

Fancy Shoes

Steam Powered Giraffe

There's a thunder cloud behind those eyes,
A storm's a-brewin' in your mind's thoughts.
A static-
electrical discharge will emulate for your swollen heart.
Well the doctor prescribes
Rubber soles.

You can teach a robot how to dance
You can't teach a pair of shorts how to dance

Stand between two mirrors
And look into the distance

You see you turn infinite
Still you're only human.

It's a suit-and-tie affair
And you're only wearing shoes.
Although they're pretty sick
No one will let you through.

(Well)

It doesn't matter those fancy shoes
It's all about the words you choose
It doesn't matter those fancy shoes
If it's all about the friends you lose
It doesn't matter those fancy shoes
So why would, why would you?

I can see where they may be some confusion
I was just once just like you
Let me tell you a story to clarify the matter
Once upon a time a mouse put on some shoes.

'Hey, friend, where'd you get those fancy shoes?
Are you wearing them, or are they wearing you?
I've seen you walking down the boulevard,
You must've come pretty far
You make it look really hard.
Those shoes sparkle gold and blue,
They seem brand new
Must've set you back a few.
Oh, my fancy shoes