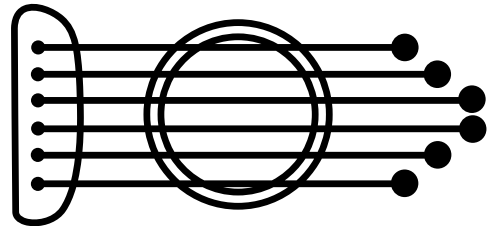
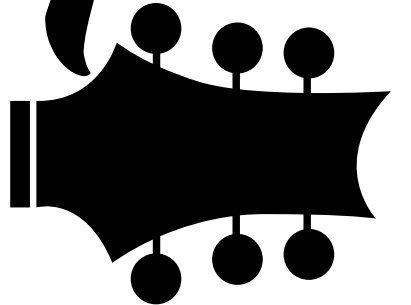


Kenny Chesney

THERE'S A BLUE ROCKING

HELP OF THE

Old Blue Chair



CHAIR SITTIN IN THE SAND WEATHERED BY THE STORMS AND WELL OILED HANDS IT SWAYS BACK AND FORTH WITH 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 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 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