

# 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 our 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 pole  
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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