

## **The American Tragedy**

### **"Rockin' Shoes"**

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La la la la...

Now when school is over  
And the weekend's come  
My mind's made up  
To have some fun

I call my baby  
And I tell her the news  
Hurry up and put on  
Your rocking shoes

I'm gonna rock  
(Rock in rocking shoes)  
I call her again  
And I tell her the news

We'll rock  
(Rock in rocking shoes)  
Oh, we're gonna dance  
Away the blues

Oh, well, I open my wallet  
And I count my loot  
I comb my hair and  
I brush my suit

I'm not worried  
Gonna lose my blues  
Swing my baby in  
My rocking shoes

I'm gonna rock  
(Rock in rocking shoes)  
I call her again  
And I tell her the news

We'll rock  
(Rock in rocking shoes)  
Oh, we're gonna dance  
Away the blues

La la la la...

Well, as soon as I get  
To the sugar shop  
I'm gonna grab my baby  
And start a hop

Dancing and a jumping  
And a carrying on  
When the music stops  
I'll still be gone

When the hop is over  
To the house, I go  
I love my baby  
And I tell her so

We kiss goodnight  
And my head, I lose  
And I bound away  
In my rocking shoes

I'm gonna rock  
(Rock in rocking shoes)  
I call her again  
And I tell her the news  
We'll rock  
(Rock in rocking shoes)  
Oh, we're gonna dance away  
Oh, we're gonna dance away  
Oh, we're gonna dance away  
The blues

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