

Grandpa Was a Carpenter

by John Prine (1976)

^G Oh, ^G Grandpa ^C wore ^C his suit to dinner nearly every day
^C No particular reason, he just dressed that way
^G Brown necktie with a matching vest and both his wingtip shoes
^C He built a closet on our back porch and put a penny in a burned-out fuse

^C Grandpa was a carpenter, he built houses, stores and banks
^C Chain-smoked Camel cigarettes and hammered nails in planks
^G He was level on the level, he shaved even every door
^C And voted for Eisenhower, 'cause Lincoln won the war

^C ^G ^{D7} ^G

Well, he used to sing me "Blood on the Saddle" and rock me on his knee
And let me listen to the radio before we got TV
Well, he'd drive to church on Sunday and he'd take me with him too
Stained glass in every window, hearing aids in every pew

Well, my Grandma was a teacher, she went to school in Bowling Green
Traded in a milking cow for a Singer sewing machine
Well, she called her husband "Mister," and she walked real tall in pride
She used to buy me comic books after Grandpa died