

## Pistons And Rifles

Fred Eaglesmith

Grandpa sits by the back door  
And he can't see anymore  
He lost his sight in '64  
You can lead him like a horse to water  
But in the evening when the shadows get long  
I sit and I play him my favourite songs  
He listens for a while but it doesn't take long  
And he's a'hollerin'  
He says play me a song about rifles and pistols,  
Winchesters, Smiths & Wessons, 45s and Enfields,  
Saddle 'em up and ride 'em down  
There's a darkness out on the edge of town  
Preacher at the grave site with the bible  
Play me a song 'bout pistols and rifles  
Grandpa's born in 1904  
And he never fought in any wars  
Too old for the Second, too young for the First  
He told me  
But he loves to hear them cowboy songs  
The ones that just go on and on  
He listens till his head would nod  
And he's a'snorin'  
He says play me a song about rifles and pistols,  
Winchesters, Smiths & Wessons, 45's and Enfields  
Saddle 'em up and ride 'em down  
There's a darkness out on the edge of town  
Preacher at the grave site with the bible  
Play me a song 'bout pistols and rifles  
Not last week, but the week before last  
I led my old Grandpa down the path  
Out where the prairie grasses grow for miles  
I showed him where to point and how to stand  
Put an old Henry rifle in his hand  
And you should have heard him laughin' when he got it firing  
He says play me a song about rifles and pistols  
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Saddle 'em up and ride 'em down  
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Play me a song 'bout pistols and rifles  
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And he can't see any more  
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