

If I Were A Carpenter

Harry Belafonte

If I were a carpenter
And you are a lady
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?

If a tinker were my trade
Would you still find me?
Carrying the pots I made
Following behind me

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love for sorrow
I've given you my onliness
Come and give me your tomorrow

If I worked my hands in wood
Would you still love me?
Answer me babe, "Yes, I would
I'll put you above me"

If I were a miller
At a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your color box
And your soft shoe shining?

Save my love through loneliness
I'll save my love for sorrow
I've given you my onliness
Come and give me your tomorrow

If I were a carpenter
And you are a lady
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?

I'm a carpenter, just a carpenter
I'm a carpenter, just a carpenter
I'm a carpenter, just a carpenter