

Thirsty Boots
Eric Andersen

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#-----#
#

From alt.guitar.tab Fri Jul 29 11:35:04 1994
From: cimo@cs.montana.edu (Bob Cimikowski)
Date: 27 Jul 1994 20:50:22 GMT
Newsgroups: alt.guitar.tab
Subject: Thirsty Boots (Eric Andersen)

Here s an old classic by Eric Andersen. Better listen to the recording to
get a feel for it first. A harmonica would also help.

THIRSTY BOOTS

(Eric Andersen)

Guitar: standard tuning, capo IV

Intro: **G G(F#) C G C G D D(G) D D(E)**

Notes: use Travis picking style, playing individual notes
in parentheses along with chords on either first
or sixth string. The D(F#) chord is the usual D
major chord with an F# added on the sixth string;
likewise for G(F#).

G G(F#) C G
You ve long been on the open road,
C G D(F#)
You ve been sleeping in the rain,
G G(F#) C G
From dirty words and muddy cells
C G D(F#)
Your clothes are smeared and stained,
G G(F#) C G
But the dirty words and muddy cells
C G D(F#)
Will soon be hid in shame
G C G
So only stop to rest yourself
Am Am(G) D(F#) D(G) D(E)
Till you are off again

Chorus:

G **C**
So take off your thirsty boots
G **C**
and stay for a while,
G **G(F#)** **Em**
Your feet are hot and weary,
Am **Am(G)** **D(F#)**
from a dusty mile,
G **C**
And maybe I can make you laugh,
G **C**
maybe I can try,
G **G(F#)**
I m just looking for the evening,
Am **Am(G)** **D(F#)** **G C D7** **G C D7**
the morning in your eye.

So tell me of the ones you saw
As far as you could see
Across the plain from field to town
A-marching to be free
And of the rusted prison gates
That tumbled by degree
Like laughing children, one by one,
They look like you and me

Chorus.

(Harmonica interlude).

I know you are no stranger down
The crooked rainbow trails
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills
Of slandered, shackled jails
For the voices drift up from below
As the walls they re being scaled
Yes, all of this, and more, my friend,
Your song shall not be failed.

Chorus.

Yes, you ve long been on the open road
You ve been sleeping in the rain
From dirty words and muddy cells
Your clothes are smeared and stained
But the dirty words, the muddy cells,
They ll soon be judged insane
So only stop to rest yourself
til you are off again.

Chorus.