

Tory Cottingham

"Dancing Shoes"

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Waking up to a brand new day
I can't smell anything but the cigarette smoke
In your hair, and the whisky on your breath.
All I know is this is where I want to be -
I don't know why; it just feels so right that
I cannot complain.
You're lying beside me;
Your hair is in a mess.
Your eyes are bloodshot from the night before.
But you look beautiful. You are beautiful in every way.

I'm screaming Hallelujah as this
Plane is going down,
Well Honey I ain't done missing you yet.
Your eyes are telling me something,
But your lips scream something else tonight.
I'm screaming Hallelujah as this plane is going down,
Well Honey I ain't done kissing you yet.
These nights ain't getting any younger,
So put on your dancing shoes, and get us the Hell out
of town.

Your timing couldn't be better;
I could've had you forever, but I chose to
Wait to get you when I could.
There's nothing unconventional about a
Bottle across my head or a bloodstain on the ground.
You're waiting for me, waiting up,
And I can see that look Â–
I fucked it up and I don't know what to do to
Make it right, to make it right with you.

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