

# The Carpenter

Guy Clark

Let us now praise a carpenter and the things that he made  
And the way that he lived by the tools of his trade  
I can still hear his hammer singing ten penny time  
Working by the hour till the day he died

Oh he was tough as a crowbar quick as a chisel  
Fair as a plane and true as a level  
He was straight as a chalkline and right as a rule  
He was square with the world he took good care of his tools

Oh he worked his hands in wood from the crib to the coffin  
With a care and a love you don't see too often  
He built boats out of wood big boats working in a shipyard  
Mansions on the hill and a birdhouse in the backyard  
He was tough as a crowbar

He said anything that's worth cuttin' down a tree for  
Is worth doin' right don't the Lord love a two by four  
Well they asked him how to do some he'd say just like Noah built the ark  
You got to hold your mouth right son and never miss your mark  
To be tough as a crowbar