

Canned Goods

Jeremy Fisher

Let those December winds bellow and 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 your head now, and down you go
And there's...

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

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

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What with the snow and the economy and everything
I think I'll just stay down here and eat until spring

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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
And 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

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Potatoes in the bin
Supper's ready, everybody come on in, now
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