

# Put My Little Shoes Away

Woody Guthrie

Now, come and bathe my forehead, Mother  
For I'm growing very weak  
Let one drop of water, Mother,  
Fall upon my burning cheek  
Go and tell my little playmates  
That I never more will play  
Give them all my toys, but Mother,  
Put my little shoes away  
You will do this won't you Mother?  
Please remember what I say  
Give them all my toys, but Mother,  
Put my little shoes away  
Santa Claus he brought them to me  
With a lot of other things  
And I thought he brought an angel  
With a pair of golden wings  
Soon the baby will be larger  
And they'll fit his little feet  
Won't he look so nice and funny  
As he walks upon the street  
You will do this won't you Mother?  
Please remember what I say  
Give them all my toys, but Mother,  
Put my little shoes away

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