

If I Were A Carpenter
(Tim Hardin)

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

If a tinker were my trade
would you still find me
Carrying the pots I made
Following behind me

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love for sorrow
I'm given you my onliness
Come give your tomorrow

If I worked my hands in wood
Would you still love me?
Answer me babe, "Yes I would
I'll put you above me."

If I were a miller
at a mill wheel grinding
would you miss your color box
and your soft shoe shining?

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