

Del McCoury

"Dozen Pairs Of Boots"

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It looks everywhere I go always get myself in trouble
Cause the girls I pick on ain't the saintest kind
And I wind up running barefoot to hell and think of
clover
Cause the neck I value most of all is mine

That's why I left the blue shirt hanging on the bed post
in Seattle
My Levi's float on San Francisco Bay
And I left the Stetson hanging in the hallway down in
Dallas
And a dozen pair of boots along the way

Now Betty was a sweet thing I was courting in Seattle
She swore to me she was nobody's wife
But how was I to know she had a boyfriend big as
Dallas
And I bid that one good shirt for one good life

That's why I left the blue shirt hanging...
[fiddle]
Now Susie had a big yacht we anchored in the harbor
She said she was alone at least today
When he climbed aboard I swam for shore praying I
could get there
Lost the Levi's while I made my get-a-way

That's why I left the blue shirt hanging...
That's why I left the blue shirt hanging...

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