

Joe Nichols, You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet

On a park bench the old man
Sat and stared into yesterday
I sat down beside him and said
"Thank God for this quite place
Between the wife and teh kids, the TV and the phone
It seems there's something always goin' on"
He said, "Son, if you think this is quite
You should follow me home"

'Cause you ain't heard nothin' yet
'Til you've lived in a house by yourself
When silence is all you've got left
In the rooms where your babies have slept
So don't wish for something you will regret
'Cause you ain't heard nothin' yet

The old man kept talkin'
Painting pictures from his memories
Did he drag out his past for himself
Or was it for me
His eyes came alive, he spoke of dancing with his wife
And playing ball with his two little boys
He said, "Son, what I hear is music, you're callin' noise"

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We'll all rest in peace, on that you can bet
Oh, you ain't heard nothin' yet