

# Steve Forbert, It Doesn't Matter Much

I cover ground and  
Get around a lot these days  
And I meet a lotta people, too  
An' if it takes a broken heart  
To know one, well,  
I'm seein' lotsa shades of blue  
(shades of blue)

The wealthy part of town  
Done got the Yuletide bug  
And the decoration store does fine  
But sometimes on a dark and  
Country backwoods road  
I pass a little shack that shines  
(shack that shines)

It doesn't matter much  
What kind of house you got  
As long as it's a happy home  
Or if your lover's love  
Ain't burnin' blue flame hot  
As long as you don't feel alone  
(feel alone)

What kind of house you got  
Won't make it real or not  
What kind of car you drive  
Won't keep your love alive

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The stairway up to heaven's  
Made of rough hewn boards  
And Christ is on a hard nail throne  
I wonder, stuck in traffic with a low fuel light,  
If there's time to change the road we're on  
(road we're on)

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