Nothing but a Breeze

Jesse Winchester

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 strongWell, I'm the type of guy who wants to ride the middle
I don't like all this bouncing back and forth
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie
And my head in the cool blue northIn a small suburban garden
Not a single neighbour knows our name
I know the woman wishes we would move some place
Where the houses aren't all the sameJesse, I wish you would take mewhere the grass is greener
I couldn't really say where it may be
Oh, some place high on a montain top
Bown by the deep blue seaAnd there we'll do just as we please
It ain't nothing but a breezeOne 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 areWell, I don't mind being an old gray Grandpa
As long as you'll be my gray Grandma
But I wish we would move with our tea and cookies
To the shade of the old pawpawThere we'll do just as we please
It ain't nothing but a breezeLife is just too short for some folks
For other foks it just drags on
Some folks like the taste of smokey whiskey
Others figure tea's too strongWell, I'm the type of guy who wants to ride in the middle
I don't like all this bouncing back and forth
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie
And my head in the cool blue northWords and Music by Jesse Winchester

Songwriters
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