If I Were A Carpenter

Bobby Darin

If I were a carpenter
And you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?If a tinker were my trade
Would you still find me?
Carrying the pots I'd made
Following behind meSave my love through loneliness
Save my love through sorrows
I've given you my onliness
Give me your tomorrowsIf I worked my hands in wood
Would you still love me?
Answer me babe, "Yes I would"
I would put you above meIf I were a miller, yeah
At a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your colored box
Little girl, your soft sweet shoe shinningIf I were a carpenter
And you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?Would you marry me anyway?
And have my baby

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