

**Life Is Just A Tire Swing**  
**Jimmy Buffett**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
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Subject: song -"LifeIsJustATireSwing.crd" - Jimmy\_Buffett  
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////////////////////////////////////  
// Mike A. Hall // "If I don t die by Thursday, //  
// mhall@moe.coe.uga.edu // I ll be roarin Friday night." //  
// // --J.Buffett //  
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**Life Is Just A Tire Swing**  
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[Words and Music by Jimmy Buffett (c) 1974]  
Intro: **Bm**

[tab] **G A D**  
I remember the smell of the creosote plant,[/tab]  
[tab] **E F#m Gdim E7 A Bm Cdim A**  
when we d have to eat on Easter with my crazy old uncle and aunt.[/tab]  
[tab]**G A D**  
They lived in a big house Antebellum style,[/tab]  
[tab] **G D G D**  
and the wind would blow across the old bayou,[/tab]  
[tab] **A D**  
and I was a tranquil little child.[/tab]

Chorus:

[tab] **D Bm**  
Life was just a tire swing.[/tab]  
[tab] **G D**  
Jambalaya was the only song I could sing.[/tab]  
[tab] **G D**  
Black-berry pickin , eatin fried chicken,[/tab]  
[tab] **G D A**  
and I never knew a thing about pain;[/tab]  
[tab] **Bm**  
Life was just a tire swing.[/tab]

2.  
In a few summers my folks packed me off to camp;  
yeah, me and my cousin Baxter in our pup tent with a lamp.  
And in a few days Baxter went home, and he left me by myself.  
And I knew that I d stay, it was better that way,  
and I could get along without any help.

(2nd chorus)

Life was just a tire swing.  
Jambalaya was the only song I could sing.  
Chasin after sparrows with rubber-tipped arrows,  
knowin I could never hurt a thing,  
and life was just a tire swing.

(then continue)

[tab]Bm G F#m Em D  
And I ve never been west of New Orleans nor east of Pensacola.[/tab]  
[tab] G F#m E7 A  
My only contact with the outside world was an R.C.A. Victrola.[/tab]  
[tab] Bm A  
And Elvis would sing and then I d dream about expensive cars,[/tab]  
[tab] E7  
and who would ve figured twenty years later[/tab]  
[tab] A E7 F#m7  
I d be rubbin shoulders with the stars.[/tab]  
[tab] Bm  
Life was just a tire swing.[/tab]

3.  
Then the other morning on some Illinois road  
I fell asleep at the wheel,  
But was quickly wakened up by a Ma Bell telephone pole,  
and a bunch of Grant Wood faces screaming Is he still alive? ,  
But through the window I could see it hangin from a tree,  
and I knew that I had survived.

(3rd chorus)

Life was just a tire swing.  
Jambalaya s still the best song that I sing.  
Black-berry pickin , eatin fried chicken,  
and I finally learned a lot about pain,  
cause life is just a tire swing.  
Life was just a tire swing.

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Chord chart:

F#m - |xx3222| F#m7 - |xx2222| Gdim - |xx2323| E7 - |o2o1oo|  
[tab] Bm - |xxo432| Cdim - |xx1212| Em7 - |o2o0oo| Em - |o22ooo|[/tab]

[This song is published in the book "The Songs of Jimmy Buffett"  
by CPP/Belwin Music Company.] u001a