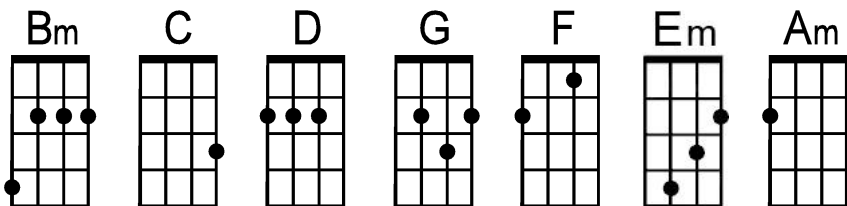


Eyes of a Painter (Key of G)

by Kate Wolf (1981)



(original key: Bb)

Intro: Bm . . . | C . . . | D . . . | G . . . |

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

G . . . | C . . . G . . . | F . . . Em . . . | D . . . |
He had a way, not want-ing to say any more than he thought would be heard—

| G . . . | C . . . G . . . | C . . . G . . . | Am . . . |
And the long years of livin', day to day givin', had carved out a map on his face—

| G . . . C . . . | G . . . C . . . | G . . . D . . . | G . . . |
With lit-tle to lose, he'd learned how to choose and his choi-ces were ea-sy to trace—

. . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
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

D . . . | G . . . | . . . |
Prec-ious and so quickly gone—

. . . | G . . . | C . . . G . . . | C . . . G . . . | D . . . |
From a long line of teachers, white Baptist preachers, he was born with an Indi-an will—

| G . . . | C . . . G . . . | F . . . Em . . . | D . . . |
His qui-et dark eyes— read-in' the light, as he rode in the low Osage hills—

| G . . . | C . . . G . . . | C . . . G . . . | Am . . . |
His school was the prairie, the sage, the wild berry, the quail, the wide-open sky—

| G . . . C . . . | G . . . C . . . | G . . . D . . . | G . . . |
The cotton-wood thicket by the slow, rollin' river, the redbud, the hot cattle drive—

. . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . |
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

D . . . | G . . . | Bm . . . | C . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
Prec-ious and so quickly gone—

. . . | G . . . | C . . . G . . . | C . . . G . . . | D . . . |
There were days filled with thinkin', nights with drinkin, for a lost love that raged like a storm—

| G . . . | C . . . G . . . | F . . . Em . . . | D . . . |
But how his eyes smiled when he talked to a child, rough hands gentle and warm—

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

| G . . . C . . . | G . . . C . . . | G . . . D . . . | G . . . |
When times got hard, he'd go out in the yard and he'd cuss a-way some of his hurt—

|D . . . |C . . . |G . . .
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
 D . . . |G . . . | . . .
 Prec-ious and so quickly gone—

|G . . . |C . . . G . . . |C . . . G . . . |D . . .
 Now the garden's grown dusty, the hand-axe lies rusty, the door's bangin' hard in the wind—
 |G . . . |C . . . G . . . |F . . . Em . . . |D . . .
 Grandpa's store is closed down, like most of the town and it won't be open a - gain—
 |G . . . |C . . . G . . . |C . . . G . . . |Am . . .
 His big white car sits out in the yard of the house he built, solid and true—
 |G . . . C . . . |G . . . C . . . |G . . . D . . . |G . . .
 Ah, but I see his eyes— burn-in' to-night like the stars in the sky he once knew—

|D . . . |C . . . |G . . .
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
 D . . . |G . . . |
 Prec-ious and so quickly gone—

|Bm\ --- --- --- |C\ --- --- --- |
 His words fell like rain on the dry desert plain—
 D . . . |G . . . |G\ D\ G\
 Prec-ious and so quickly gone—

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