

Intro - D, G, Em, G, C, D, G

"Canned Goods"  
Greg Brown

Let wild winter winds bellow 'n' blow  
I'm as warm as a July to ma to.

[chorus:]  
Peaches on the shelf  
Potatoes in the bin  
Supper's ready, everybody come on in  
Taste a little of the summer,  
Taste a little of the summer,  
You can taste a little of the summer  
my grandma's put it all in jars.

Well, there's a root cellar, fruit cellar down below  
Watch you head now, and down you go (Chorus)

Maybe you're weary an' you don't give a damn  
I bet you never tasted her blackberry jam. (Chorus)

Ah, she's got magic in her - you know what I mean  
She puts the sun and rain in with her green beans. (Chorus)

What with the snow and the economy and ev'ry'thing,  
I think I'll jus' stay down here and eat until spring. (Chorus)

When I go down to see my grandma I gain a lot of weight  
With her dear hands she gives me plate after plate.  
She cans the pickles, sweet & dill

She cans the songs of the whippoorwill  
And the morning dew and the evening moon  
I really got to go see her soon  
'Cause these canned goods I buy at the store  
Ain't got the summer in them anymore.  
You bet, grandma, as sure as you're born  
I'll take some more potatoes and a thunderstorm. (Chorus)