

## **Lowest Of The Low**

### **"Henry Needs A New Pair Of Shoes"**

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The time has long come and gone  
P.F. Flyers, Converse high-cuts or maybe a new pair of  
Docs  
And I know what I'll do  
I'll appeal to their sense of brotherhood  
And when nobody's looking  
I'll grab a pair and I'll start hoofin'

Well in these cold, grey days  
It's no longer news  
Henry needs a new pair of shoes

These feet aren't made of rock  
And if they had genitalia they'd have frozen their nuts  
off  
And if the shoe should fit  
Believe you me I'd wear 'em  
And if I steal your wallet  
All ten piggies are going to market

Henry needs a new pair of shoes  
To get him past these barefoot blues  
And he'd walk a mile in his own shoes  
If he only had 'em  
Come on Henry... up and at 'em

Put one foot in front of the other  
Henry needs new footwear he doesn't need a mother  
And the important question posed  
Is, how not to lose his toes  
'Cause it's fifteen below  
And Henry's got nowhere to go man

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