

# Old Blue Chair

[Kenny Chesney](#)

There's a blue rocking chair, sittin' in the sand  
Weathered by the storms and well oiled hands  
It sways back and forth with the help of the winds  
It seems to always be there like an old trusted friend  
I've read a lot of books, wrote a few songs  
Looked at my life, where it's goin', where it's gone  
I've seen the world through a bus windshield  
But nothing compares to the way that I see it  
To the way that I see it, to the way that I see it  
When I sit in that old blue chair  
From that chair I've caught a few fish and some rays  
And I've watched boats sail in and out of Cinnamon Bay  
I let go of a lover that took a piece of my heart  
Prayed many times for forgiveness and a brand new start  
I've read a lot of books, wrote a few songs  
Looked at my life, where it's goin', where it's gone  
I've seen the world through a bus windshield  
But nothing compares to the way that I see it  
To the way that I see it, to the way that I see it  
When I sit in that old blue chair  
That chair was my bed one New Year's night  
When I passed out from too much Malibu and Diet  
And I woke up to a hundred mosquito bites, I swear  
Got 'em all sittin' right there in that old blue chair  
There's a blue rocking chair, sitting in the sand  
Weathered by the storms and well oiled hands

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