

Jack Pine Savage

Words and music by Bradley J Borg

Grandpa's hands were strong, from working all day long
Stood ten feet tall, heart had built a wall

Hellbent and hardboiled - never showed his hand
Always played it close to the vest
Worked hard for family - no matter the pay
That mean and grizzled Jack Pine Savage showed love his own kinda way

Like to spend his time, among his tools and all the grime
Learned that cussin' was an art, when those plugs were gapped and she still won't start

Been gone for a while, stories still make me smile
Lived a good life, fought the good fight

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