

Hand Me Down My Jogging Shoes

Tom Paxton

I was out for a stroll, just a-walking a pup
Checking the scene, seeing what was up
I wasn't bothering nobody, I was easing on down the road
Just behind me come a piddy piddy pat
I said "Good Lord, tell me what was that"
I turned and looked and my brain took an overload

Down the trail and around the farm
Come a thousand people with their underwear on
Picking 'em up, laying 'em down like mad
Puffing and groaning, their faces all red
Eyes rolled back in their sweaty heads
I never saw so many people look so bad

Crying "Come on, Harry! Come on, Sue
We're gonna do what the magazines tell us to
Get ourselves in shape the fashionable way
Twenty-five laps around the pond
Will make us tall and slim and blonde
Oh, hand me down my jogging shoes today"

The sound was strictly rolling thunder
My dog took off with his tail tucked under
I stood at the side of the road and watched 'em pass
Their shirts were nicely understated
They all looked terribly dedicated
Some looked strong and some looked low on gas

Some were built like land-locked whales
Some wore shorts from Bloomingdales
Some had legs that looked like six feet long
They clearly come to do or die
And as that herd went thundering by
So help me folks, they all broke into song

They said, "Come on, Harry! Come on, Sue
We're gonna do what the magazines tell us to
Get ourselves in shape the fashionable way
Twenty-five laps around the pond
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Oh, hand me down my jogging shoes today"

I knew that they'd get fit or bust
I knew by the size of the cloud of dust
I knew by the sound of the blisters going "crack"
I thought I'd head back to the farm
When suddenly someone snagged my arm
And there I was in the middle of the seething pack

I was sweating like a fool; I was out of breath
I was trying to keep from getting tramped to death
I must have been an edifying sight to see
I cried, "You folks can jeer and scoff
But my legs are broken; they're falling off"
And by now you know what they turned and said to me

They said, "Come on, Harry! Come on, Sue

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