

# Gene Watson, Just How Little I Know

I remember my grand daddy carvin' on a block of pine  
He shortly laid his old knife down and opened up his mind  
He said we never know how long we'll be around  
I wanna share with you a nugget of truth  
Somethin' that an old man found

Every livin' soul is like a sack of seed  
You need room to grow and room to breathe  
There ain't much more I'm sure of, this far down the road  
'Cause the longer I live the more I learn just how little I know

He said I wish I had a dollar for every bridge I've turned  
But there's nothin' that'll substitute  
For the things we live and learn  
And Lord knows I've lived and I'm still alive  
And the school of hard knocks has taught me  
A little horse sense i'll get you by

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