

Bottles And Boxes

Bobby Bare

Bottles and boxes and ten miles a day he walks slowly making his rounds
Picking up bottles and boxes and papers and anything else we'd throw down
He's hump-backed and wrinkled but unlike Van Winkles he doesn't sleep his life away
And he speaks so seldom that some of us wonder just what the old man has to say
Some folks laugh at him but he doesn't notice he goes right on about his day
Picking up bottles and boxes and papers and pieces of life thrown away

Too big and tattered the clothes that he's gathered from boxes thrown into the street
He hides from the rain under store building awnings and stays in a shade in the heat
Sisters and mothers and daddys and brothers he has none as far as I know
Just bottles and boxes they're his little Fort Knoxes
But to us they're just somethin' to throw
Some folks laugh at him...

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