

If I Were A Carpenter

John Holt

If I were a carpenter and you were 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'd made
Following behind me

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love through sorrows
I've given you my onliness
Give me your tomorrows

If I worked my hands in wood
Would you still love me
Answer me babe yes I would
I would put you above me

If I were a miller at a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your colored blouse
Little girl, your soft sweet shoe shinning

If I were a carpenter and you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway
Would you have my baby

Would you marry me anyway
And have my baby