true. But I see his eyes, burning tonight, Like the stars in the sky he once knew.

He had the eyes of a painter The heart of a maker of songs And his words fell like rain On the dry desert plain. Precious and so quickly gone.

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