

Kingston Trio, The

"High Heeled Shoes"

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John Hadley

High heel shoes, so sheik and elegant,
tapping on the floor beneath the table of the fancy
restaurant.
The maitre d' brings the phone to where she sits.
He puts it down beside her daiquiri and walks away to
greet another guest.
Warm, red lips whispering "Good-bye."
" A fifty-dollar tip. Dark glasses on her eyes.

High heel shoes step into her limousine.
A number on a napkin for the driver it's a place he's
never seen.
A sea gull sits on a weather-beaten shack,
a little fishing boat near by with "High Heels" written on
the back.
Ooo. Ooo. Ummm. Um!

High heel shoes on the floor beside the bed.
The driver of the limo checks his watch and lights
another cigarette.
The tide rolls in from out beyond the bay,
she gets into her limousine, turns around and slowly
drives away.
Cool, white hands hold a faded photograph of a little
girl in high heel shoes and a shy boy standing by a
shack.

The shadows fall on the private parking lot.
She walks across the pavement to the ladder of the
million dollar yacht.
He turns and smiles. He was worried and concerned.
They sail off in the sunset, "High Heels" written on the
stern.

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