

Blueberries of Splendor

Grandpa kept them in the basement
Hanging from a nail
wire handles fixed to coffee cans
To use for a pail

He'd say, let's get out this morning
We'll do a little exploring
The sky is crisp and clear and blue
Today is made for me and you
Let's get out this morning
We'll do a little exploring
Find berries that are sweet and true

On to our adventure
To find blueberries of splendor
Growing wild in some pasture
Forgotten many years ago
Bluejay looking down at me
Squawking from a tree
We'll bring 'em home to Grandma in the kitchen
Rolling out the dough

Let's get out this morning
We'll do a little exploring
The sky is crisp and clear and blue
Today is made for me and you
Let's get out this morning
We'll do a little exploring
Find berries that are sweet and true

Sugar maples in New England
Line this dirt road with a reason
And stone walls built by toughened farmer hands 200 years ago
A handful for the pail
And a handful for myself
Filling coffee cans with Grandpa
Picking purple fruit and wealth

Let's get out this morning
We'll do a little exploring
The sky is crisp and clear and blue
Today is made for me and you
Let's get out this morning
We'll do a little exploring
Grandpa, I've never had a better friend than you

Crisp and clear and blue
Made for me and you
Berries that are sweet and true
Crisp and clear and blue
Made for me and you
Never had a better friend than you
Never had a better friend
Never had a better friend than you