

# Canned Goods

Greg Brown

Let those December winds bellow 'n' blow I'm as warm as a July tomato.

Peaches on the shelf  
Potatoes in the bin  
Supper's ready,  
everybody come on in  
Taste a little of the summer,  
Taste a little of the summer,  
You can taste a little of the summer  
my grandma's put it all in jars.

Well, there's a root cellar,  
fruit cellar down below  
Watch you head now,  
and down you go  
And there's

Maybe you're weary  
an' you don't give a damn  
I bet you never tasted  
her blackberry jam.

Ah, she's got magic in her -  
you know what I mean  
She puts the sun and rain in  
with her green beans.

What with the snow  
and the economy  
and ev'ry'thing,  
I think I'll jus' stay down here  
and eat until spring.

When I go to see my grandma  
I gain a lot of weight  
With her dear hands  
she gives me plate after plate.  
She cans the pickles, sweet & dill  
She cans the songs of the whippoorwill  
And the morning dew  
and the evening moon 'N'  
I really got to go see her pretty soon  
'Cause these canned goods  
I buy at the store  
Ain't got the summer  
in them anymore.  
You bet, grandma,  
as sure as you're born  
I'll take some more potatoes  
and a thunderstorm.

Peaches on the shelf  
Potatoes in the bin  
Supper's ready,  
everybody come on in, now  
Taste a little of the summer,  
Taste a little of the summer,

Taste a little of the summer,  
My grandma put it all in jars.

Let those December winds bellow and blow,  
I'm as warm as a July tomato.