

George Canyon, Grandpa's Song

His eyes were so stern
His hands were so strong
But his heart, it was gentle
Even when you were wrong
He was a fighter as a boy
Best in the town
He worked every morning
In the mine he went down

So tell me Grandpa
Why do you look so sad
Tell me Grandpa
Why do you look so mad
The world, it isn't bad to you
It put you on your path
Tell me Grandpa
Can I follow in your tracks

Now Grandma she stays smiling
When she looks in your eyes
She still sees that young boy
She's loved all her life
Down on the pull press
Workin' hard night and day
Still believing in family
In the old fashioned way

So tell me Grandpa
Why do you look so sad
Tell me Grandpa
Why do you look so mad
The world, it isn't bad to you
It put you on your path
Tell me Grandpa
Can I follow in your tracks

Things that you taught me
Wood whistles you'd make
Well I'll always remember
Fishin' old Black Brooke lake
And old graceful can't talk now
But I know you can hear
My thoughts and my memories
You can find in my tears

So tell me Grandpa
Why did ya look so sad
Tell me Grandpa
Why did you look so mad
The world, it wasn't bad to you
To keep you on your path
Tell me Grandpa
Can I follow in your tracks
Tell me Grandpa
Can I follow in your tracks