

Grandpa Joe Played The Mandolin©

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V.1

I was raised up in the deep woods of the Ozarks
Where there was family every holler, every ridge
They all tried to carve a livin' out of old rock
Up on the hillsides where the thorny devils live

Chorus

Grandpa Joe, played the mandolin
Uncle Son, had the mill
They all worked hard for their family
But Uncle Runt, he worked the still
(repeat last time)

V.2

Most of my family didn't know that there was better
They scraped the ground until their hands and knees
were bare
Mom and dad made sure all us kids got letters
But I'd trade all of them for what I had back there

Bridge

It seemed the day was never through
There was always work to do
We built our lives with just our wills
In those dark and lonely hills

V.3

Now when I go back to the deep woods of the Ozarks
My family still haunts every holler, every ridge
I can still remember each and every old rock
And I still cuss where the thorny devils live (to chorus)