

These Old Boots

Seth Anthony

Lit my last cigarette with bloodshot eyes
Haven't slept in 3 days, been up drinking 4 nights
Wish I could change baby but this lifestyle I live is so hard
They say time heals all wounds but baby I ain't got time
So I grab the flask from my boot, take a sip of shine
Then I light that joint up from this guitar of mine

I love this whiskey, I love Rock n Roll
I hope Hank and Cash are smiling down as I sing these songs
I'm a rambling man out here on the road singing the blues
I'll sleep when I die, love these old smoking rooms
Drinking bottom shelf bourbon, chain smoking Marlboros
Last request I got baby is bury me in these old boots

People will smile in your face everyday
Then turn around and go and throw dirt on your name
A man could do a million things good but all he's known is for
the bad
She said I work too much and I'm mean when I drink
Wish she knew the pressure that I feel everyday
That's why I light this joint up, write these songs that I sing

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Told you I'll sleep when I die, love these old smoking rooms
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