

**M**  
(Nothin' But Breeze)

David Jonathan Rogers

Rocking ♩ = 50  
G D Em C G D

Melody



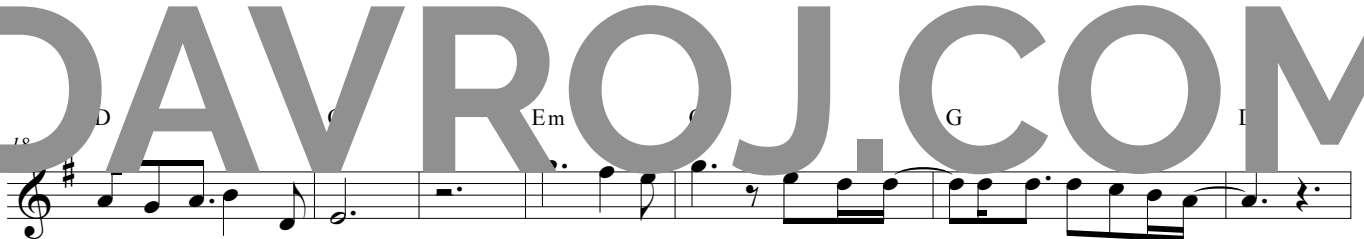
In my teeth there's a cork, — in my



throat there's a lump, — But on my feet, there ain't no-thin' but breeze. In my



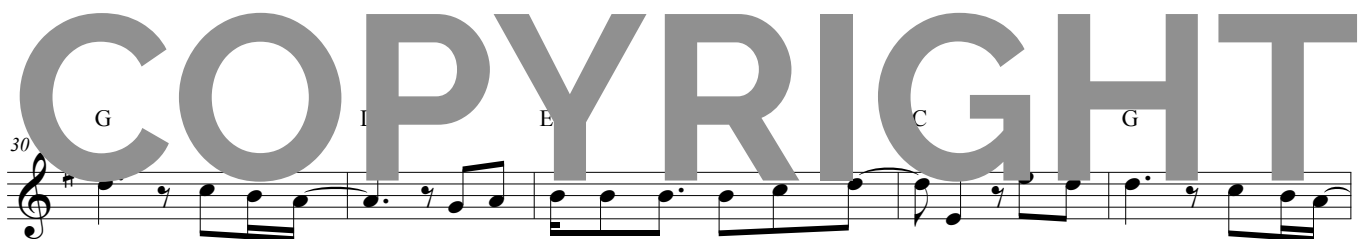
eyes there's a moon, — nex' to me — is my com-pan - ion; — it's my soul— there ain't



no-thing in-side but me. Where is my M? Drive, or curse, — clean up, I'll find a way. —



I ain't got no arms round me M! My hope with my warmth all — flew a - way. — In my



hand there's a phone; — I won't mes-sage more plea-ding, "Come — home." Be-yond me there's an M

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