

The Carpenter

Guy Clark

Let us now praise a carpenter and the things that he made
And the way that he lived by the tools of his trade
I can still hear his hammer singing ten penny time
Working by the hour till the day he died

Oh he was tough as a crowbar quick as a chisel
Fair as a plane and true as a level
He was straight as a chalkline and right as a rule
He was square with the world he took good care of his tools

Oh he worked his hands in wood from the crib to the coffin
With a care and a love you don't see too often
He built boats out of wood big boats working in a shipyard
Mansions on the hill and a birdhouse in the backyard
He was tough as a crowbar

He said anything that's worth cuttin' down a tree for
Is worth doin' right don't the Lord love a two by four
Well they asked him how to do some he'd say just like Noah built the ark
You got to hold your mouth right son and never miss your mark
To be tough as a crowbar