

C7 Gm7 C9 F Fmaj7 F6 D7 Gm

shamed Let your con-science be your guide. But I know deep down in-side of me I be-lieve you

C7 Gm7 C9 F Fmaj7 F6 F Am

love me for - get your fool-ish pride. Life is too short to have

Dm Am Dm

sor - row you may be here to - day and gone to - mor - row.

Am Bb C7 Gm7 C7

You might as well get what you want so go on and live, ba-by go on and live. Tell It Like It

D.S. and Fade

## THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'

Words and Music by  
LEE HAZLEWOOD

© 1966 Criterion Music Corp.

Brightly, with a beat

VERSE C

You keep say-in' you got some-thin' for me, Some-thin' you call love but con-fess.  
You keep ly-in' when you ought-a be "Truth in;" You keep los-in' when you ought-a not bet.

F C

You been mess-in' where you should-n't been mess-in' And now some-one else is get-tin' all your  
You keep "Same-in" when you ought-a be chang-in', Now what's right is right, but you ain't been right

CHORUS Eb C Eb C Eb

best. yet These Boots Are Made For Walk-in', n' that's just what they'll do One of these days, these

C Tacet 1 C Fine 2 C

boots are gon-na walk all o-ver you. You keep play-in' where you should-n't be play-in'

F

You keep think-in' that you'll nev-er get burned. I just found me a brand new box of

C

match-es, And what{he} knows you ain't got time to learn. These  
(she)

D.S. at Fine