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 fuseGrandpa was a carpenter 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 warWell, he used to sing me 'Blood on the saddle' and rock me on his knee
And let me listen to radio before we got TV
Well, he'd drive to church on Sunday and he take me with him too
Stained glass in every window, hearing aids in every pewGrandpa was a carpenter 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 warNow 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 walked real tall and pride
She used to buy me comic books after grandpa diedGrandpa 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
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