

Grandma Loved That Old Man

Rodney Crowell

My grandfather wore big suspenders
A grey fedora hat, a shine on his shoes
Tobacco stains on his chin, gin on his breath
And starch in his shirt

He always had change in his pockets
A watch in his vest, tie-tacked to his chest
His was crap-shootin' crazy
A hungover, lazy, wrestling match fan
I'll never forget how my grandma loved that old man

He was a night watchman down on Canal Street
A salty old bird, a man a few words
He was Friday night vain, he walked with a cane
Smoked Prince Albert in a can
I'll never forget how my grandma loved that old man

She was strong in her spirit, strong in her heart
Loved that old man right from the start
Sometimes I did wonder how much she could take
She was pushed to the limit but she never did break
Her life followed one simple plan, grandma loved that old man

His tree trunks were whitewashed, sidewalks were clean
Beer joints were crawling with Merchant Marines
He went to his grave with a barber shop shave and his dice in his hand

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I'll never forget how much grandma loved that old man