

# If You Were A Carpenter

Joan Baez

If you were a carpenter  
And I were a lady  
Would you marry me anyway?  
Would you have my baby?

If a tinker were your trade  
Would you still find me  
Carrying the pots you made  
Following behind me?

See my love through loneliness  
See my love for sorrow  
I've given you my onliness  
Come give me your tomorrow

If you worked your hands in wood  
Would you still love me?  
Answer me, Yes I would  
I'd put you above me

And if you were a miller  
Had a mill-wheel grinding  
Would you see it written on my face?  
I'm here for the finding

See my love through loneliness  
See my love for sorrow  
I've given you my onliness  
Come give me your tomorrow

If you were a carpenter  
And I were a lady  
Would you marry me anyway?  
Would you have my baby?  
Would you marry me anyway?  
Would you have my baby?