

## LAST OF THE TRUE RECYCLERS

- VERSE 1: My grandmother would save wrapping paper  
She'd fold it up and store it in an old tin box  
She was the last of the true recyclers  
Didn't have much but she'd use everything she got  
Ask her for a piece of string  
She had a jar up on the cupboard where she kept it  
Rubber bands and other useful things
- CHORUS: She wouldn't think to throw away  
Save them for another day  
For my grandmother was the last of the true recyclers
- VERSE 2: Slivers of bars of soap  
Newspapers mason jars and grocery bags  
Bells for your billy goat  
Coffee cans full of nails and old mop rags  
She kept them just in case she needed them  
Just in case times should get rough again  
She'd made it through one Great Depression
- CHORUS: Repeat
- VERSE 3: The attic up above her house  
Was the center of the pyramid the Pharaoh's tomb  
full of cardboard boxes  
mystery in every corner of that room  
I pestered grandma for a single chance  
To climb those stairs just to have a glance  
At memories and treasured things
- CHORUS: Repeat
- VERSE 4: Now grandmother has passed on  
The attic treasures relatives took them away  
We picked her flowers and wrapped them in her paper  
Tied them with her string and threw them in her grave  
Now every mantle has a treasure  
Now every grandchild has a toy  
Memories far too great to measure
- CHORUS: We wouldn't think... repeat
- CHORUS: Repeat chorus 1