

CHORUS: Oven-fried chicken and apple pie,  
Wash up after, everybody dry!  
Watermelon pickles and fresh-baked bread,  
Soap-bubble laughter echoes in my head.  
Her papa's gift on her wedding day -  
Grandma's dishes are put away.  
Grandma's dishes are put away!

- 1) I remember a winter's night: Windows steamed up in the kitchen light,  
Children all a-bustle till the table's bare And we can give the cards a shuffle & deal hands there,  
Consciences clear as the coming day, 'Cause Grandma's dishes are put away. (Rpt)
- 2) I remember one summer noon: church bells over, people coming soon,  
Fam'ly all invited by the house-proud bride, "Come look at the table, Mama, come inside!"  
Dinner served up in a familiar way, Grandma's dishes are on display! (Rpt)
- 3) I sit here alone in the autumn blue; my children are grown and their children too.  
Boxes and paper strewn around the floor - no one wants to use these dishes anymore.  
I pack them tenderly - someone may! Grandma's dishes are put away. (Rpt)