

Satan's Shoes

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

Down to the dregs
Of a two-week binge
Lost in the swamp
Way out past the fringe
He was rolled in Baton Rouge
Now he's barefoot in the bayou
Staring at a sight
That would make a dead man cringe

Out beyond the levee
The swamp grass is on fire
You can hear the marsh birds scream
As the methane drives them higher
Then the Devil in the flesh
Walking on fetid water
Holds out a taloned hand
And says "I know what you desire"

Satan's shoes, Satan's shoes
You want to walk around in Satan's shoes
Satan's shoes, Satan's shoes
You want to dance in Satan's shoes

You've been a loser all your life
You're friendless, you're loveless
You've been abandoned by your wife
Well, I've got the trick
That will make your life a treat
C'mon, what d'ya say
Slip 'em on your feet

Well, he tried 'em on
And they fit like a hand tooled glove
And that fine Corinthian leather
Felt just like a mother's love
He howled at the moon
And he raged at the sun
Yea, he all kinds of illicit fun

Satan's shoes, Satan's shoes
I want to walk around in Satan's shoes
Satan's shoes, Satan's shoes
I want to dance in Satan's shoes

Ah, people, now
We come to the sad part of the story
They found him face down
In the mayor's wife's morning glories
Yeah, he had a good time
But it didn't last too long
Now he's somewhere singing
That old mournful song...you know

Satan's shoes, Satan's shoes
You want to walk around in Satan's shoes
Satan's shoes, Satan's shoes
He's stepping out tonight in Satan's shoes