

# Nanny

Loudon Wainwright III

My grandmother was like no other  
Too bad you didn't meet her  
Every day at three she'd have G and T  
At bridge you could not beat her  
Christmastime she'd end up crying  
Listening to Chevalier  
And I got ten bucks and a card each year  
In September for my birthday

My grandmother didn't much bother  
Too much about being a granny  
She didn't bake or knit  
She didn't give a shit  
Us kids called her nanny  
In the summertime we'd visit her  
Take the train up to Rhodes Island  
Westerly all east taxi  
Would pick us up, we'd party

My grandmother, my sister and my brother  
And me all went to the ocean  
In her cabin in there and that big beach chair  
She'd survey our commotion  
At the yacht club we'd get our grub  
We had grinders and grape sodas  
What a dream, pop corn, icecream  
Two weeks, no junk food quotas!

My grandmother would light up another  
You know that cough of hers was chronic  
She didn't drink wine but she was just fine  
With that nice tall gin and tonic  
Nanny had opinions, Nanny wasn't prissy  
She said the men were queer who just drank beer  
And ginger-ale was for sissies

My grandmother provided cover  
For me when times got tricky  
She took me in despite my sin  
When I was busted in the late sixties  
She found me a job in a boat yard  
In her kitchen I cooked my brown rice  
And vegetables and hijiki seaweed  
Wasn't too long before I wrote my first song  
Pretty soon I'd done it twice

My grandmother was like no other  
Too bad you didn't meet her  
Every day at three she'd have G and T  
At bridge you could not beat her  
Christmastime she'd end up crying  
Listening to Maurice Chevalier  
And I got ten bucks and a card each year  
In September for my birthday

One year I got a twenty from Nanny on my birthday