

# Grandpa's Knife

Words and Music by Roger Deitz  
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We'd sit on the dock that's out at the bay  
With wood chips flying every which way  
Grandpa whittled down wood as he whittled down the day  
With his old dog by his side

He'd carve himself a wood link chain  
Or a ball in a cage, it was always the same  
He'd finish up one, then start over again  
I remember grandpa's knife . . . (Chorus)

Chorus:  
Grandpa's knife with the silvery blade  
And all the good times that he made  
Telling stories about the good old days gone by

We'd sing his favorite song  
Old Dan Tucker all day long  
Sometimes we'd laugh so hard we'd almost cry

Then we'd rush back home at the end of the day  
With a big, white moon hanging out over the bay  
Ma, she sure had plenty to say  
But she'd scold us with a smile

She'd say I don't know just how you two  
Sit on that dock all day with nothing to do  
But Grandpa'd wink, because he knew  
We'd be back out there in a while . . . (Chorus)

It's quiet on the dock now and out on the bay  
Since Grandpa went and passed away  
And I miss the songs, and I miss the smell  
Of white pine in my life

But I have that knife and I carry it still  
I keep it in my pocket, where I always will  
And for me old Grandpa's a whittling still . . .  
I remember Grandpa's knife . . . (Chorus)