

# 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 neighbors 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 untraveled 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  
So take these boots that shine like Judas silver  
And all these sad reflections on lost untraveled 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  
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  
So take these boots that shine like Judas silver  
And all these sad reflections on lost untraveled 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

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