

Thirsty Boots

by Eric Anderson (1965)

A D Esus4^(1/2) E7^(1/2) A

A A D E
You've long been on the open road, you've been sleeping in the rain,
A A D E7
From dirty words and muddy cells, your clothes are smeared and stained,
A A D E
But the dirty words and muddy cells, will soon be judged in shame
A A D^(1/2) Bm^(1/2) E7 E7
So only stop to rest yourself till you are off again

A D A D
So take off your thirsty boots and stay for a while,
A F#m Bm E
Your feet are hot and weary, from a dusty mile,
A D A D
And maybe I can make you laugh, maybe I can try,
A F#m Bm E7 A
I'm just looking for the evening, for the morning in your eye.
A D Esus4^(1/2) E7^(1/2) A A

So tell me of the ones you saw as far as you could see
Across the plain from field to town, a-marching to be free
And of the rusted prison gates that tumbled by degree
Like laughing children, one by one, they look like you and me

I know you are no stranger down the crooked rainbow trails
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills of slandered, shackled jails
For the voices drift up from below, as the walls they're being scaled
Yes, all of this, and more, my friend, your song shall not be failed.