

Bobby Darin, If I Were A Carpenter

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

If a tinker were my trade
Would you still find me
Carryin' the pots I made
Followin' 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... yeah...
At a mill wheel grindin'
Would you miss your colored blouse
Little girl, your soft shoe shinin'?

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