

Watson Gene

"Just How Little I Know"

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I remember my grand daddy carvin' on a block of pine

He shortly laid his old knife down and opened up his
mind

He said we never know how long we'll be around

I wanna share with you a nugget of truth

Somethin' that an old man found

Every livin' soul is like a sack of seed

You need room to grow and room to breathe

There ain't much more I'm sure of, this far down the
road

'Cause the longer I live the more I learn just how little I
know

He said I wish I had a dollar for every bridge I've turned

But there's nothin' that'll substitute

For the things we live and learn

And Lord knows I've lived and I'm still alive

And the school of hard knocks has taught me

A little horse sense i'll get you by

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How little I know

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