

## In the City

## Good Shoes

The Story started and it ended so quick  
Like jack and gill but with heroin  
Disco lights and a glint in the eye of  
Dancing girls at the Candybox night

Queuing up for something under priced  
Working weekends just to pay for drugs  
This little story keeps repeating itself  
Reading fashion mags to look at the girls

In the city, in the city tonight  
You live by the sword but you die by the knife

I want it all; I want it all for me  
These things in life they just don't come for free  
Converse boots and a look on her face  
That says if you've got the money then I'm yours tonight