

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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