

## 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  
Taste a little of the summer  
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