

John Denver "Nothing But A Breeze"

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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 strong

Well, I'm the kind of guy who likes to stand in the
middle
I don't like all this bouncing back and forth
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie
My head in the cool blue north

In a small suburban garden
Not a single neighbor knows our name
I know that the woman wishes we would move
Where the houses aren't all the same

Say Johnny, I would like to go to where the grass is
greener
I couldn't really say where it might be
But some place high on a mountain top
Down by the deep blue sea

There we'll do just as we please
It ain't nothing but a breeze

Some 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 were?"

Well, I don't mind being an old gray grandpa
As long as you'll be my gray grandma
And I think we should move with our tea and cookies
To the shade of the old pawpaw

There we'll, we'll do just as we please
'Cause it ain't nothing but a breeze

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For other folks it just drags on
Some folks like the taste of smokey whiskey
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Well, I'm the kind of guy who likes to stand in the
middle
I don't like all this bouncing back and forth
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie
My head in the cool blue north
I said me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie
And my head in the cool blue north

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