

# 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 me where the grass is greener  
I couldn't really say where it may be  
Oh, some place high on a mountain top

Brown 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 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 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  
JESSE WINCHESTERPublished by  
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