

Old Blue Chair

Kenny Chesney

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 goin', 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
Prayed many times for forgiveness and a brand new start

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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 sittin' right there in that old blue chair

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Weathered by the storms and well oiled hands