



The Way Your were, Grandad Poem Lyrics

That phrase you used when you were mad,
“Even his mum can’t love that lad!”

The way you smoke a pipe was cool,
When I tried myself, you said “you fool”.
The way you got every first round,
But told me I couldn’t borrow a pound.
The way you had your fav’ pub chair,
And heaven help others who sat there.
The way you swore when you lost a bet,
And cursed your friend’s “best tip yet”.
The way you gave your dog nice treats,
Before you yourself sat down to eat.
The way you were just so polite,
You taught me well, you taught me right,

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