

## 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