

IF I WERE A Carpenter...
by Tim Hardin

G (D) F (C) C (G) G
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 ^{love} ~~and~~ me
Carrying the pots I made, following behind me.

F G F G
Save my love through loneliness, Save my love through sorrow
G F C G
I've given you my onliness, come give me your tomorrow.

G F C G
If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me?
Answer me, babe, yes I would, I'd put you above me.

And if I were a miller at a mill-wheel grinding,
Would you see it written on my face, I'm here for the finding.

F G F G
Save my love through loneliness, Save my love through sorrow
G F C G
I've given you my onliness, come give me your tomorrow.

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

C