

My Father's Boots

Ned LeDoux

Beaumont to Odessa, God knows wherever
They're old, but I'll betcha, can't buy em off the shelf
These stories of living, stitched in the grain
When I wear em, I remember, from where I once came

Yeah, my father's boots I can ride I can shoot
There's just something in the soul that's all leather and truth
Put em on stand your ground take them off, hand them down
So the next one can walk in the roots of his fathers boots

He bought em in Houston, wore em right out the door
He broke em in, spinnin' mom round the floor
Even covered in dust, they're a damn work of art
They're on my feet, he's in my heart

Yeah, my father's boots I can ride I can shoot
There's just something in the soul that's all leather and truth
Put em on stand your ground take them off, hand them down
So the next one can walk in the roots of his fathers boots

You can wear out a shirt, it comes and it goes
But this cowhide and dirt, has decades to go
That's family history, wherever you run
So wear them with pride, now that your time has come

Yeah, my father's boots I can ride I can shoot
There's just something in the soul that's all leather and truth
Put em on stand your ground take them off, hand them down
So the next one can walk in the roots
When he wears them, he'll think of you, and his father's boots