

Jesus Sandals

Bobby Bare, Jr.

My Jesus sandals are missing
I think I left them on the back of the stage
With the angry divorcee
Who was trying to help me get away
They were like sleds made of gentle leather
They would always carry me safely through I don't wanna put back on my boots...
I don't wanna but I'm gonna put on my boots And this really is no hoax
My toenails are buried and not breathing
Bending, yellow, and coarse I don't wanna put back on my boots...
I don't wanna but I'm gonna put on my boots My Jesus sandals are missing and what am I supposed to do?
A guru with no sandals...
Stuck in Houston talking to you

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