

Shoeshine

Fred Eaglesmith

Bone-shaker rattle-trap
I'm living on my own again
6 quarts of whiskey
And I keep em in a jerry can
Got a couple hounds a 44 bore
My friends used to come around
They don't any more

Shoeshine they call me
Shoeshine they say
Shoeshine they call me
But that isn't my name

Down by the river
Things got bad

She got angry
And I got sad
The next thing you know
She's gone for good
I'm running for my life
In the dark and dreary wood

Wind in the willows
And the rattling of the wires
Clicking of the hammer
And somethings on fire
Figures in the field
And the worlds gone quiet
They won't ever take me alive