

Small Faces, If I Were A Carpenter

(Tim Hardin)

[Originally by 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 love me?
Carrying the pots I made, following behind me

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love for sorrow
I've given you my onliness
Come and give me your tomorrows

If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me
Answer me, babe, yes, I would, I'd put you above me
If I were a miller at a mill wheel grinding
Would you miss your colored box, your soft shoes shining?