

Lace-Up Shoes

Slim Dusty

Let me tell you a little story 'bout the way things
used to be,
My Dad took me to Sydney back in 1943
He said "Son you're not wearing those, they'd call us
bush galoots,
If you went out and walked about in those high-heeled
riding boots."

But I stand back and laugh today at the way that times
have changed,
So many town-folk dressed as if they just stepped off
the range,
But that day back in '43 I could not pick and choose,
The day my old man made me wear a pair of lace up
shoes.

We went out to Regal Zonophone on Parramatta Road
We walked along Columbia Lane where some famous feet
have strode,
But the man in charge was not impressed, "Don't call us
we'll call you."
And to make things worse my feet still hurt from those
dammed new lace-up shoes.

And there were soldiers everywhere in town six o'clock
was closing time,
And if you didn't tip everywhere you went the yanks won
all the time,
I was pushed along as I dreamed of home where the skies
were clean and blue,
Far away from this rat race in town and big mobs with
lace-up shoes.

But I stand back and laugh today at the way that times
have changed,
So many town-folk dressed as if they just stepped off
the range,
But that day back in '43 I could not pick and choose,
The day my old man made me wear a pair of lace-up
shoes.
Here we go.

Now as I look back on the singing track since 1943,
The harder I worked, you know old mate, the luckier I
seemed to be,
But I've always sung of the old home run in the best
was that I knew,
But I still feel bad when I think of Dad and those
dammed new lace-up shoes.

Yeah I stand back and laugh today at the way that times
have changed,
So many town-folk dressed as if they just stepped off
the range,
I've lived my life with few regrets, the same again I'd
choose,
And Be flat as a tack in this old felt hat with my pair

of Williams shoes.
[Yodel]