

Emily Simonian "The One About The Shoes"

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I saw them there, a pale green pair,
In the window of a shop down on Robertson.
It was the kind of store that sold couture
and shiny little shoes that I can't afford.
But they were such a find, they had to be mine!
So I started in with shoulders back and head held high.
And it was no surprise when I saw the price: \$1,705.

And I know now you know. And I know now you know.
And I know now you know but it's never fair.

Those shoes were a fantasy.
I thought it was meant to be.
But though they looked good on me,
I guess they were not for me after all.

I slipped them on, tried to act real calm.
But it was love, it was love, oh I knew it was love!
I felt the ache, knew my heart would break
should I ever have to part with them.
But they were such a style, I couldn't help but smile.

It was love, it was love, oh I knew it was love.

And I know now you know. And I know now you know.
And I know now you know but it's never fair.

Those shoes were a fantasy.
I thought it was meant to be.
But though they looked good on me,
I guess they were not for me after all.

Well, now here's the twist, the shoes do not exist.
They're just a pretty little metaphor.
And though it's not fair, we'll all find that pair
of shoes we want but never were meant to wear.
No, it's not fair but we'll all find that pair
of shoes we want but never were meant to wear.
No, it's never fair but we'll all find that pair
of shoes we want but never were meant to wear.

