

Wobbly Boot

Slim Dusty

When I was a lad, I remember me Dad
Comin' home late Friday nights
Mum'd be there, she'd give him a glare
'Cause he'd be high as a kite
He'd say, "Sorry I'm late, I had a couple with the mates
And we started to sing a few songs
And the next thing you know, it was time to go
And I had the wobbly boot on..."

Now, me uncle's the same, he was never to blame
When he came to our house
He'd light up the barbie, rip the top of a stubby
And sit there quiet as a mouse
But later in the evenin' when he was leavin'
Even though he was wearin' thongs
He'd say to me: "I'm a bit shaky -
I think I got me wobbly boot on"

Oh, it's a curse, there ain't nothin' worse
Makes you feel like a big galoot
When you're standin' there, full of cheer
And somethin' goes wrong with your boot
You feel like a fool, you try to be cool
But you know it's no use
So you blame it on your wobbly, wobbly
Blame it on your wobbly boot
Your wobbly, wobbly boot

Well, that was years ago and now I know
All about these worldly things
How you gotta have some good times in your lifetime
Have your little flings
But early in the mornin', when you're yawnin'
And you're not feelin' too strong
You're wishin' over an over you'd stayed sober
And you didn't have your wobbly boot on

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Ya know, Slim, it's a dirty job, but I reckon
Somebody should look into this little matter
Is that right?
'Cause it seems to me the bootmakers
Must be usin' wobbly leather!
It's a flamin' disgrace to the Aussie race
As it's gone on for far too long
They should make 'em stronger - make 'em last longer
Then we wouldn't have our wobbly boots on!
Ah yeah!

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