

The Bicycle Thief "Tennis Shoes"

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Sun was comin' up on New Orleans
When I opened my eyes
It was another perfect morning
I didn't know where I was
Or where I was going
For most of my life
If there was a chance to fuck it up
WellÂ...I did
YeahÂ...I did
WellÂ...I did
A ridiculous existence
Now I'm looking back
All kinds of thoughts come to me
But all I can think is
I'm sorry
WellÂ...I'm sorry

And let the truth be known
I've got to walk around
In my own tennis shoes
The truth be known
I've had to learn to live
In this world on my own
Let the truth be known
Nobody showed me
How it's supposed to go
Let the truth be known
I've learned to walk around
In my own tennis shoes

Look at me now
It's pretty hard to believe it
That pitiful boy
You can barely see him
I don't beg nothing from no one
Mow my lawn on the weekends
Just a regular guy now
From the gutters of New Orleans
AndÂ...I'm happy
YeahÂ...I'm happy

And let the truth be knownÂ...

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