

## **Kenny Chesney**

### **"Old Blue Chair"**

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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 going, 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  
And 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 going, 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 sitting right there  
In that old blue chair

There's a blue rocking chair  
Sittin' in the sand  
Weathered by the storms  
And well oiled hands.

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