

My Father's Shoes

Level 42

Even now I see him walking home at sundown
he's whistling rock of ages with his lunchbox at his side
I still recall the smell of smoke and ashes on his jacket
and that factory dust was on his shoes the afternoon he died

I swore I'd never heed that factory whistle
in a banker's cage I signed a loan against my future sins
all the neighbours shook my hand
and wished me well upon my leaving
though my father was a poor man he owned a wealth of friends

So take these boots that shine like Judas silver
and all these sad reflections on lost untravelled roads
while the rain falls on a field of bones and roses
give me back my father's shoes and let me walk in those

My stroke was good, the deals fell fast and easy
I hired the sweat of honest men and took the lion's share
my wardrobe filled with shirts of silk
and boots of tender leather
and I walked in them the halls of power
but found no comfort there

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Lady lay these boots upon the fire
'cause lady now I swear I'll never wear this pair again
I meant to stand up straight and tall
it never was that easy
now these soles are stained from walking on the dreams
of better men

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