

## Level

### "My Father's Shoes"

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Even now I see him walking home at sundown  
He's whistling rock of ages with his lunchbox at his side  
I still recall the smell of smoke and ashes on his jacket  
And that factory dust was on his shoes the afternoon  
he died

I swore I'd never heed that factory whistle  
In a banker's cage I signed a loan against my future  
sins  
All the neighbours shook my hand  
And wished me well upon my leaving  
Though my father was a poor man he owned a wealth  
of friends

So take these boots that shine like judas silver  
And all these sad reflections on lost untravelled roads  
While the rain falls on a field of bones and roses  
Give me back my father's shoes and let me walk in  
those

My stroke was good, the deals fell fast and easy  
I hired the sweat of honest men and took the lion's  
share  
My wardrobe filled with shirts of silk  
And boots of tender leather  
And I walked in them the halls of power  
But found no comfort there

So take these boots that shine like judas silver  
And all these sad reflections on lost untravelled roads  
While the rain falls on a field of bones and roses  
Give me back my father's shoes and let me walk in  
those

Lady lay these boots upon the fire  
'cause lady now I swear I'll never wear this pair again  
I meant to stand up straight and tall  
It never was that easy  
Now these soles are stained from walking on the  
dreams  
Of better men

So take these boots that shine like judas silver  
And all these sad reflections on lost untravelled roads  
While the rain falls on a field of bones and roses  
Give me back my father's shoes and let me walk in  
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