

Flatt And Scruggs, If I Were A Carpenter

If I were a carpenter and you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway would you have my baby
If a thinker was 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've given you my ownliness come and give me your tomorrow
[ac.guitar]

If I worked my hands in wood would you still love me
Answer babe yes I would I would put you above me
If I were a miller at a mill wheel grinding
Would you see it and know my face I'm here for the finding
Now if I were a carpenter and you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway would you have my baby
Would you marry me anyway would you have my baby