

French Affair, My Boots Are Made For Walking

You keep saying you got something for me
Something you call love but confess
You've been a'messin'
Where you shouldn't 've been a'messin'
And now someone else is getting all your best

Well, these boots are made for walking
And that's just what they'll do
One of these days
These boots are gonna walk all over you, yeah

You keep lyin' when you oughta be truthin'
You keep losing when you oughta not bet
You keep sam'in' when you oughta be a'changin'
What's right is right but you ain't been right yet

These boots are made for walking
And that's just what they'll do
One of these days
These boots are gonna walk all over you

You keep playing where you shouldn't be playing
And you keep thinking
That you'll never get burnt (HAH)
Well, I've just found me
A brand new box of matches
And what he knows you ain't had time to learn

These boots are made for walking
And that's just what they'll do
One of these days
These boots are gonna walk all over you