

Tim Hardin, 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 tinker were 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 give you my only-ness - give me your tomorrow

If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me?
Answer me, babe: "yes I would - I'd put you above me"
If a miller were my trade, at a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your colour box - your soft shoes shining
Save my love through loneliness - save my love through sorrow
I give you my only-ness - come give me your tomorrow

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