

Kenny Chesney, Old Blue Chair

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,
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
I prayed many times for forgiveness and a brand new start

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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

That chair was my bed one New Year's Night
When i passed out from too much malibu and Diet
And woke up to a hundred mesquito bites,
I swear got 'em all sittin right there
In that old blue chair

There's a blue rockin chair
Sittin' in the sand
Weathered by the storms and well oiled hands