

The New Soft Shoe

Gram Parsons

It was forty or fifty years ago
A big shot played with time
Mister Walker held the door
And both kept cord and line
Watched and checked on every single day
Building his own special cars
His very special way Ooh, the new soft shoe
Ooh, the new soft shoe And then walking through a southern road
I saw a shoeshine stand
A man was talking to a crowd
Holding slippers in his hands
Don't you know the same thing happens
Each and every day
Did you ever hear a song
That's hard to even play Ooh, the new soft shoe
Ooh, the new soft shoe Then a color TV broadcast
Snuck in from New Orleans
Showed me one more man who spoke
And wore bright blue and green
When you saw him talk his way
Was when he showed his claws
And spoke to people every day
Just to get applause Ooh, the new soft shoe
Ooh, the new soft shoe

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