

Grandpa's Chair

The Ghost Of Paul Revere

That old tree, it creaks just like your chair
That old tree, it smells like autumns air

Blades of grass still frosted with dew
You came yesterday
Dinner's ready, wash your hands
Come to the table

But don't sit in Grandpa's chair
Don't sit in Grandpa's Chair
Don't sit in Grandpa's Chair
Don't sit in Grandpa's Chair

That old house is much beyond repair
Sagging roof the beams they just wont bear

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