

Just How Little I Know

Gene Watson

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
w
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
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
w
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
w
How little I know