

Sam

"Fillmore Shuffle"

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I often wonder how the Fillmore Shuffle
Caught us both in the very same year.
I guess we were foolish, but so glad to do it
Face down in the hallway, but never any tears.
The first one to go was sweet William.
I guess we should, we should have been warned
But it felt so good to be quittin'
We thought we were causing nobody any harm
So we kept lying to each other saying
"I'm gonna quit it tomorrow," but tomorrow never
comes
"I'll quit it tomorrow," but tomorrow never comes
Tomorrow never comes
And I guess our life reads just a novel
Though we both keep hoping for so much more.
We keep on tryin' to understand
Why we keep on livin', livin' this way.
Tryin' to keep things together is the reason I stay.
And she says to me, "Baby, honey, I feel so bad."
Then she goes out walkin' and she stays out so late
And I know where she's goin', to myself, I say...
Call it the Fillmore Shuffle

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