

# I'm My Own Grandpa

Chet Atkins

Tell us a story grandpa  
Come on, please

Many, many years ago  
When I was twenty-three  
I was married to a widow  
Who was pretty as can be

Now this widow had a grown up daughter  
Who had hair of red  
My father fell in love with her  
And soon the two were wed

This made my dad my son-in-law  
And really changed my very life  
For my daughter was my mother  
'Cause she was my father's wife

And to complicate the matter  
Even though it brought me joy  
I soon became the father  
Of a bouncing baby boy, yes I did

My little baby then became  
My brother-in-law to Dad  
And so became my uncle  
Though it made me very sad

For if he were my uncle  
Then that also made him brother  
Of the widow's grown-up daughter  
Who of course was my step-mother  
Don't you know?

My father's wife then had a son  
Who kept them on the run  
And he became my grandchild  
For he was my daughter's son

My wife is now my mother's mother  
And it makes me blue  
Because although she is my wife  
She's my grandmother too

Now if my wife is my grandmother  
Then I'm her grandchild  
And every time I think of it  
It nearly drives me wild

'Cause now I have become  
The strangest case you ever saw  
As husband of my grandmother  
I am my own grandpa

I'm my own grandpa  
I'm my own grandpa  
It sounds funny I know

But it really is so  
Oh, I'm my own grandpa

I'm my own grandpa  
Now listen to this  
I'm my own grandpa  
It sounds funny I know  
But it really is so  
Oh, I'm my own grandpa

I'm my own grandpa  
I'm my own grandpa  
It sounds funny I know  
But it really is so  
Oh, I'm my own grandpa

I'm my own grandpa  
I'm my own grandpa