

Nancy Sinatra, These Boots Are Made For Walkin'

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
You keep lyin'
When you oughta be truthin'
You keep losing
When you oughta not bet
You keep samin'
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 (YEAH)
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
Are you ready, boots?
Start walkin'
"Don't give up!
Kill 'em all! Kill 'em all!"