

## Boots

Daan

A soul with no body, a shine with no boota shrine with a copy,  
a girl in the loot  
The program, the plug in, the soap for the stud  
A reason to give him some boots for the mud  
Raspberry coat horse kept his mouth shut  
Too smart to cash in before the flood  
I hope he found some guy to shine his boots

Now stay with the benders of twine selling maids  
The architect renders the fluffy estates  
Some days I wonder who will shine my boots

Come shine my boots  
Come shine my boots  
Come shine my boots  
And maybe I'll shine yours

Synergy polishing, energy demolishing  
The biggest, the cruelest, the drunk with a notebook  
And an x-ray of his liver till the grass on his estate  
Is to rourky proportions and they should endorse you  
Or pick your crop, off course you, you cannot mention sources  
Whilde denying all the forces that upgrade their morals  
And sing in fine corals that they are the pupils, the full grow  
n tulips  
That smell like black roses say thank you for the doses  
And offer to shine your boots

Cowboys with cancer, please saddle up  
Come soothe my leather and silver my top  
I only wonder who will shine my boots

Come shine my boots  
Come shine my boots  
Come shine my boots  
And maybe I'll shine yours

Come shine my boots  
Come shine my boots  
Come shine my boots  
And maybe I'll shine yours