

A Song To Lose Your Shoes To

by Scott A. Nicholson

Oh, where were you, St Francis,
When I strapped the laces on my pair
And stepped outside to start anew
Just to see what lurked out there?
You've got me standin' on my knees,
A'searchin' for a beggar's alms,
From folks who're deaf to all my pleas
And blind to open palms.

I walked on down the boulevard
With arms stretched toward the sun,
[St Francis walkin' next to me]
And watched the shoes march off my feet,
Worn right down to the bone.
[St Francis walkin' next to me]

When all a sudden, down the way,
There was a startlin' noise!
[St Francis walkin' next to me]
Around the bend the judgement day
Completely took me by surprise.
[St Francis walkin' next to me]

And on that day I quit my job
To make a name instead
[St Francis walkin' next to me]
Only to find that in this life
You gotta have some bread.
[St Francis walkin' next to me]

So in my words I penned a poem
With all my heart and hand
[St Francis walkin' next to me]
And sealed it in an envelope
To send it first class to the man.
[St Francis walkin' next to me]

He told me he was deeply sorrowed
But couldn't see it in the press
[St Francis walkin' next to me]
And now I'm right back where I was
With nothing but St Francis
[St Francis walkin' next to me]

Oh, St Francis!
Oh, St Francis, I abide
Oh, St Francis!
Oh, St Francis, you just stay
right by my side

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