

Red Wanting Blue "Walking Shoes"

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I am a blurred background spot, on that photo on your wall
I'm a little significance, to anyone here at all,
I'm just a man with no roots, borrowed songs and
busted boots,
Always broke but on the move, hey hey
I am a tourist in your sunny day, like the babysitter,
When I see your dog smile, I cry inside a little
But it's just so much to touch, but never enough to hold.
When we live our lives, through postcards and
telephones,
Just like the wind blowing through, or that train going
choochoo,
We were born to walk in shoes, so I guess I'll be seeing
you,
We were born to walk in shoes,
God bless my soul as I take his name in vain,
We are cursed to be travelers, in search of fame,
so when we hit the hollywood hills we're gonna scream
our names
Hoping one day it will echo
We are the tourists in your sunny day, both sweet and
bitter,
And life's just a work in progress, it makes us sigh a
little
'Cause it's just so much to touch, but never enough to
hold.
When we live our lives, through postcards and
telephones,
Just like the wind blowing through, or that train going
choochoo,
We were born to walk in shoes, so I guess I'll be seeing
you
So much to touch, but never enough to hold
When you live your life, through post cards and
telephones
Just like the wind blowing through, or that train going
choochoo,
We were born with walking shoes,
So much to touch, but never enough to hold
You can live your life like mr. dylan's rolling stone,
You know the answers in the wind, and behind that

choochoo,
We were born to walk in shoes, so I guess we'll be
seeing you
We were born to walk in shoes, america will be seeing
you,
Only ever passing through, so I guess we'll be seeing
you
We were born to walk in shoes

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