

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Canned Goods

Canned Goods
(Greg Brown)

Well, let the wild winter wind bellow and blow.
I'm as warm as a July tomato.

Cho: There's peaches on the shelf, potatoes in the bin.
Supper's ready, everybody come on in.
Taste a little of the summer.
Taste a little of the summer.
Taste a little of the summer.
Grandma put it all in jars.

Well, there's a root cellar, fruit cellar, down below.
Watch your head now, and down we go.

Well, maybe you are weary and you don't give a damn.
I bet you never tasted her blackberry jam.

Oh, she got magic in her, you know what I mean.
She puts the sun and rain in with her beans.

What with the snow and the economy and everything,
I think I'll just stay down here and eat until spring.

When I go down to see Grandma, I gain a lot a weight.
With her dear hands, she gives me plate after plate.

She cans the pickles, sweet and dill,
And the songs of the whip-or-will,
And the morning dew and the evening moon,
I really gotta go down and see her soon.

'Cause the canned goods that I buy at the store
Ain't got the summer in 'em anymore.
You bet, Grandma, as sure as you're born,
I'll take some more potatoes and a thunderstorm.

[As sung by Greg Brown on "One Night" (1983), "One More Goodnight Kiss" (1988),
and "The Live One" (1995).]

JD