

## Thirsty Boots

The Kingston Trio

You've long been on the open road. You've been standing in the rain.

From the dirty words and muddy cells, your clothes are dark and stained,

But the dirty words and muddy cells will soon be judged insane. So only stop to rest yourself and you'll be off again.

So take off your thirsty boots and stay for awhile.

You're feet are hot and weary, come a dusty mile,

And maybe I can make you laugh.

Maybe I can try.

Looking for the evening and the morning in your eyes.

Then tell me of the one's you've seen as far as you can see.

Across the plains from field to town a-marchin' to be free,

And of the rusted prison gates that tumble by degree

Like laughin' children, one by one, they look like you and me.

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