

Life Is Just A Tire Swing

[Jimmy Buffett](#)

I remember the smell
Of the creosote plant
When we had to eat on Easter
With my crazy old uncle and aunt
The lived in a big house
Antebellum style
And the wind would blow across the old bayou
When I was a tranquil little child
Life was just a tire swing
Jambalaya is the only song I could sing
Blackberry picking, eating fried chicken
Never knew a thing about pain
Life was just a tire swing
In the early summer
My folks packed me off to camp
Me and my cousin Baxter
And out pup tent with a lamp
But in a few days Baxter went home
And left me by myself
But I knew that I'd stay, It was better that way
And I could get along without any help
Life was just a tire swing
Jambalaya was the only song I could sing
Chasing after sparrows with rubber tipped arrows
Knowing, I could never hurt a thing
Life was just a tire swing
And I've never been
West of New Orleans or East of Pensacola
My only contact with the outside world
Was an RCA Victrola
Then Elvis would sing
And then I'd dream about expensive cars
Who would have figured, that twenty years later
I'd be rubbing shoulders with the stars
Life is just a tire swing
In the early morning, on an Illinois road
I fell asleep at the wheel
But was quickly waken up
By a Ma Bell telephone poll

A bunch of Grant wood faces screaming
Is he still alive?
But through the window I could see it hanging from the tree
And I knew that I had survived
Life is still a tire swing
Jambalaya is the best song I can sing
Blackberry picking, eating fried chicken
Though, I finally learned a lot about pain
Life is just a tire swing

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