

Grandpa's whiskers

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