

Chet Atkins, I'm My Own Grandpa

Tell us a story grandpa
Come on, please
Many, many years ago
When I was twenty-three
I was married to a widow
Who was pretty as can be
Now this widow had a grown up daughter
Who had hair of red
My father fell in love with her
And soon the two were wed
This made my dad my son-in-law
And really changed my very life
For my daughter was my mother
'Cause she was my father's wife
And to complicate the matter
Even though it brought me joy
I soon became the father
Of a bouncing baby boy, yes I did
My little baby then became
My brother-in-law to Dad
And so became my uncle
Though it made me very sad
For if he were my uncle
Then that also made him brother
Of the widow's grown-up daughter
Who of course was my step-mother
Don't you know?
My father's wife then had a son
Who kept them on the run
And he became my grandchild
For he was my daughter's son

My wife is now my mother's mother
And it makes me blue
Because although she is my wife
She's my grandmother too
Now if my wife is my grandmother
Then I'm her grandchild
And every time I think of it
It nearly drives me wild
'Cause now I have become
The strangest case you ever saw
As husband of my grandmother
I am my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
It sounds funny I know
But it really is so
Oh, I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
Now listen to this
I'm my own grandpa
It sounds funny I know
But it really is so
Oh, I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
It sounds funny I know
But it really is so
Oh, I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
It sounds funny I know
But it really is so
Oh, I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa