With My Boots On

The Unforgiven

I walked myself into the room
to see the strongest man I ever knew
laid out flat and dead to the world
and breathing through a tube.I staggered back into the hallway
where I gasped for air and choked,
and said "No God nowhere could do this
to this man of steel and rope."And I still recall the gift.
Lord if I gotta die,
let me do it standing or running or walking
and look it in the eye.So if my time has gotta come,
Lord let me die with my boots on.
Let 'em all say "At least he died with his boots on,
and he went the right way."
I stepped back into the white room
as he woke up and said,
"Boy, have you got my boots with you?"
I grinned and nodded my head.And I still recall the gift,
as I took 'em off and gave him mine.
Was he smiling as he died 'cause
he knew it was over,
or because he knew that I was lying?So if you gotta kill me now,
Lord let me die with my boots on.
Kill me where I stand.
Let me go with my boots on,
where I live like a man
I wanna die like a man.
So if you gotta take me now,
Lord let me die with my boots on.
Kill me where I stand.
I'm singing here with these boots on
where I live like a man
so kill me if you can
and take me by the hand.
Well let me go with my boots on
Walking here like a man
Like an unforgiven man.Read more:
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