

# Del Reeves, Dozen Pairs Of Boots

It looks everywhere I go always get myself in trouble  
Cause the girls I pick on ain't the saintest kind  
And I wind up running barefoot to hell and think of clover  
Cause the neck I value most of all is mine

That's why I left the blue shirt hanging on the bed post in Seattle  
My Levi's float on San Francisco Bay  
And I left the Stetson hanging in the hallway down in Dallas  
And a dozen pair of boots along the way

Now Betty was a sweet thing I was courting in Seattle  
She swore to me she was nobody's wife  
But how was I to know she had a boyfriend big as Dallas  
And I bid that one good shirt for one good life

That's why I left the blue shirt hanging...

[ fiddle ]

Now Susie had a big yacht we anchored in the harbor  
She said she was alone at least today  
When he climbed aboard I swam for shore praying I could get there  
Lost the Levi's while I made my get-a-way

That's why I left the blue shirt hanging...

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