

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
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 sits by the back door
And he can't see any more
He lost his sight in '64
You can lead him like a horse to water