

Kingston Trio, The

"Thirsty Boots"

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Eric Anderson

You've long been on the open road. You've been
standing in the rain.
From the dirty words and muddy cells, your clothes are
dark and stained,
But the dirty words and muddy cells will soon be
judged insane.
So only stop to rest yourself and you'll be off again.

Chorus:

So take off your thirsty boots and stay for awhile.
You're feet are hot and weary, come a dusty mile,
And maybe I can make you laugh.
Maybe I can try. Looking for the evening and the
morning in your eyes.

Then tell me of the one's you've seen as far as you can
see.
Across the plains from field to town a-marchin' to be
free,
And of the rusted prison gates that tumble by degree
Like laughin' children, one by one, they look like you
and me.

(Chorus, harmonica interlude, chorus)

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