

Wash My Feet In The Waves

Chuck Ragan

Old man are you tired
Will I one day fill those boots
Walk the world over
In search of righteous truth

Old man are you gone
Down to the proving ground
Sir your time is served
Now let me make my rounds

For my cause I'm a walking down for my judgement day
For my land I'm a coming round to pay what you have paid
With my hands I will dig and build and bleed until I lay
Then wash my feet in the waves

It's high time to carry on
And march to my own drum
Kick the dust up son
And wear the soles down some

It's high time to carry on
horizon on the run
walk the world over
And know I'm not alone

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For my land I'm a coming round to pay what you have paid
With my hands I will dig and build and bleed until I lay
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