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 throughI don't wanna put back on my boots...
I don't wanna but I'm gonna put on my bootsAnd this really is no hoax
My toenails are buried and not breathing
Bending, yellow, and coarseI don't wanna put back on my boots...
I don't wanna but I'm gonna put on my boots

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