

Nothing But a Breeze

D
Life is just too short for some folks,
G D
For other folks it just drags on.
G D
Some folks like the taste of smoky whiskey,
G A
Others figure tea's too strong.
D G D
Well, I'm the type of guy who wants to ride the middle,
G A D
I don't like this bouncing back and forth.
G D
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie
A D
And my head in the cool blue north.

D
In a small suburban garden,
G D
Not a single neighbour knows our name.
G D
I know the woman wishes we would move some-place
G A
Where the houses aren't all the same.
D G D
Jesse, I wish you would take me where the grass is greener.
G A D
I couldn't really say where it may be,
G D A D
Someplace high on a Mountain top, down by the deep blue sea.

G D A
And there we'll do just as we please.
D A
It ain't nothing but a breeze.

D
One day I'll be your grey grandpa,
G D
All the pretty girls will call me "sir".
G D
Now, where they're asking me how things are,
G A
Soon they'll ask me how things were.
D G D
Well, I don't mind being an old grey grandpa
G A D
As long as you'll be my grey grand-ma.
G D G
I wish we would move with our tea and cookies
A D
To the shade of the old pa-paw.

G D A
And there we'll do just as we please.
D A
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