

Don't Mean Nothin'

The Infamous Stringdusters

Let the winter's cold winds blow let the summer sun beat
down

Life moves fast, love goes slow

While the world keeps spinning round

All the things I wish I'd done that never came to be

They won't matter after I'm gone

So they don't mean nothin to me

Some men live to hear the sound of a dollar being made

Mansions crumble to the ground

And treasures fade away

I don't worry on things I own though a poor man I may be

They won't matter after I'm gone

So they don't mean nothing to me

As you run life's rugged race good times come and go

But even in the darkest place

My spirit's never low

Troubles there as many as the leaves upon a tree

They won't matter after I'm gone, so they don't mean

nothin to me