

## Dust on My Boots

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There's dust on my boots and a four day growth on my chin  
A sink full of dishes, looks like the rain's settin' in  
These days spent in hiding, with rain coming down on my  
roof

Well I'm going nowhere, just gathering dust on my boots

Out here on the outskirts, this old caravan is my home  
The tyres are flat, nowhere's a place that I'm going  
I can't see the future, just visiting these memories of  
you

Well I'm going nowhere, just gathering dust on my boots

I woke up this morning, wearin' yesterdays blues  
There's no getting over, what I'm going through  
My friends try to tell me, I've gotta start living again  
But I'm going nowhere, just gathering dust on my boots

I woke up this morning, wearin' yesterdays blues  
There's no getting over, what I'm going through  
They all try to tell me, I've gotta start living again  
I'm still going nowhere, just gathering dust on my boots  
Yeah I'm going nowhere, just gathering dust on my boots