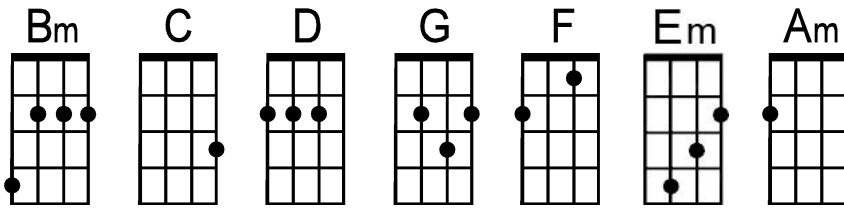


Eyes of a Painter (Key of G)

by Kate Wolf (1981)



(original key: Bb)

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

(sing b)

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 tea-chers— 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 ber-ry, the quail— the wide-open sky—

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
The cotton-wood thicket by the slow, rollin' river— the redbud— and 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 gen-tle 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—

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-ious and so quickly gone—

Now the garden's grown dusty, the hand-axe lies rusty, the door's bangin' hard in the wind—
 Grandpa's store's closed down— like most of the town— it won't be o—pen a—gain—
 His big white car— sits out in the yard of the house he built, sol—id 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-ious and so quickly gone—

His words fell like rain on the dry desert plain—
 Prec-ious and so quickly gone—