Grandfather Blues

My great great Grandfather Prospected for gold In the wilds of Alaska In the Yukon cold

My great Grandfather Fought the Civil War On the side of the South In the Infantry Corps

My own Grandfather Was a hell of a man He rode Rock Island Railroad In the blowing sand

All this makes me wonder What they'll say about me Oh he was just some fool rambler Dyin to be free

O-o-oh, I need one good woman to pull me through O-o-oh, I got one good woman just like you

My great great Grandmother Wore a calico gown She had a double-barreled shotgun That she never set down

My great Grandmother Was a Cherokee bride You could find her every evening Down by the riverside

My own Grandmother Had a heart of gold She had eyes like an Angel And an ocean for a Soul

All this makes me wonder What they'll say about me Oh he was just some fool rambler Dyin to be free

O-o-oh, I need one good woman to pull me through O-o-oh, I got one good woman just like you!