

# Grandpa Was A Carpenter - John Prine

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

[G] Well, my Grandma was a teacher, she went to school in Bowling [C] Green  
Traded in a [G] milking cow for a Singer sewing ma[D]chine  
Well, she [G] called her husband "Mister," and she walked real tall in [C] pride  
She used to buy me [G] comic books [D] after grandpa [G] died

Chorus (2 times and repeat last line of chorus last time through)

