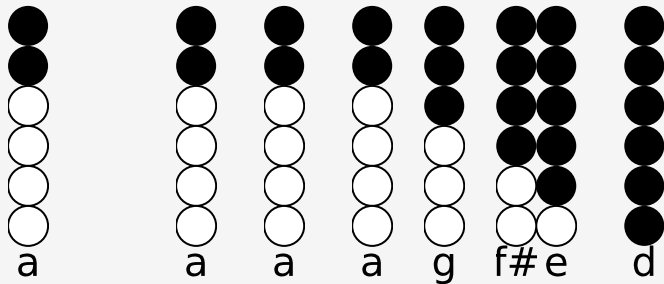


Tin whistle tabs for: Thirsty Boots

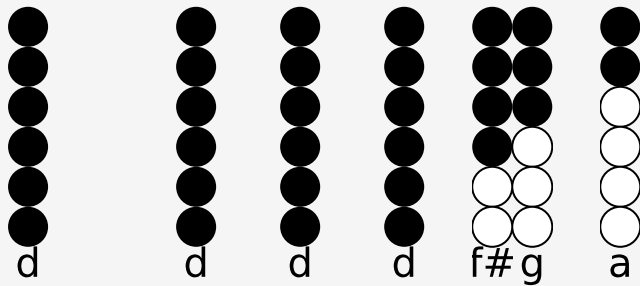
Genre: folk

Author/Performer: Eric Anderson, Judy Collins

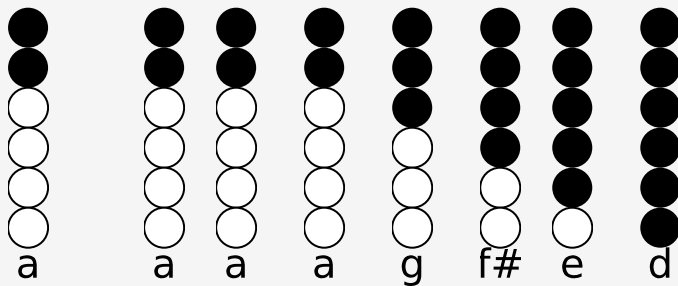
Verse



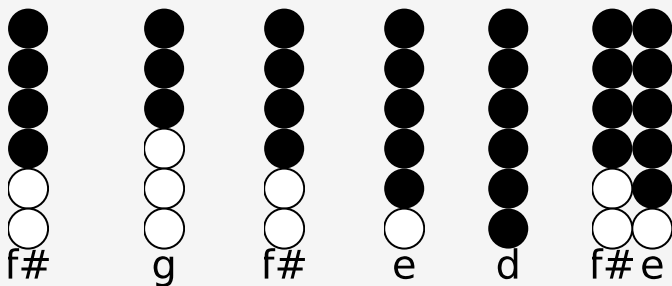
You've long been on the o-pen road.



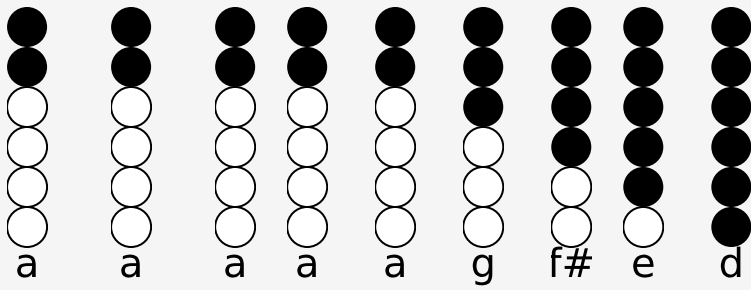
You've been sleep-ing in the rain.



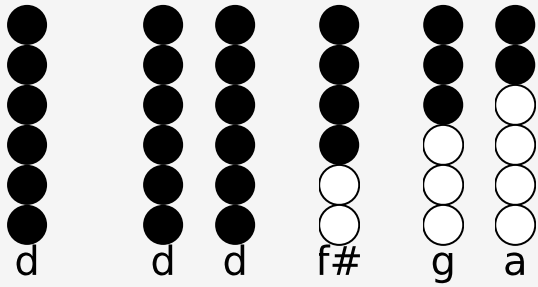
From dirt-y words and mud-dy cells,



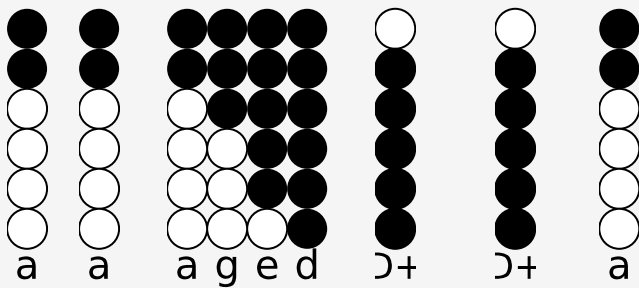
your clothes are smeared and stained,



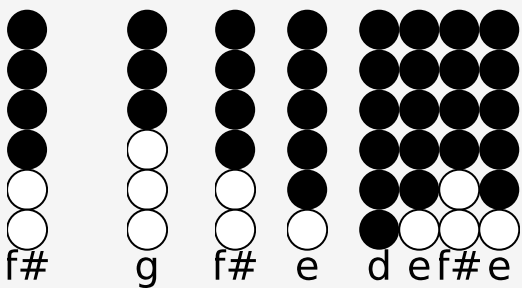
But the dirt-y words the mud-dy cells



will soon be judged in-sane.

