

Roy Clark "Dozen Pair Of Boots"

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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 through everything but
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 pairs of boots along the way.

Now Betty was a sweet thing I was courtin' in Seattle
She swore to me she was nobody's wife
So how was I to know she had a friend big as Dallas
And I traded one good shirt for one good life.

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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 pairs of boots along the way.

--- Instrumental ---

Now Susie had a big yacht we anchored in the harbor
She swore she was alone at least today
But when he climbed aboard I swam for shore praying I
could get there
Lost the Levi's while I made my get-a-way.

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