

Daan "Boots"

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A soul with no body, a shine with no boota shrine with a
copy, a girl in the loot
The program, the plug in, the soap for the stud
A reason to give him some boots for the mud
Raspberry coat horse kept his mouth shut
Too smart to cash in before the flood
I hope he found some guy to shine his boots

Now stay with the benders of twine selling maids
The architect renders the fluffy estates
Some days I wonder who will shine my boots

Come shine my boots
Come shine my boots
Come shine my boots
And maybe I'll shine yours

Synergy polishing, energy demolishing
The biggest, the cruelest, the drunk with a notebook
And an x-ray of his liver till the grass on his estate
Is to rourky proportions and they should endorse you
Or pick your crop, off course you, you cannot mention
sources
Whilde denying all the forces that upgrade their morals
And sing in fine corals that they are the pupils, the full
grown tulips
That smell like black roses say thank you for the doses
And offer to shine your boots

Cowboys with cancer, please saddle up
Come soothe my leather and silver my top
I only wonder who will shine my boots

Come shine my boots
Come shine my boots
Come shine my boots
And maybe I'll shine yours

Come shine my boots
Come shine my boots
Come shine my boots
And maybe I'll shine yours

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