

Nanci Griffith, 1937 Pre-War Kimball

(Nanci Griffith)

Oh, it sat in this corner for many a year
Through fireside parties, of tears and cheers
The hands of James Hooker flew over its keys
And God know who who else 'fore it came to me
When I was alone I could be Julie Gold
It rang her "From A Distance" just like it was my own
I'd pretend I've the voice of Beth Nielsen Chapman
I wrote "Late Night Grande (Hotel)"
With just my right hand happenin'

Chorus

Now its keys rent the air in its new place to stand
A gift for the children who'll play right and left hand
Just a 1937 pre-war Kimball
Oh, the grace of that three-quarter grand
Oh, the grace of that three-quarter grand
Oh, the grace of that three-quarter grand

Oh, it's lonesome in this corner at five am
I'd called Harlan Howard, only he'd understand
All of those melodies that came to be
Mornings in that corner ... that piano and me
I wish for a left hand like Glen D. Hardin
I could play Jimmy Webb or perhaps Randy Newman
Ah, it's a blessing it never met Jerry Lee's feet
Just the hands of those children
Is all this Kimball needs

I've let it go ... let it go
That piano I bought from Al Jones long ago
I've let it go, I've let it go
I smiled as it rolled out the door
The songs that we wrote, ah, not for note
That piano will always know

Chorus

And God bless the child
Who's got a song
Who's got a song
Who's got a song