

## Tennis Shoes

## The Bicycle Thief

Sun was comin' up on New Orleans  
When I opened my eyes  
It was another perfect morning  
I didn't know where I was  
or where I was going  
For most of my life  
If there was a chance to fuck it up  
Well...I did  
Yeah...I did  
Well...I did  
A ridiculous existence  
Now I'm looking back  
All kinds of thoughts come to me  
But all I can think is  
I'm sorry  
Well...I'm sorry

And let the truth be known  
I've got to walk around  
In my own tennis shoes  
The truth be known  
I've had to learn to live  
In this world on my own  
Let the truth be known  
Nobody showed me  
How it's supposed to go  
Let the truth be known  
I've learned to walk around  
In my own tennis shoes

Look at me now  
It's pretty hard to believe it  
That pitiful boy  
You can barely see him  
I don't beg nothing from no one  
Mow my lawn on the weekends  
Just a regular guy now  
From the gutters of New Orleans  
And...I'm happy  
Yeah...I'm happy

And let the truth be known...