

Tim Culpepper

"His Old Boots"

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You'd think he'd walked a million hard miles,
As he fell back in his easy chair
Too young to understand his calloused hands,
I was happy just to have him there
So with one foot on my back and one between my
knees
He'd push until I pulled each tired old foot free
Then he'd laugh until he cried, as I hit the floor beside
his old boots

You'd think he was walkin' on cloud nine, on my
graduation day
But I watched a broken heart replace that smile,
with the next words that I would say
As he offered me his boots, to ease my walk through
life,
I just said "no thanks, Dad", full of eighteen-year-old
pride
I'm gonna need a pair that's new, so I respectfully
refused his old boots

He said son don't judge a man or his boots, by the hole
in their soles
A lot of comfort and wisdom can be hidden in what's
weathered and old
I had no way of knowin' when I left, one day what I'd
give to just go back
Now I'd trade all my tomorrows, for one more day with
him in his old boots

Each step felt like a million hard miles, as we took him
to his final rest
It's amazing how the memories rush back,
like a river runnin' through my head
Like scootin' 'round the house, ten feet tall in those old
boots,
I thought he walked on water, I couldn't wait to fill his
shoes
I said my last goodbyes, hit my knees and cried, in his
old boots

Don't judge a man or his boots, by the hole in their
soles
A lot of comfort and wisdom can be hidden in what's
weathered and old
I had no way of knowin' when I left, one day what I'd
give to just go back
Now I'd trade all my tomorrows, for one more day with
him, in his old boots

I'd bet I watched him walk a million miles,
around our house, in my old boots,

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