

Storekeeper

James McMurtry

No shoes, no shirt, no service
Reads the sign on the front screen door
Your friends 011 make me nervous
You best keep 'em out of my store

I don't make no bones about it
I don't need your barefoot blues
I can damn sure do without it
I keep a good shine on my shoes

You've used up all your credit
My patience all ran out
And it'll take two months of pay days
To settle your account

So get them fools up off my front step
And get 'em out of here
I don't need that kind of business
Do I make myself clear
Don't think I don't know it
You been stealin' me blind
You thought I wouldn't notice
Or you thought I wouldn't mind

But you've run out of excuses
Son you're wastin' my time
Get your face on out the front door
Take it down the line