Nick Granato "Barefoot"

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(Verse 1) I could act like a rebel, but that's just not my style,

Or may be good like an angel, but I know that would never fly,

Too much power brings too much pressure; Too much money has too much stress But what I have ain't all that bad, compared to all the rest…

(Chorus 1) I could be daring and dangerous,
Or I could live my life being proud and perilous
But most of the time you'll find me just having fun
I could be really loud and obvious, or I could hide out
and be mysterious
Some would say I'm not serious enough,
But I tell you who cares what they say
I'm too busy being barefoot in the sun

(Verse 2) I could be some rodeo rider but I'm not the cowboy type

Or I could act like a superstar, but who needs all that hype

Some folks live in a fish bowl, and some are way out of handâ€!

So I'll be happy in my scenic existence, with my feet buried in the sand….

(Chorus 1)

(Bridge)

Who needs all this aggravation, when life could be this good,

Who wants all those obligations, just to be misunderstood… (Break)

Chorus 2

I could be dashing and debonair, or I could try rugged with savoir-faire,

But that's not who I have become I could act all highbrow and intelligent, Or I might try charming and elegant, And I've heard some say I'm not serious enough But I tell you who cares what they say, I'm too busy Being Barefoot in the sun

I don't have time for all this fuss; I'm too busy being barefoot in the sun

No I'm not hurting anyone; I'm too busy being barefoot in the sun…

Come play with me we can be barefoot in the sun….

Words & music by Nick Granato

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