

# Old Man's Boots

Brothers Osborne

My old man's shoes were steel toed boots  
Ripped up rawhide leather  
Seams splitting like the Red Sea  
So duct tape held 'em together  
They've worn more tread than a Firestone  
Underneath a '65 Fastback Ford  
Size 12 wide, spent Saturday nights  
Cuttin' rug on a bar room floor

They weren't built for speed, they weren't built for comfort  
But you can bet that they were buildin' somethin'  
Might not look like much to you  
But there wasn't really much they couldn't walk through  
They weren't flashy, they weren't classy  
But they made him workin' class happy  
And I'd be lucky  
I'd be lucky to walk a mile in my old man's boots

They didn't bring home a fortune  
But we were fortunate for doin' just fine  
Sunrise to bed, they kept us fed  
And the lights on most of the time  
[?] joint rips on the laces  
Scuffed up and scarred from heel to toe  
Looked twice their age on a good day  
Broken in don't even come close

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