

## If I Were A Carpenter

John Holt

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'd made  
Following behind me

Save my love through loneliness  
Save my love through sorrows  
I've given you my onliness  
Give me your tomorrows

If I worked my hands in wood  
Would you still love me  
Answer me babe yes I would  
I would put you above me

If I were a miller at a mill wheel grinding  
Would you miss your colored blouse  
Little girl, your soft sweet shoe shinning

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  
And have my baby