

# Worn These Boots

Walker McGuire

Bet you didn't think I heard you  
You didn't say it that loud  
But if you ain't ever laid in a bunker  
Please don't put it down

You say you don't need those boys  
Over there keeping us free  
But you sure love driving that Cadillac  
And that gas don't come cheap

So keep sipping that top shelf scotch  
Talking about your new Rolex watch  
Mister, I don't mean no offense  
But for what it's worth  
Here's my two cents

If you ain't ever laced 'em up  
Grabbed your gun  
And ran down a hill through fire  
If you ain't ever faced a storm  
With the 1st Airborne  
When your soul was running tired  
If you ain't ever laid one down  
Six foot in the ground  
And gave 'em one last salute  
Then, sir, I don't know you  
But I know you've never worn these boots

I saw you laughing at my accent  
You must not be from 'round here  
'Cause that shine on them Sunday shoes, boy  
Is brighter than a new John Deere  
And did I hear you complaining  
Your flight got delayed  
It's how you wound up in this bar  
Cursing the rain

So now you're sitting here drinking and grieving  
And I'm celebrating for the same reason  
'Cause 'round here we thought God forgot  
What it takes to raise our crops

If you ain't ever begged the Lord  
To make it pour  
'Til your knees were black and blue  
If you ain't ever seen this town  
All broke down  
'Cause you're just passing through  
If you ain't ever made it out of a harvest drought  
It was dry down to the roots  
Then, sir, I don't know you  
But I know you've never worn these boots

So hey, man, have a nice flight  
And I've got your drinks tonight  
I know that ain't what you thought I'd do  
Yeah, I know I didn't have to

Nah, but you ain't ever worn these boots  
Nah, you ain't ever worn these boots