

## Boots

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I go to the corner where it all goes down  
And i do things i'll regret but not right now  
They say "angel, you been here before"  
Yeah, i had my boots to carry me

Just like pandora with her box  
I let everything out and spin around  
And when they come to me, it's like a river to cross  
But i have my boots to ferry me

And i remember how it feels  
I always stop and remember but i do it again  
And i jump up and slap my heels  
Cause i have my boots on  
I'd like to see my eyes in someone else's face  
I'd like to see my face on a magazine  
The things i want, the life i need  
My boots keep me between

I passed out on a subway train  
And a woman she came and took my hand  
But i'm alright i'm okay i can fall like rain  
Long as i have my boots to help me stand

And the streets they empty hour by hour  
Til they were finally drained and i was all alone  
And just like pandora, i was sorry now  
But i had my boots to carry me home

The sky is wild and full of holes  
The wind is wild and it's full of coughs  
Sometimes i think i'd float away  
If i took my boots off  
I'd like to see my eyes in someone else's face  
I'd like to see my face on a magazine  
The things i want, the life i need  
My boots keep me between