

Bell Fable

"Still Selling Shoes"

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We are at a crossroads
Trees bow to the winds of change
But where is all the dancing
Where is all the dancing?
Where are the comely maidens?
With their hair wraps and braiding
Here we are at a crossroads
And where do we go from here?

Boozy charm will only get you so far
That's a card played by the underdog
With a lamp went cold to our rub
We turned to nurse the tiger cub

Back when Rory played the blues and Ronan was still
selling shoes..

Now I hear the echo of a thousand hollow welcomes
Surely we can manage a sound one, a sound one
We've long closed Billy's barn doors
'Cos it doesn't rhyme with where the gang goes
Have we forgotten what it's like to go 'cos we did not
have
We'd say it loud and with one voice
We didn't really have a choice
But to tear ourselves from this land
And go colonise by sleeping bag
Trojan nag

Back when Rory played the blues and Ronan was still
selling shoes..
When Rory played the blues and Ronan was still selling
shoes..

Still selling shoes, still selling shoes, still selling shoes

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