Twin City Mini

Fred Eaglesmith

Some things are gone before you even gettem
Some things go and they ain't ever gone
Some things stay you wish you'd never let em
Some things are worth just the holdin' on

Twin city mini nice tin, good rubber
Stowed it in the barn for twenty nine years
Towed it with the chain when we finally got it started
Grampa's eyes filled up with tears

Touched up the rust with a little bit of colour
Drained the differential and a change-box too
Square-cut gears grindin' like a mother
When we finally got it runnin', it was good as new

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Standin' on the corner
Kids on my shoulder
Every wagon goes by
And everybody waves
Everybody cheers when he comes around the corner
Grampa's drivin' it... in front of the parade!

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