

Solomon's Shoes

Margaret Becker

Living hungry on soup and dreams
Nothing left to lose
It seemed so simple then
When there wasn't a lot to choose

Every day was like a year
There was lots of time
To see things clear
But then the blessing brought me here

Still swinging in Solomon's shoes
Still swinging in Solomon's shoes

Things have changed a lot for me
I don't worry about my rent
I pay it on time, I pick and choose
How every dime gets spent

Guess there's nothing wrong with being blessed
It should be the same
Both more and less
I haven't found the balance yet

Still swinging in Solomon's shoes
Still swinging in Solomon's shoes

Solomon was the wisest man
But I guess not wise enough
He forgot the Blesser
When the blessing were too much

Now I know I swing with Solomon
Between the left and right
How I wish that I could find a place
Where I'd be satisfied
(Don't wanna deny You, don't wanna turn from You)

Still swinging in Solomon's shoes
Still swinging in Solomon's shoes