# Kelly Joe's Shoes

## Tim O'Brien

I have a friend lives up in Portland, I stayed there with him one time
He had a new a pair of high-top sneakers, didn't fit him but they fit me fine
I laced up his Converse sneakers, we drove down the California line
After we played a little gig in Chico, he headed home, he left me behind[[Chorus]
Said take these shoes and be on your way
It looks like you've got travelin' to do
Come back and see me some other day
Tell me all about where they took you toNow I had a lot of fun in those black Chuck Taylors
A finer shoe has never been worn
I can see where I've been in the color fadin'
I can what I learned where they're frayed and worn
I walked off the tread on the concrete pavement
Of London, and Dublin, and New York town
I shook out the sand from the ocean beaches,
I left it on the floor of an airport lounge[Chorus]Today it rained at the bluegrass fester
It was squishy squashin' through the fields all day
I rinsed them out in the cool lake water, I washed that mountain mud away
Now I'm sittin' in a friendly kitchen, the wind outside it howls and blows
I'll let em dry by a cozy fire, and warm my soaked and wrinkled toes[Chorus]These are shoes that like to travel, no tellin' where they'll take me to
They're still not done scratchin' gravel
They still gotta show me a thing or two[Chorus]

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