

## Grampa Said It

Dan Evans, November 1977

(Sing all three choruses the first time)

Chorus 1      Grampa said it, and I believed it.  
His mem-o-ry was living history.  
Grampa's yarnin', spurned my learnin',  
With, me, balanced on my Grampa's knee.

Chorus 2      Wakin' Sunday mornin' on the quilt-covered floor;  
Fell asleep watchin' Gunsmoke the night before.  
Siftin' ashes through the grate of an old wood stove;  
Singin' "Old Dan Tucker," in his bib overalls.

Chorus 3      Frost on the lawn and smoke from the chimney,  
Hangin' in a cloud over an evergreen valley.  
The hissing of a wet cedar log in the flame,  
Bacon in the skillet with some scrambled eggs.

Spoken 1      Grampa was an honest-to-goodness railroad man. And his repertoire of  
stories just never did seem to end.

When he'd ask "did I ever tell you 'bout the time when....," well, I could  
always say "no" and be assured of hearing something new.

Grampa's stories weren't really yarns. Well...not exactly. The times and  
the places were sure real, but...well...you shouldn't be tellin' stories in  
the first place if you don't got the knack of makin'em lively. Should ya?

Chorus 1

Spoken 2      You know, it's funny how your chores take on a completely different  
meanin' dependin' on who you're doin'em for.

Back home, if my dad asked me to gather in some wood, it was an  
unreasonable, dreaded chore. But, at Grampa's house, it was a real treat.  
Same thing with checkin' the fence or waterin' the stock or ...

You know, as I think back on it, I'm inclined to think that with me there  
alongside him, the chore became a treat for Grampa, too.

Chorus 2

Spoken 3

As a little guy, I couldn't figure out how Grampa was able to quote scripture the way he could, cause he never went to church. Not even when I got encouraged – encouraged is what the preacher called it – to sing in the Christmas program.

I never worried too much 'bout gettin' Grampa into church because to me, well, he seemed to have a good deal more church in his head than most of the folks I saw on Sunday mornin's. But, ma was a prayin' that the church in his head would spread to his heart. And, sure enough, the day come when we all went to church together. And, that was okay too, real okay.

Chorus 3

Spoken 4

Well, the good times have been and gone. But, if I put my mind to it, I can believe that better ones are yet to come.

Grampa went on ahead a few years ago. I figure he's probably been spendin' his time up there inventin' something to open them pearly gates by remote control, or teachin' Saint Peter to catch fish with a level wind, or just sittin' round telling stories to Goliath, 'cept I don't suppose old Goliath made it up to them neck of the woods.

In fact, I wouldn't be too awful surprised if someday I don't start tellin' ....well, someday maybe. I still getta kick outta rememberin' Grampa's stories because, well, if Grampa said it, I gotta believe it!

Chorus 1, 2 and 3