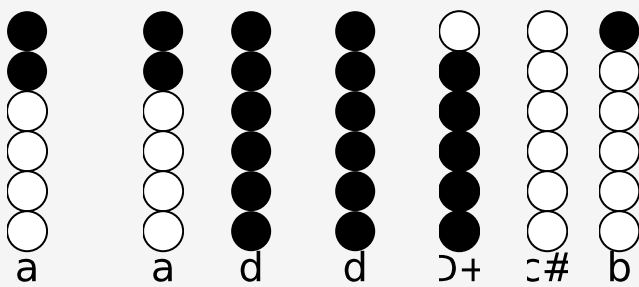


So on-ly stop to rest your-self

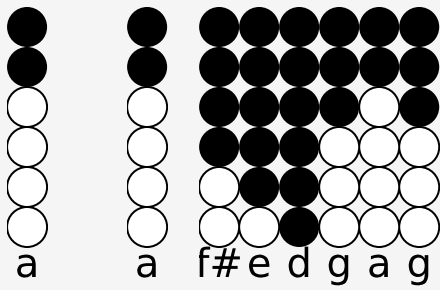


and you'll be off a- gain.

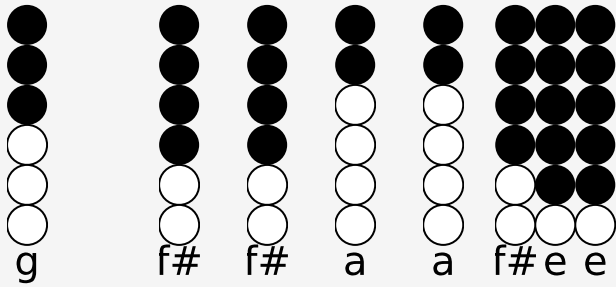
Chorus:



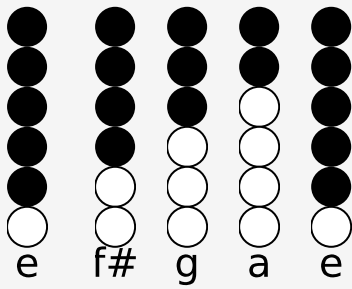
Then take off your thirst-y boots



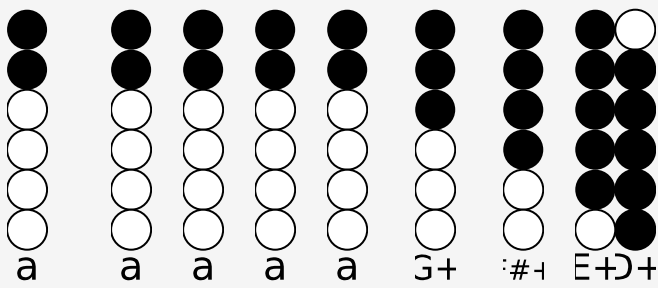
and stay for a-while.



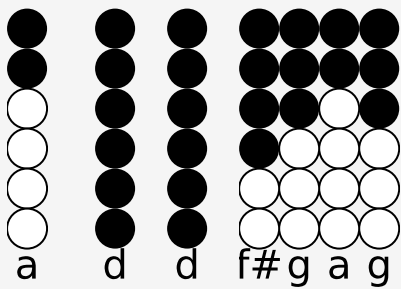
You're feet are hot and wear-y,



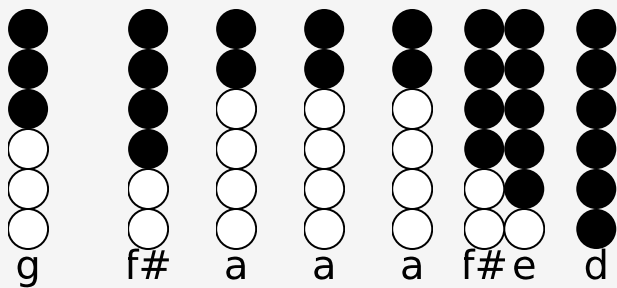
from a dust-y mile,



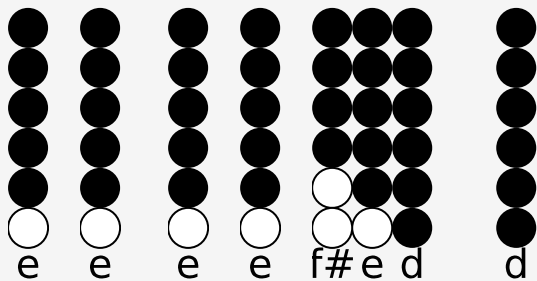
And may-be I can make you laugh.



May-be I can try.



Just look-ing for the ev-e-ning



for the morn-ing in your eyes.

Verse

Then tell me of the one's you've seen
as far as you can see.
Across the plains from field to town
a-marchin' to be free,
And of the rusted prison gates
that tumble by degree
Like laughin' children, one by one,
they look like you and me.

Chorus

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