

Grandad

John Mayall

I was far away when my grandad died
It was all so sad, everybody cried
He had guided me when I was a boy
If you'd known him well he'd fill your life with joy

Heard the wisdom of the things he used to say
Wonder how he'd see the world we have today
In his ninety years how the world did change
To have lived so long it must have felt so strange

In his final years he wrote some diaries
So he would leave behind his living memories
When he left in sleep he must have felt relief
But we were crying, left behind in grief