

# Bobby Bare, Bottles And Boxes

Bottles and boxes and ten miles a day he walks slowly making his rounds  
Picking up bottles and boxes and papers and anything else we'd throw down  
He's hump-backed and wrinkled but unlike Van Winkel he doesn't sleep his life away  
And he speaks so seldom that some of us wonder just what the old man has to say  
Some folks laugh at him but he doesn't notice he goes right on bout his day  
Picking up bottles and boxes and papers and pieces of life thrown away

[ piano ]

Too big and tattered the clothes that he's gathered from boxes thrown into the street  
He hides from the rain under store building ownings and stays in a shade in the heat  
Sisters and mothers and daddys and brothers he has none as far as I know  
Just bottles and boxes they're his little Fort Knoxes  
But to us they're just somethin' to throw  
Some folks laugh at him...

[ piano ]

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