

# Nothing But a Breeze

John Denver

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 type of guy who wants to ride the middle  
I don't like all this bouncing back and forth  
Me, I want to live with my feet in Dixie  
And my head in the cool blue north

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

Jesse, I wish you would take me where the grass is greener  
I couldn't really say where it may be  
Oh, some place high on a mountain top  
Or down by the deep blue sea

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

One 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 are

Well, I don't mind being an old gray Grandpa  
As long as you'll be my gray Grandma  
But I wish we would move with our tea and cookies  
To the shade of the old pawpaw

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

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