

Big Black Boots

V1

Sitting down to a last uspper
With father, son and the holy ghost
Of a grandfather who left his mark
On a family's next patriarch
He passed the butter he passed the peas
He passed the buck that stopped at me
My dear old dad laid the hand of blame
That reached up from his father's grave

I stuck around just long enough
A quiet kid no more than most
And grabed the stuff I earned to own
And struck out from my only home
I might have been just eighteen plus
When I climed aboard that Grey Hound bus
I might have made a few mistakes
I might have caused a few heartaches

Chorus

But I will move, move, move, move, move, move, move
Like a prarie wind...In the rain, in the snow, in the sun
And you will see that I'm breezing right through
The trouble I'm in... In the rain, in the snow, in the sun

And you cannot help but notice me pass
By the things that I do... In the rain, in the snow, in the sun
And you will see me kick up a little dust
With my big black boots...my big black boots...and I say to you, I'm just passing
through

V2

Was it singing or was it talking
When I heard something about those boots
Were made for walking all over you
Well I've got a pair that does that too
And I don't like to lose my cool
I don't too often as a rule
But like some kind of wild cyclone
I don't know when it's next I'll blow

I stick around just long enough
A friendly face no more than most
And I'm not tough and I'm not weak
Sometimes it's wisest just to leave
The strongest men cannot contain
The silent winds of silent change
I might have made a few mistakes
I might have caused a few heartaches

Chorus

V3

If love is art I am artist
My history abstract at best
I look the hardest to make some sense
And scratch my head at a scrambled mess
I've painted on some fine textures
But never stayed for the paint to cure
And just before the paint was dry
I pulled my walking boots up high

I'm not too big on fond farewells
A quiet kiss might be the most
And kiss and tell is not my style
Sometimes I wish I'd stayed awhile
To move along the rural routes
Is the preview of my walking boots
I might have made a few mistakes
I might have caused a few heartaches

Chorus