**Grandad Do You Hear Me**

He was just another man, just another man like me and you

Music was his life and playing’s what he loved to do

He left his home a young man, and he left so he could roam

He never knew that one day he would call this island home

He met a man one day who loved to play the reels and jigs

Searching for a picker, he had his chance to make it big

But then the years had split them as they left to fight the war

And when he came back home, he met the man he knew before

It’s as if God reached out to him and made his wish come true

I wonder if God can help me now to sing this song for you

Grandad, do you hear me when I play on my guitar

Do you listen when I sing these words; do you listen from afar

Oh sometimes I wonder if you’re proud of me today

And though you’re gone, the memories will never go away

Together with another friend, they played in shows for miles around

The man was always busy until it came time to settle down

With three kids and a day job, the music took a hold

But you still kept on playing even when you grew old

Though you never knew me well, I look up to you

When I strum on this guitar, the way you used to do

Grandad, do you hear me when I play on my guitar

Do you listen when I sing these words; do you listen from afar

Oh sometimes I wonder if you’re proud of me today

And though you’re gone, the memories will never go away

And though you’re gone, the memories will never go away

And Lord, all I ask is to play like him one day