

Walking Shoes

Red Wanting Blue

I am a blurred background spot, on that photo on your wall
I'm a little signifance, to anyone here at all,
I'm just a man with no roots, barrowed songs and busted boots,
always broke but on the move, hey hey,

I am a tourist in your sunny day, like the babysitter, when I see your dog smile, I cry inside a little but it's just so much to touch, but never enough to hold. When we live our lives, through postcards and telephones, just like the wind blowing through, or that train going choochoo, we were born to walk in shoes, so I guess I'll be seeing you, we were born to walk in shoes,

God bless my soul as I take his name in vain, we are cursed to be travelers, in search of fame, so when we hit the hollywood hills we're gonna scream our names hoping one day it will echo

We are the tourists in your sunny day, both sweet and bitter, and lives just a work in progress, it makes us sigh a little cause it's just so much to touch, but never enough to hold. When we live our lives, through postcards and telephones, just like the wind blowing through, or that train going choochoo, we were born to walk in shoes, so I guess I'll be seeing you

So much to touch, but never enough to hold
When you live your life, through post cards and telephones
Just like the wind blowing through, or that train going choochoo,
We were born with walking shoes,

So much to touch, but never enough to hold
You can live your lifelike mr. dylan's rolling stone,
You know the answers in the wind, and behind that choochoo,
We were born to walk in shoes, so I guess we'll be seeing you

We were born to walk in shoes, america will be seeing you,
Only ever passing through, so I guess we'll be seeing you
We were born to walk in shoes