

Hand-me-down Shoe

Seals & Crofts

The world we know is living in a hand-me-down shoe, a
hand-me-down shoe.
And don't you know that the shoe don't fit. Maybe there's
a hole in it.
We can't walk so we must sit while the world goes on, and
on.
Living in a hand-me-down shoe.

The world we know is thinking with a hand-me-down brain,
hand-me-down brain.
Insane because it bubbles like the rain causes puddles.
Maybe there's no soul to it.
We can't walk so we must sit while the world goes on, and
on.
Living with a hand-me-down brain.

Can't cha tell that everybody's leavin', dyin' everyday.
Tryin' to get just anywhere as long as it's away, from
the world.

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