

# Grandpa Was a Carpenter

John Prine

Grandpa wore his suit to dinner  
Nearly every day  
No particular reason  
He just dressed that way  
Brown necktie and a matching vest  
And both his wingtip shoes  
He built a closet on our back porch  
And put a penny in a burned out fuse.

Chorus:

Grandpa was a carpenter  
He built houses stores and banks  
Chain smoked camel cigarettes  
And hammered nails in planks  
He was level on the level  
And shaved even every door  
And voted for eisenhower  
'cause lincoln won the war. Well, he used to sing me "blood on the saddle"  
And rock me on his knee  
And let me listen to radio  
Before we got t.v.  
Well, he'd drive to church on sunday  
And take me with him too!  
Stained glass in every window  
Hearing aids in every pew.  
Repeat chorus: Now my grandma was a teacher  
Went to school in bowling green  
Traded in a milking cow  
For a singer sewing machine  
She called her husband "mister"  
And walked real tall and pride  
And used to buy me comic books  
After grandpa died. Repeat chorus:

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>