

# Rockin' Chair

**Jerry Jeff Walker**

There's an old rockin' chair speadin' memories everywhere

On that old home porch across from Tipple's store.

You can see where the wood is worn

Where my granddaddy rested his arm

In that old rockin' chair that don't rock no more. I was born in a broken home. I was blinded by things gone wrong.

I had no vision what the future held in store;

Just a baby barely three

When my granddaddy came for me

To rock me in the rockin' chair that don't rock no more. CHORUS:

If the rockin' chair could read the thoughts from people's minds,

Oh, the stories it would tell time after time:

Stories others never hear

Of the thoughts one holds so dear.

Oh, how I wish I could've read my grandpa's mind! Granddaddy lived the Christian way. Truth and goodness he portrayed.

He loved to gather his thoughts as he rocked on the hardwood floor.

Yes, he loved to sit and rock.

Paid no mind to the time on the clock.

And rocked me in the rockin' chair that don't rock no more.

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