

Old Upright Piano

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

For as long as I remember, when friday night came round
The family would gather out at grandpa's house.
With supper over and the dishes done
It was then the best time came
At an old upright piano that only grandma played. She played beautiful dreamer, my wild irish rose;
She never played 'em perfect, but there was love in every note.
Grandpa sat beside her, in harmony they sang,
At the old upright piano that only grandma played. Grandpa was a stubborn man, they said it was his style.
Grandma called him ornery, but she said it with a smile.
Even he could not disguise the love he felt so strong;
We all could see it in his eyes when she played his favorite song. She played beautiful dreamer, my wild irish
rose;
She never played 'em perfect, but there was love in every note.
Grandpa sat beside her, in harmony they sang,
At the old upright piano that only grandma played. I was almost 17 when my grandma died;
I stayed all night with grandpa; the old man never cried.
He sat at her piano, there was nothing we could say
It was the first time in my life I ever heard my grandpa play. It wasn't beautiful dreamer or my wild irish rose
It was a song he played from memory & he never missed a note
I sat right there beside him until the morning came
What a friend we have in jesus was the only song he played. She played beautiful dreamer, my wild irish rose;
She never played 'em perfect, but there was love in every note.
Grandpa sat beside her, in harmony they sang,
At the old upright piano that only grandma played.

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