

## Thirsty Boots

Phil Ochs

You've long been on the open road,  
You've been sleeping in the rain,  
From dirty words and muddy cells  
Your clothes are smeared and stained,  
But the dirty words and muddy cells  
Will soon be hid in shame  
So only stop to rest yourself  
Till you are off again

So take off your thirsty boots  
And stay for a while,  
Your feet are hot and weary,  
From a dusty mile,  
And maybe I can make you laugh,  
Maybe I can try,  
I'm just looking for the evening,  
The morning in your eye.

So tell me of the ones you saw  
As far as you could see  
Across the plain from field to town  
A-marching to be free  
And of the rusted prison gates  
That tumbled by degree  
Like laughing children, one by one,  
They look like you and me

I know you are no stranger down  
The crooked rainbow trails  
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills  
Of slandered, shackled jails  
For the voices drift up from below  
As the walls they're being scaled  
Yes, all of this, and more, my friend,  
Your song shall not be failed.

Yes, you've long been on the open road  
You've been sleeping in the rain  
From dirty words and muddy cells  
Your clothes are smeared and stained  
But the dirty words, the muddy cells,  
They'll soon be judged insane  
So only stop to rest yourself  
'til you are off again.