

# Nothing But a Breeze

[John Denver](#)

Life is just too short for some folks  
For other folks it just drags on  
Some folks like the taste of smokey whiskey  
Others figure tea's too strong Well, I'm the kind of guy who likes to stand in the middle  
I don't like all this bouncing back and forth  
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie  
My head in the cool blue north In a small suburban garden  
Not a single neighbor knows our name  
I know that the woman wishes we would move  
Where the houses aren't all the same Say Johny, I would like to go to where the grass is greener  
I couldn't really say where it might be  
But some place high on a mountain top  
Down by the deep blue sea There we'll do just as we please  
It ain't nothing but a breeze Some day, I'll be old gray grandpa  
All the pretty girls will call me, 'Sir'  
Now where they're asking me, "How things are?"  
Soon they'll ask me, "How things were?" Well, I don't mind being an old gray grandpa  
As long as you'll be my gray grandma  
And I think we should move with our tea and cookies  
To the shade of the old pawpaw There we'll, we'll do just as we please  
'Cause it ain't nothing but a breeze Life is just too short for some folks  
For other folks it just drags on  
Some folks like the taste of smokey whiskey  
Others figure tea's too strong Well, I'm the kind of guy who likes to stand in the middle  
I don't like all this bouncing back and forth  
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie  
My head in the cool blue north  
I said me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie  
And my head in the cool blue north

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