

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 me And 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 grand Oh, 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 me And 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 needs I'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 know 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

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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 grand And God bless the child

Who's got a song

Who's got a song

Who's got a song

Songwriters

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