1937 Pre-war Kimball

Nanci Griffith

{937 Pre-war Kimball
1, 2, 3, gone}Oh, it sat in this corner for many a year
Through fireside parties, tears and cheers
And the hands of James Hooker flew over it's keys
And God know who else 'fore it came to meAnd when I was alone I could be Julie Gold
It rang her "From A Distance" just like it was my own
I'd pretend I've the voice of Beth Neilsen Chapman
I wrote 'Late Night Grande' with just my right hand happenin'Now it's keys rent the air in it's new place to stand
A gift for the children who'll play right and left hand
Just a 1937 Pre-war Kimball
Oh, with the grace of that three-quarter grand
Oh, the grace of that three-quarter grandOh, it's lonesome in this corner at five am
I'd call Harlan Howard, only he'd understand
All those melodies that came to be
Mornings in this corner, that piano and meAnd I wished for the left hand like Glenn D. Hardin
I could play Jimmy Webb or perhaps Randy Newman
Ah, it's a blessing, it never met Jerry Lee's feet
Just the hands of those children is all this Kimball needsI'll let it go, let it go
That piano I bought from Al Jones long ago
I've let it go, I've let it go
And I smiled as it rolled out my door
And the songs that we wrote, ah, note for note
That piano will always knowNow it's keys rent the air in it's new place to stand
A gift for the children who'll play right and left hand
Just a 1937 Pre-war Kimball
Oh, the grace of that three-quarter grand
Oh, the grace of that three-quarter grand
Oh, it's the grace of that three-quarter grandAnd God bless the child
Who's got a song
Who's got a song
Who's got a song

Songwriters
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