

## **Bell X1**

# **"Still Selling Shoes"**

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We are at a crossroads  
Trees bow to the winds of change  
But where is all the dancing  
Where is all the dancing?

Where are the comely maidens  
With their hair wraps and braiding  
Here we are at a crossroads  
And where do we go from here?

Boozy charm will only get you so far  
That's a card played by the underdog  
With a lamp we'd call to our runt  
Turned to nurse the tiger cub

Back when Rory played the blues  
And Ronan was still selling shoes

I hear the echo of a thousand hollow welcomes  
Surely we can manage to be someone, someone  
We've long closed Billy's barn doors  
'Cause it doesn't matter where the gang goes

Have we forgotten what it's like to go  
'Cause we did not have  
Say it loud and with one voice  
We didn't really have a choice  
But to colonize by sleeping bag  
Trojan nag

Back when Rory played the blues  
And Ronan was still selling shoes  
When Rory played the blues  
And Ronan was still selling shoes

Still selling shoes, still selling shoes  
Still selling shoes  
When Rory played the blues  
And Ronan was still selling shoes

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