

Level 42, My Father's Shoes

Even now I see him walking home at sundown
he's whistling rock of ages with his lunchbox at his side
I still recall the smell of smoke and ashes on his jacket
and that factory dust was on his shoes the afternoon he died
I swore I'd never heed that factory whistle
in a banker's cage I signed a loan against my future sins
all the neighbours shook my hand
and wished me well upon my leaving
though my father was a poor man he owned a wealth of friends
So take these boots that shine like Judas silver
and all these sad reflections on lost untravelled roads
while the rain falls on a field of bones and roses
give me back my father's shoes and let me walk in those
My stroke was good, the deals fell fast end easy
I hired the sweat of honest men and took the lion's share
my wardrobe filled with shirts of silk
and boots of tender leather
and I walked in them the halls of power
but found no comfort there
So take these boots that shine like Judas silver
and all these sad reflections on lost untravelled roads
while the rain falls on a field of bones and roses
give me back my father's shoes and let me walk in those
Lady lay these boots upon the fire
'cause lady now I swear I'll never wear this pair again
I meant to stand up straight and tall
it never was that easy
now these soles are stained from walking on the dreams
of better men
So take these boots that shine like Judas silver
and all these sad reflections on lost untravelled roads
while the rain falls on a field of bones and roses
give me back my father's shoes and let me walk in those