

Oh, grandpa wore his suit to dinner nearly every day
No particular reason, he just dressed that way
Brown necktie with a matching vest and both his wingtip shoes
He built a closet on our back porch and put a penny in a burned-out fuse

Grandpa was a carpenter, he built houses, stores and banks
Chain-smoked Camel cigarettes, and hammered nails in planks
He would level on the level, he shaved even every door
And voted for Eisenhower, 'cause Lincoln won the war

Well, he used to sing me "Blood on the Saddle" and rock me on his knee
And let me listen to the radio before we got TV
Well, he'd drive to church on Sunday and he'd take me with him too
Stained glass in every window, hearing aids in every pew

Grandpa was a carpenter, he built houses, stores and banks
Chain-smoked Camel cigarettes, and hammered nails in planks
He would level on the level, he shaved even every door
And voted for Eisenhower, 'cause Lincoln won the war

Well, 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 she walked real tall and proud
She used to buy me comic books after Grandpa died

Grandpa was a carpenter, he built houses, stores and banks
Chain-smoked Camel cigarettes, and hammered nails in planks
He would level on the level, he shaved even every door
And voted for Eisenhower, 'cause Lincoln won the war