If I was a carpenter and had a sharp saw

I’d eat many vegetables

Most of them raw

I’d cut off the vines

Of my fine summer squash

And bake them for dinner

Once they been washed

I’d plant in the spring

And harvest in the fall

In the winter the green house would give

All the warmth needed

for vegetation to flourish

a long-good life I would live

I hear the wilderness calling

Saying build a home for at least two

And stoke up the fire

We’re coming your way

There’s so much yet to do

So pack up the truck

With lots of good food

Don’t start to late at night

Be ready to go

at the light of the new day

And I’ll meet you at the turn pike