

Tools

Andrew Peterson

You sent me to the shed with all the tools
I remember how you said that I could take what I could use
I got a hammer and a ratchet set
A hundred tools I ain't used yet
They're rusty, but they work as good as new

Tools, tools

I remember you as quiet as a picture
Like that picture of the Navy sailor grinning for the girls
You had visited the barber
You were stationed at Pearl Harbor
A year before the War became the world's

And you say, "Boy, sometimes you've got to get up on that ship,
Leave all you love behind."
Well, Grampa, I've been everywhere
But Fargo, North Dakota
It ain't war, but it's a fight

Tools, tools

Well, I never knew you ever drew one picture
But if you want proof that I've got you
Here running through my veins
I could show you call the sketchbooks
That I filled when I was young
And sixty years ago you did the same

And you say, "Boy, just let 'em laugh
When all they see is lines--
Paint yourself a picture of your life.
I believe that Swedish folks were
Born with better eyes."
Grampa, I have always loved the sky
I think you're right
You gave me tools.

You sent that telegraph to tell her that you missed her
When my daddy was a baby, oh you gave him to the Lord
And the faith you handed down has somehow stuck around
And love has called you home again
To roam again no more

You sent me to the shed with all the tools
I remember how you said that I could take what I could use
Faith and Love and Hope are what I carried home,
They're rusty but they work as good as new

Tools, tools