

I'm My Own Grandpa

Many many years ago when I was 23,
I was married to a widow who was pretty as can be,
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her and soon they 2 were wed.

This made my dad my son-in-law and really changed my life,
For now my daughter was my mother because she was my father's wife.
Now to complicate the matter, even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

My little baby then became a brother-in-law to dad,
And so became my uncle though it made me very sad,
For if...if he were my uncle, then that also made him brother,
Of the widow's grown-up daughter, who of course was my Step-mother.

My father's wife then had a son who kept them on the run,
And he became my grandchild, for he was my daughter's son,
My wife is now his grandmother, and it makes me very blue,
'Cause although she is my wife, she's my grandmother too.

Now if my wife's my grandmother then I am her grandchild,
And everytime I think of it, It nearly drives me wild,
'Cause now I have become the strangest case you ever saw,
As husband of my grandmother, I'm my own Grampa

I'm my own Grampa, I'm my own Grampa.
Oh it's funny I know, but it really is so,
Oh, I'm my own Grampa.