

# Grandad

John Mayall

I was far away when my grandad died  
It was all so sad, everybody cried  
He had guided me when I was a boy  
If you'd known him well he'd fill your life with joy

Heard the wisdom of the things he used to say  
Wonder how he'd see the world we have today  
In his ninety years how the world did change  
To have lived so long it must have felt so strange

In his final years he wrote some diaries  
So he would leave behind his living memories  
When he left in sleep he must have felt relief  
But we were crying, left behind in grief