

# Green Suede Shoes (Instrumental Version)

## Black 47

Six months out on the road  
Don't know if I'm ever goin' home  
Out there in the middle of America  
Out of my head, feelin' hysterical Wishin' I was back in New York  
Playin' in Reilly's on a Saturday night  
Man on the phone says. "I ain't jokin'"  
Would yes ever come and play for us out in Hoboken?" So we hop in the van and we drive overnight  
Goin' to sweet New Jersey, startin' to feel alright  
But the word is out that the boys are back in town  
30,000 Paddies start gettin' on down When we hit the stage, police chief goes nuts  
What the hell am I gonna do with 30,000 drunks  
He say, "Stop the music, I'm in charge"  
Then he goes and he shut down all of the bars I don't care if you got the blues  
Just keep the hell off my green suede shoes  
You can do anything you choose  
But don't go messin' up my green suede, green suede shoes Then we're comin' from Providence late one night  
3 hours from home, hey life is alright  
We're discussin' the demise of T Rex  
Next thing we know the van is up on its ass The windows are smashed, we're bouncin' off the Turnpike  
The troopers come and haul us off the black ice  
One says, "Hi, my name is Kevin  
It's a pleasure to meet you, Black 47" So we're doin' Letterman, Leno and O'Brien  
200 gigs a year and I'm outa my mind  
We got our picture in Time Magazine  
Hey, babe, I'm livin' the American Dream Then a lawyer called up about Bridie and the baby  
Wants to sue my ass for doin' the Funky Ceili  
And I just got a message from a brother of Maria  
"c'mon out to Bensonhurst, we all want a piece of ya" I don't care if you got the blues  
Just keep the hell off my green suede shoes  
You can do anything you choose  
But don't go messin' up my green suede, green suede shoes But the more I play the deeper I'm in debt  
If we ever get a hit, I'll be out on the street  
I never knew I had so many friends  
I'm gonna run against Rudy when this whole thing ends I got lawyers and accountants up the kazoo  
Managers and agents tellin' me what to do  
With the money I'm eventually gonna make  
But can you loan me a token, get me to the next gig I don't care if you got the blues  
Just keep the hell off my green suede shoes  
You can do anything you choose

But don't go messin' up my green suede, green suede shoes  
Take of those shoes baby  
Look out now

Songwriters

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