

Morten Abel

"Fine Italian Shoes"

Visit "[Fine Italian Shoes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Any open, any open door I put my foot in
Any full moon I lay on my back
On the cold autumn ground
In the park, on your lawn
I lay on my own
Any old friend
Any old friend
Unknown will do
What's your name
Where do you come from
Are you off or are you on?
Came to see you anyway
Allow me to stay
Try to make a living out of what I do
Who wants to buy a pair of
Fine Italian shoes?
Came to myself
Came to myself
With someone's help
Walked straight to the door
Didn't look back
They got a big cat, I'm a rat
I'm a fool, I'm pathetic
My head should be on a stick
Came to myself
Came to myself
With someone's help
Walked straight to the door
Didn't look back
They got a big cat,
I'm a rat
Get so carried away sometimes
I live for my lies
Try to make a living out of what I do
I just started a shoeshop
In my hometown
I've been through all the things you have to go
Thought when you start something new....
What size do you want, I see what I can do

