

If I Were a Carpenter

Matt Monro

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 made, following behind me

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love through sorrow
I give you my onlyness
Come and give me your tomorrow

If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me?
Answer me, babe: "Yes I would, I'd put you above me"
If a were a miller at a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your coloured blouse, your soft shoes shining

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