

If I Were A Carpenter

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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 for sorrow, save my love for lonely
I have given you my tomorrow, love me only

If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me?
You answer me quick, "Tim, I could, I'll put you above
Me"

If I were a miller at a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your colored blouse, your soft shoes
Shining?

Save my love through loneliness, save my love for sorrow
I've given you my only-ness, give me your tomorrow

If I were a carpenter and you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway, would you have my baby?