Eyes of a Painter (Key of G)
by Kate Wolf (1981)


Grey-haired and flint-eyed, his sun-burned face lined, Grandpa was a man of few words—

He had a way, not want-ing to say any more than he thought would be heard—

And the long years of livin’, day to day givin’, had carved out a map on his face—

With lit-tle to lose, he’d learned how to choose and his choi-ces were ea-sy to trace—

Chorus: He had the eyes—of a painter, heart of a mak-er of songs—

| Bm . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . . |
His words fell like rain on the dry desert plain

Prec-ios and so quickly gone—

From a long line of teachers, white Baptist preachers, he was born with an Indi-an will—

His qui-et dark eyes—read-in’ the light, as he rode in the low Osage hills—

His school was the prairie, the sage, the wild berry, the quail, the wide-open sky—

The cotton-wood thicket by the slow, rollin’ river, the redbud, the hot cattle drive—

Chorus: He had the eyes—of a painter, heart of a mak-er of songs—

| Bm . . . . | C . . . . |
His words fell like rain on the dry desert plain

Prec-ios and so quickly gone—

There were days filled with thinkin’, nights with drinkin’, for a lost love that raged like a storm—

But how his eyes smiled when he talked to a child, rough hands gentle and warm—

His strong arms were brown where the long sleeves rolled down on his fad-ed blue cotton shirt—

When times got hard, he’d go out in the yard and he’d cuss a-way some of his hurt—
Chorus: He had the eyes—of a painter, heart of a mak-er of songs—

His words fell like rain on the dry desert plain

Prec-i-ous and so quickly gone—

Now the garden’s grown dusty, the hand-axe lies rusty, the door’s bangin’ hard in the wind—

His big white car sits out in the yard of the house he built, solid and true—

Ah, but I see his eyes—burn-in’ to-night like the stars in the sky he once knew—

Chorus: He had the eyes—of a painter, heart of a mak-er of songs—

His words fell like rain on the dry desert plain

Prec-i-ous and so quickly gone—

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1c - 6/30/19)