

WHILE GRANDPA SPUN THE YARN

Jimmie Joe and Chrissy Natoli – **The Better Halves** -- gave us a wonderful show at the November Second Saturday Concert. In this one, from their 2014 CD, **All Over the Map** Jimmy Joe dazzled us with both his Chet Atkins-style picking and his songwriting. You can listen to it here: <https://youtu.be/1VLOkErsU5c?si=9KtbG-xZeiEqUYm>. Jimmie Joe plays it Capo III in C chord shape. You can adjust the capo up or down to suit your voice range.

OLDEN DAYS

By Jimmie Joe Natoli

C **G**
Grandpa used to tell me about the olden days –
Am **F**
How he used to walk to school uphill both ways.
C **G**
He set me down right there upon his knee
Am **Dm** **G** **C**
And I'd hang on to every word that Grandpa would say to me.

He'd reminisce out loud about when bread was just a dime.
I sat there wide open-eyed and travelling through time.
A day when gas was cheaper then, the price has surged by far.
But that was back before the wheel, let alone the car.

Am **E**
He told us fishing stories about when he used to sail
F **C** **G**
And how the fish got bigger every time he'd tell the tale.
C **G**
Grandma told us how he couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.
Am **Dm** **G** **C**
Now, she would knit the sweaters while Grandpa spun the yarn.

Grandpa was a hunter – quite a marksman, in fact.
He said he once took down a buck with his gun behind his back.
He told me once out on the field he had a golden arm.
But he turned down the big leagues cause he wouldn't leave the farm

Grandpa never claimed to be a ladies' man, he'd say.
But he broke a heart or two or three or four back in his day.
Grandma didn't mind Grandpa telling his white lies.
The places where it mattered, you could see it in his eyes.

Am **E**
In the days that followed after Grandpa died,
F **C** **G**
We ate too much and laughed a little more than we cried.
C **G**
Grandma told us how he couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.
Am **Dm** **G** **C**
How she would knit those sweaters while Grandpa spun the yarn.

Grandpa told me life was hard when he was a young lad.
Sometimes he thought the good would never catch up to the bad.
He was hard and loving, he gave thanks and he gave praise.
And he lived a life without regret back in the olden days.

In the days that followed after Grandpa died,
We ate too much and laughed a little more than we cried.
Grandma told us how he couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.
How she would knit those sweaters while Grandpa spun the yarn.