

Red Shoes

Chris Rea

I was born a beggar
With the garbage round my feet
The devil lived in every hole
And every corner of the street

When misery is all there is
You got nothing to lose
So come on and buy me
Come on and buy me
Some red, red, red shoes

Don't tell me what I do is wrong
Don't preach 'cos you don't know
'Cos I was left without a chance
Such a long time ago

And anything is better
Than being cut and bruised
So come on and buy me
Some red, red, red shoes

Red, red, red
Red, red, red shoes
Red, red, red
Red, red, red shoes
Red, red, red
Red, red, red shoes

Don't tell me what I do is wrong
Don't preach 'cos you don't know
'Cos I was left without a chance
Such a long time ago

And anything is better
Than being battered and bruised
So come on and buy me
Some red, some red, red shoes

Red, red, red
Red, red, red shoes
Red, red, red
Red, red, red shoes

Red, red, red
Red, red, red shoes
Red, red, red
Red, red, red shoes

Red, red, red
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