

## Silver Shoes

Wishbone Ash

Silver lady, lost in a haze,  
Regretting what you are  
The memory of your claim to fame  
Is left to bitter stars.  
It hurts when people let you know  
You're not a movie star  
It's harder now than yesterday,  
As the lines begin to show.

Waiting, crazy hotel lady,  
To try and get some wine,  
Waiting for the elevator  
To take you to your blind.

Silver shoes and see-through blues  
Hit me right between the eyes.

Cocktail bars, straight-edge cars,  
Are your dreams come true.  
Tomorrow shouldn't know it,  
But now it's showin' through and through.

It hurts when people let you know  
That you're not a movie star.