

Mel McDaniel

"Shoestring"

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He lived down by the railroad track
Had an old wood stove and a one room shack
Shoestring was the only name he had.

When I'd skip school he'd take me fishin'
Sittin' on a creek bank talkin' and wishin'
Things were good whenever times got bad.

And the people say,
Shoestring you ain't got no money!
Shoestring ya can't hang around here!
Shoestring ya got your hat on back'rds!

He knows more than most folks do,
But he don't talk unless you ask him to.

When the winter comes and the wind blows mean
Shoestring hops that southbound train
Rides it down below that Florida line.

But he's layin' low and pickin' fruit
Sleepin' in his worn out shoes
But he'll always come back come summertime.

And the folks say,
Shoestring you ain't got no money!
Shoestring ya can't hang around here!
Shoestring ya got your hat on back'rds!

He knows more than most folks do,
But he don't talk unless you ask him to.

Last time I looked and found him gone
Folks said he's in an old folks home
Shoestring done retired on Uncle Sam.

He's livin' it up in his private room
Playin' checkers and eatin' prunes
Shoestring ain't no ordinary man.

Still the people say,
Shoestring you ain't got no money!

Shoestring ya can't hang around here!
Shoestring ya got your hat on back'rds!

He knows more than most folks do,
But he don't talk unless you ask him to.

Shoestring you ain't got no money!
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He knows more than most folks do,
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