

# Grandpa's whiskers

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I have a dear old Grandpa  
For whom I nightly pray  
He has a set of whiskers  
They're always in the way

Chorus  
Oh, they're always in the way  
The cows eat them for hay  
They hide the dirt on Grandpa's shirt  
They're always in the way

My Grandpa was a soldier  
He fooled the enemy  
He wrapped his whiskers 'round him  
They thought he was a tree

Chorus

My Grandpa was a swimmer  
No bathing suit for him  
He tied his whiskers 'round his waist  
And then he dove right in

Chorus

My Grandpa had a strong back  
Now it's all caved in  
He stepped upon his whiskers  
And walked up to his chin

Chorus

I have a dear old Grandma  
She likes his whiskers too  
She uses them for dusting  
And cleaning out the flue

Chorus